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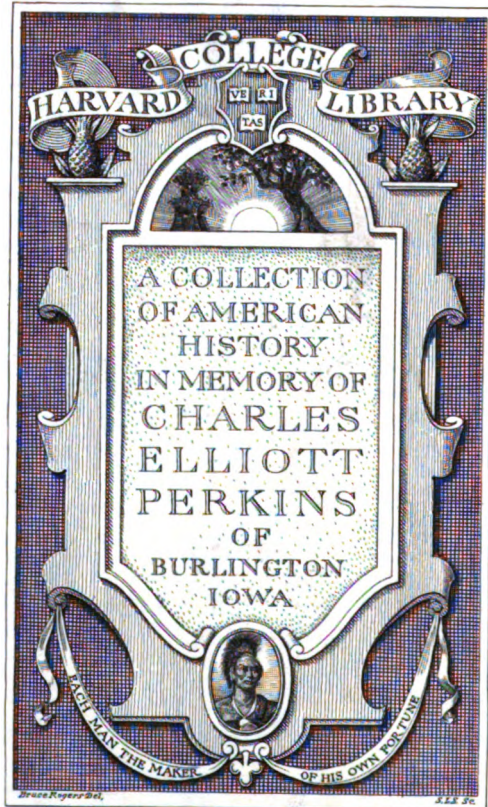
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THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER  
ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER

















# ZION'S YOUNG PEOPLE

A Magazine of Good Reading for Our Boys and Girls.

VOL. III.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY, 1902.

No. 1.

## How the Boys Earned a Cow.

*R. G. ROBINSON.*

**"I** WISH you'd brought that snake in alive, Tom, instead of killing it. With a little trouble you could have captured it easily."

"Thanks, Will; but I'm not in that line of business. I had no earthly use for it, living or dead—or rather had less use for it living, and was glad to bruise its head effectually. There is no manner of doubt in my mind that the only good rattler is a dead one."

"Well, I would willingly pay twenty-five dollars for a live one six feet long or more, while your dead one is no good at all for my use."

"And what may that be, Will? I didn't know you were in the show business,—or, are you going to set up as a serpent charmer and compete with the Hindoos in the cobra act?"

"No; but I have always been interested in toxicology, and if

possible want to take home a large rattler to experiment with. The poison of a rattler is supposed to become more noxious with age; that is, it is more virulent and deadly in old snakes, and they are the very ones that are hardest to get for experimental purposes. Size, of course, is our only indication of age, and few men care to attempt the capture of a large one; though, really, it isn't very difficult or dangerous, if a man only goes about it right."

"I would call a magazine rifle and forty paces about right," said Tom. "But I thought age was told by the number of rattles."

"There's a pretty widely accepted theory to that effect," answered Will; "but in every day use or 'accidents by flood and field' the rattles get broken off, so that a very large snake may have only two or three, while a smaller one,

that has been careful or more fortunate, may have a dozen."

"Well, I won't undertake to catch you one, either big or little, but you can tell me how it is done; I may have an opportunity to enlighten some native who will risk his life for your money. I've seen several around here who looked as if they'd commit suicide for five dollars or less."

"I only know by hearsay, but am told it is easily done by pinning the creature's head down with a forked stick and slipping a noosed cord over its head, by which it can be dragged along. In the Pennsylvania mountains there are men who catch snakes for their oil—'rattlesnake oil' being a standard remedy—and they become so expert, or rather bold, that they do not hesitate, after pinning the head down, to grasp the snake by the neck and thrust it into a sack."

"Yes, but rattler's don't grow seven feet long and five or six inches in diameter in Pennsylvania! It may be easy enough, when you know how, but I never expect to know how."

"Well, I'll certainly make the attempt if I am ever lucky enough to have a chance; meantime my offer stands. Some man poorer or braver than you may earn the money."

The speakers were Will Orison and Tom Clute, who had been college mates, and were spending the winter at the Hotel Punta Gorda, Punta Gorda, South Florida.

The conversation took place on the hotel piazza, in the evening twilight, and had one unknown but most attentive listener, Jake Somers, who had been at the hotel trying to sell a string of fish. Fish were so plentiful, however, that the best brought only a few cents each, and twenty-five dollars was more money than Jake had ever seen at one time.

The Somers family, father, mother, and half a dozen young children, lived in a cabin down the bay. They had come from "ol' Georgy" on account of "pap's" health, he having weak lungs. His life had been prolonged, no doubt, but money and strength had dwindled away, until now the family was supported mainly by Jake and Bob, sturdy youngsters, eight and ten years old, who worked the garden, peddled fish, ran errands, caught bait for the hotel guests, and in one way or another earned a good many pennies, but not enough for luxuries or to give the sick man, whose life was slowly ebbing, many comforts.

Perhaps their greatest deprivation was doing without milk and butter, which had been abundant in the old home. They had hoped to have a cow, possibly two or three, and sell milk and butter to the hotel people. But a cow would cost twenty-five dollars, and in pap's failing strength they had been afraid to spare so much at first, and later did not have it.

The hope lingered, however, and

the children still talked of the perfectly luxurious time they would have with a mug of milk apiece at meals, and of the delicacies—sugar, syrup, etc.—that could be bought with the butter they would sell.

Only that morning at breakfast, "mam" had said, "Oh, if we only had a cow! How many nice things I could fix for pap! They'd make him better, I know."

When Jake heard Will Orison's offer, he went home thinking about it. Twenty-five dollars for a rattlesnake! Why couldn't he catch one? He wasn't afraid—that much he knew—but even if he could find the snake, was he strong enough to hold a big one down with a forked stick and slip a noose over its head?

He didn't dare speak of it to his mother, knowing he would be forbidden even to think of it. He talked it over that night with Bob, however, the eight-year old brother, and, as he expected, found him "grit enough" to help make the attempt. Moreover, that very day Bob had seen the "trail" of a monster snake in the scrub, a mile or so away.

"We must keep mummer'n cat-fish about it, Bob, or pap and mam'll be scar't into fits. But if catching a measly snake'll get us a cow, let's do it, and not say anything till we fetch her home. What bothers me, though, is about that fork't stick, and pressing it on the critter's head. Unless the stick's powerful long, what's to hinder

the snake from striking? And 'spose the stick was to slip just as you went to put the noose on, and let its head come loose—they'd be the mischief to pay! We'll have to study up a better way'n that, at least for boys!"

"Let's make a trap for him, Jake," said Bob.

"But if we caught one in a trap, how could we ever get him out?"

"We could take him to town in the trap, and let the man get him out to suit himself. We could give him trap, snake and all, for twenty-five dollars."

"Yes, but snakes ain't liable to go into traps, you know; they's sharp. Don't you remember the preacher talking only last Sunday about being 'wise as serpents?' Anyways, this snake man's liable to cut out from here, or some one else may get him a snake, and I'm thinking if we're going to yeern that money, we've just got to find the snake and catch him the best we can. Study on it, Bob; and tomorrow, being Saturday, we'll go gopher hunting, 'thout mam's suspicioning anything; and if we find a snake that'll give us milk and butter, why, we've just got to take him in, that's all!"

The next morning the boys were up early, and Jake had a plan ready: "I've got a way to do it, Bob, and its just as easy! The main thing's to find a snake of a twenty-five dollar size. If we can run acrost the one we saw last summer, he'd be big a plenty."

"Yes, but we couldn't hold his

head down with no fork't stick, Jake. A grown up man couldn't hardly do it!"

"That ain't my plan, Bob. You know how a rattler does when he is riled. How he flings himself into a coil, with his head raised to strike! Well, my plan's just to take a long fishing line and make a loop in the middle; then find the snake and rile him; then you holding one end of the line, we'll just drap the loop over his head, and there he'll be! All we'll have to do then'll be to pull on the line and draw the loop around his neck, and I can walk right into town leading him, you following behind and holding him back from running onto me or off sideways."

"Yes, but what's to hinder him from choking to death, Jake?"

"I've thought that out, too. We'll make a small, tight loop, just big enough for the line to slip through easy, then tie a knot in the line to catch on the loop so's the noose can't draw more'n so tight around his neck, and when we let up pulling the noose'll give a little, enough to give him breath 'thout our letting it loose enough for his head to get out."

"Well, that sure ought to do! Anyways, we can but try it, Jake, if so be's we find the snake."

"Mum's the word, then. We'll do up the chores, and start about ten o'clock, when snakes'll be sunning themselves."

At the hour appointed, armed with forty feet of heavy cotton cord, noosed as described, and a

gopher sack, the boys started for the scrub—a bit of white sand desert covered with scrub oak, rosemary, saw palmetto and stunted shrubs, where, if anywhere, snakes could be found, where Bob had seen the recent trail, and where, a few months before, the boys had seen, as Jake expressed it, "the father of all the rattlers." It was a good place, too, for gophers—in fact, Florida gophers and rattlesnakes are the best of friends and often live together in the same burrow.

Before reaching the scrub, by way of weapons, they cut stout saplings nine or ten feet long, with which they beat the bushes and palmettoes as they walked slowly through, twenty-five or thirty steps apart, stopping frequently to listen for the "singing" of a rattler, which would follow his being disturbed.

At last Bob was rewarded by a loud singing just in front of him, and in a bit of open ground saw the biggest rattler he had ever seen, unless, as was probable, it was the same one they had seen some months before.

"Here he is, Jake," he cried, "come quick!"

"I hear him. Don't let him get away, Bob!"

"He ain't a trying to, Jake. He's sure waiting, and ready to fight right now."

Jake hurried up, and there in front of Bob was the great snake, coiled for battle, with its warning rattles sounding furiously. It was

beautiful in markings of gray and gold and black, and glared at the boys fearlessly, as if conscious that it carried death for a hundred men.

"He don't need any riling, do he, Bob?"

"No, Jake. he don't, and we'd better get him tied pretty quick, or he'll be after us."

"Well, I'll stand here, while you take this end of the line and go around him; then soon's I give the word, just drap the loop over his head."

So Bob walked around, lifting the line over the low bushes, till he got opposite Jake, when the loop dangled over the snake's head, as it turned to watch first one and then the other. Watching their chance, when they got it just right, Jake cried, "Now, Bob, drap her easy," and the loop was landed successfully. "Now, pull, Bob, hard and steady!"—and the next instant, with the cord tight around its neck, the monster was struggling fiercely.

"Hold fast, Bob! Don't let him come this way!"

"Hold fast y'erself, Jake, and don't let him get onto me," answered Bob.

For awhile the boys had all they could do to hold the snake where it was, and at the same time keep it from fouling the line in the bushes. But the noose was tight enough to put considerable check on its breathing, and after ten minutes or so of fierce struggle it quieted down and lay quite limp.

"I'm afraid he's going to die, Jake," said Bob.

"No, he's just tuckered out. Loosen up a little on the line, so's he can get some breath; and soon's he begins to come to, I'll move towards town, and you just hold the line tight enough to keep him from running onto me when I ain't a looking."

"All right, Jake. All I ask is that you don't let him jerk the line a loose and come back at me."

In a few minutes signs of returning activity appeared, and Jake started off, dragging the struggling, writhing creature.

As an inert mass it would have been a heavy drag, but with its struggles and twistings around bushes and trees and frequent stops for it to get breath, progress was slow. Shortly after noon, however, the boys entered the town and took their way down the one long street, where all who met them turned back in a procession that followed to the hotel, in front of which they halted; and Jake called out, "Mister, here's y'er snake!"

"Why, bless my soul, Will, look what those boys have got!" exclaimed Tom Clute.

"Looks like a young boa constrictor from here," said Will; "and not so very young, either! Come on, let's see it closer," and they joined the wide circle that showed no disposition to crowd on the boys, for now, with the line relaxed, the snake had recovered breath and strength, and angry



and excited was coiled for striking, while its fierce rattling left no doubt as to what it was.

"That's your snake, Will; the one you were wishing for, only he is bigger."

"Where did you catch him, boys?"

"Caught him in the scrub, and brought him in for that twenty-five dollars you were talking about the other night," said Jake.

"You don't really mean to say that you kids captured that snake by yourselves?"

"Yes, sir, we did; Bob and me. I heard you say you would give twenty-five dollars for one more'n six feet long—which this one is—and Bob and me just determined to yeern that money. So, mister, here's yer snake, if you'll just take him and give us the money."

"You're in for it Will; no doubt of that! You see what comes of making rash offers in the dark. Of course, you've no earthly use for the beast, and can't carry it away with you alive. Get your gun and kill it; the hide will be worth the price, in evidence of the pluckiest thing I have ever known a couple of boys to do. I wouldn't have tackled that thing out in the scrub for twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Well, but, Tom, I wasn't joking in the least and will willingly pay the money; you'll see, too, that I'll take the snake home alive. Boys, just hold him until I come back!"

And running over to the tin hop, he was lucky in finding a

good sized pine box, over which he had a piece of wire netting nailed, leaving a flap that could be turned back at one corner. Returning with this improvised cage, he said, "Now, boys, the question is how we are going to get him into this?"

"We can pull him about till he's all tuckered out," said Jake, "and then two of you what's stronger'n us can lift him by the string and drap him into the box, having a board ready to clap over the hole soon's he's in."

That course was followed, and when limp and "tuckered out" his length was measured and found to be seven feet three inches.

When he had been safely caged, Will took the boys to his room in the hotel and got their story from them—all about the sick father and the family longing for a cow; and how they had determined to "yeern" the twenty-five dollars, and take the cow home as a surprise.

"And do you know where a cow can be had?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Jake. "Mr. Jones has a herd, and will let us have a good one for twenty-five dollars."

"Well, we will go together and see Mr. Jones," said Will. And taking the boys back to the piazza he told their simple story to the guests, and finished by saying, "The boys deserve the best cow in Florida, and I am going to see that they get the best one that can be bought in Putna Gorda."

That evening, about milking

time; Jake and Bob marched home calf, the proudest and happiest  
driving a beautiful cow and young boys in the county.—*American Boy*

## Grandma and the Baby.

**O**H, THESE doctors and these nurses that they have around today!  
I'd send them all to Bungy if I only had my way.  
"You mustn't toss the baby!" and you've got to let it cry  
If it happens to get hungry 'fore three hours have went by.  
They make a lot of rules, and if you break one there's a row,  
And grandma's little precious, how they do abooze it now!

You mustn't walk the floor! Oh, my! That's just a dreadful thing!  
And when you put the child to sleep you mustn't rock or sing!  
They want to raise a baby just like you add or multiply,  
By stickin' to their pesky rules—there now, just hear it cry!  
They chase me from the room—they say I'm spoilin' it, the fools—  
I'm goin' to rock it, though, in spite of all their rules!

I think its downright cruel the way people act today;  
They don't deserve their babies, that's just all I've got to say.  
You mustn't walk the floor, you mustn't rock, you mustn't sing,  
You mustn't feed them when they cry, you mustn't anything!  
But let 'em make their foolish rules; we'll break 'em, won't we, dear?  
Great mercy! There's the nurse got back! She mustn't find me here!

## The Jews and the Christ.

TWENTIETH PAPER.

WM. H. BURTON.

"Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy, it is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on."—*Othello*.

**I**T WOULD be hard to find in the whole range of literature a quotation that more clearly shows the condition of the unfortunate Saul,

from the slaying of Goliath to the end of his life, than the one at the head of this paper.

Whatever pleasure he may have felt at the issue of the duel between the youthful David and the Philistine giant was quickly

turned to pain by the rejoicing of his people at their deliverance from this peril which had so lately hung over them. At first he seems to have shared the joy of the army, and when David was brought into his presence bearing the head of the fallen giant, no gift within his power seems to have been too great for the young hero. He even raised him to the supreme command of the national forces. But when the war was over, and he with his army returned to their homes, the plaudits of the women in celebrating the victory turned his admiration to hatred. How else is it possible to express the pitiable mental state of the poor king in so few words as does the Bible. When the women came out of the cities of Israel singing, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands," he said, "They have ascribed to David ten thousands and to me they have ascribed but thousands, and what more can he have but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day."

It was but a short time after the return from the field of battle that the maddened king showed the bitterness of the hate that filled his soul. While David was playing before him in the presence of the court, he sought to kill him by throwing a javelin at the young man, thinking to pin him to the wall and thus to rid himself of a dreaded rival. Nor was this a solitary instance of his animosity. He deliberately set himself to

work to ensnare David and to get him to compromise himself, that he might find some excuse to put him out of the way. For this purpose he had recourse to means so contemptible that they would have been a disgrace to the meanest of men, even giving one of his own daughters to be the wife of his intended victim, in the hope that she would ensnare him and be the means of his undoing.

The sad picture of fallen greatness which Saul shows us at this time is relieved by the conduct of some of his children, and of the people of Israel as a whole. The scriptures tell us that while Saul was seeking to take the life of his son-in-law, his daughter Michel, braving the anger of her father, contrived the escape of her husband. It is a pleasing picture of true womanhood; and the story of the friendship of Jonathan, eldest son of the tyrant, is a tale of exalted devotion which few can study without profit to themselves. A young man, who by natural right was the successor to the crown of Israel, fully aware that while David lived he himself could not come into the kingship, yet was his love for the anointed one so pure, so unselfish, that he would brave even death itself rather than pander to the insane jealousy of his own father.

Finding there was no longer hope of safety for him so long as he was within the reach of Saul, David fled to Nob, a city of the Levites, where under the Mosaic law he

should have been secure from any molestation; but, so vindictive was the hatred of Saul that there was no safety for the object of his dislike so long as he remained within the haunts of men.

The arrival of David at Nob, alone, was the cause of some uneasiness to Ahimeleck, the high priest, and as the events that followed showed, his fears were well founded.

After questioning David as to his reasons for being unattended, and appearing to be satisfied with the assurances he received, he gave the young man the sword of Goliath, which had been kept in the sanctuary behind the ephod. (The ephod was a kind of vest in the raiment of the high priest). He also gave him the shew bread for refreshment for himself and his company, whom, from the representation of David, he supposed to be in waiting for the latter at some appointed place. In all this Ahimeleck acted in the strictest good faith to the king; but alas for him and his house! when Saul was told by Doeg, one of his servants, how David had been received at Nob, he fell into an insane fury, and was guilty of a crime so appalling that if its like were to be perpetrated today, even by a sable potentate of darkest Africa, it would shock the world and call aloud for speedy retribution. Ordering the high priest into his presence, he charged him with something akin to treason, and refusing to hear any de-

fense commanded the killing of the hapless high priest, together with all his household, and the inhabitants of Nob.

It is to the credit of Israel that Saul could find no willing executioner of his vindictiveness except the sycophant Doeg, who had brought the report from the ill-fated town, and had doubtless given his story a needlessly sinister countenance.

From this time on David becomes an outcast from society, an outlaw, made such not for any crime or fault of his own but through the caprice of an irresponsible despot. Nor was this the worst, there was no safety in Israel for any one in whose veins the blood of Jesse flowed; so that David was compelled to find a refuge for his aged father and mother with the king of Moab, while with himself were gathered many of the unfortunate in the land. I use the language of the Bible, "And everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

Truly as Samuel had warned the people when they had clamored for a king, their condition was no better; in all likelihood it was even worse, under Saul than it had been under the rule of the judges.

The rest of the reign of Saul seems to have been spent in re

elling an occasional raid of the Philistines, or in a bootless chase after an ever-eluding fugitive, and at least twice in that chase we see him in the power of the man he seeks to destroy, and see his life generously spared, because David is yet too devout to take the life of the Lord's anointed. So persistent is the chase of David that he is at length compelled to seek refuge with Achish, king of Gath, among the very people whose champion he had himself destroyed; and strange as it may seem, he is generously treated by them, even being assigned the city of Zikleg for his abiding place. Nor does there seem to have been any discrimination against the fugitives until toward the close of the life of Saul. When the Philistines were planning an invasion of Israel, their chiefs refused to allow David to have any part in the enterprise, although their king had the fullest confidence in the Hebrew refugees. Even then their refusal appears to have been due less to any dislike of David and his men than to a want of confidence in them in the hour of peril.

Though turned back from the field of battle, David finds enough to engage his attention for some time. On his return to Zikleg he finds the place a smoking ruin, it having been raided in his absence by a band of raving Amalekites, the women, children and cattle having been carried off into captivity. In his distress he enquired of the Lord, and received the com-

forting assurance that he should follow the spoilers and recover all that they had carried away. As for the poor unfortunate Saul, his troubles came upon him thick and fast. Samuel is dead and laid to rest with his fathers in Rameli. The face of the Lord is turned from the erring king, the enemies of his people are overrunning his country and there seems to be none to help. In vain does he cry to the Lord in his distress, and finding the heavens as brass, he looks for comfort to the powers of darkness. In his better days he had striven to rid Israel of those who had familiar spirits and practiced sorcery; he had put many such people to death, banishing others, and now we see him looking for one such to tell him what should be the issue of the fight with the host of Philistia. Through his servants he finds a woman living in seclusion at Endor, but she is so afraid that it is only on the most solemn promise of secrecy, and in ignorance of the identity of his guest, that she promises to exercise her art. Having won her to his purpose, she practices her incantation and is permitted to call up a spirit whom Saul believes to be his friend Samuel; but there is no comfort for Saul.

Sternly the spirit demanded to know why it had been disturbed, and on being told by the poor king of his troubles, it informed him that through his own backwardness the kingdom was reft



from him and given to his neighbor David; that the pending battle should go against Israel; that ere its close the spirits of Saul and his three sons would have bidden good-by to earth. There was not one ray of hope held out to him in that dread interview, and it is small wonder that he was disquieted and that his attendants had to press refreshment on him, though he had fasted already a day and night.

With what a sinking heart must the wretched Saul have watched the sunrise on that fateful morning, and when the battle was joined and one by one the chiefs of Israel's host sank to rise no more, when Jonathan, his eldest, the most faithful and generous of

men, and his two remaining sons were slain, what a tempest of grief must have riven the soul of the man! And when all hope had fled and Israel's king stood alone but for the presence of his faithful armor-bearer, in his despair he called on that devoted follower to run him through with his sword, preferring death at the hands of a friend to death and dishonor at the hands of a foe. And when that friend refused to imbrue his hands in the blood of his master, the hapless monarch fell on the point of that blade which had so often served him well in happier times. Refusing to survive his lord, the faithful armor-bearer fell on his own blade, and the sun went down on this flodden of ancient Israel.

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## I Wonder.

**M**Y MA'S been working very hard  
And also very sly;  
And keeps her sewing out of sight  
Whenever I am nigh.

I asked her once what made her stop  
Her work when I came in.  
She said she only stopped to get  
A needle, thread, or pin.

The bureau drawer next to mine  
Is locked both night and day,  
And when Ma wants to open it  
She sends me off to play.

I stole a peep one afternoon,  
Although it wasn't right;  
But oh! the little things I saw  
Were such a pretty sight.

The sweetest, cutest little clothes,  
 Just big enough for doll;  
 But then I know they're not for her—  
 She needs them not at all.

I know they're not for Pa, nor Ma,  
 Nor me, nor Brother Hor,  
 For we can't wear such little clothes—  
 I wonder who they're for?

## John Allison, Jr.

MARTHA HACKETT.

[Continued from page 360 Vol. 2.]

**W**EDNESDAY evening came, and before the appointed hour arrived a large number of people had assembled in front of the Methodist Church, waiting for the door to open. The news that John Allison was to speak that night and explain his reasons for becoming a Mormon had spread like wild-fire through the community, and a large number of people of different religious beliefs had come to hear him.

A preliminary discussion took place outside. The people were about equally divided, some maintaining that Mr. Allison and his family had a perfect right to join any church they wanted to, and others despising them for forsaking the faith of their fathers to become followers of "Old Joe Smith," as they contemptuously styled the great latter-day Prophet.

At fifteen minutes after seven

o'clock the church was opened and the congregation filed in. A few minutes later the minister, his wife and daughter, arrived, followed by the Allison family. Mr. Allison's face was somewhat paler than usual, and his dear wife's heart was beating "to beat the band." They were accompanied by Elders Peterson and Wright, who had arrived in town the previous evening and had spent the day in fasting and prayer with the family.

The minister repaired to the vestry, where he offered up a prayer, in which he implored the Lord to help him to confound Mr. Allison and show him the folly of his course.

The meeting was opened by the choir singing a hymn, after which the parson offered prayer. Some minor matters were attended to and the clerk then announced that the meeting would be turned over

to Mr. Allison, who would be given half an hour in which he might give his reasons for leaving the church and becoming a Mormon.

A death-like silence pervaded the little church when Brother Allison arose to give a reason for the hope that was within him. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, let me not be confounded," was the prayer of his heart. He began by saying:

"My dear friends, before entering upon the duty before me, I desire to thank our worthy pastor for the privilege he has granted me—that of standing before you tonight to explain my reasons for leaving his church and becoming a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"As my time is limited, it will be necessary for me to proceed at once to my subject. You are desirous of hearing my reasons for becoming a Mormon. My answer could be the same as that given by little Brother Cunningham to a conundrum which was propounded to him at our sociable held here about two months ago. You remember Alfred Davis asked him why a hen crossed the street, and the answer was, because she wanted to. I can say the same for myself and family—we joined the Mormon Church because we wanted to.

"I assure you, no inducements were held out to us save the plain, unvarnished truths of the Gospel. I will confess that one of the Elders promised me certain things

if I would obey the Gospel—he told me that I would receive persecution on all sides, and that I would be shunned and despised by my friends. And, indeed, his promise has been fulfilled already.

"For over forty years I was a member of this church. You all know what manner of man I have been; I have tried to deal honestly with my fellow-man, and if I have wronged any of you I will willingly restore four-fold. But now I am looked upon as a criminal, and many of those who have clasped my hand for years and called me brother, now look upon me as a low, mean creature. Why this change? I see in this audience quite a number of people who left other churches and joined this church. There is Mr. Davidson; he used to be a Presbyterian; he is now a Methodist. There is Mr. Robinson; he used to be a Campbellite; he is now a Methodist. And there are a number of others who have left other churches and joined this church. I do not think that Methodists should condemn other people for doing what they themselves do. If it be right for Methodists to try to convert Presbyterians and Campbellites it cannot be wrong for Mormons to try to convert Methodists.

"Now, let me ask you, my friends, what would we have thought of the Presbyterians had they persecuted Mr. Davidson for leaving their church, or the Campbellites had they heaped

[Continued on page 17.]

# Zion's Young People.

Entered at Salt Lake P. O. as second-class matter.

W. A. MORTON, - - - EDITOR.

*Published Monthly by*

**Zion's Young People Publishing Co.**

37 Hooper Bld'g., Salt Lake City.

One Year, - - - Fifty Cents

Vol. 3. May, 1902. No. 1.

## EDITORIAL.

### A Sunday Afternoon Club.

THE dark and dreary days of winter have passed. God's glorious sun has again kissed the earth and all nature is in bloom. On every hand we behold evidences of our Father's goodness. The farms promise abundance for man and beast; the orchards and vineyards are dropping with fatness. What shall we render unto God for all His goodness unto us?

Few of us have learned to appreciate the blessings bestowed upon us by our kind and loving Father. No sooner does He cause prosperity to smile upon us than we begin to forsake Him and go after the pleasures of the world. Notwithstanding the great blessings He has showered down upon our heads many of us are continually grieving Him. On beautiful summer Sabbath days, instead of going to His house of prayer, many of His children repair to the

resorts, and there desecrate God's holy day by indulging in worldly pleasure. In various parts of the country may be seen on the Sabbath day teams of boys playing games of football. What can be done to remedy this evil? We have thought of a plan which, if properly carried out, would do much in preserving the sanctity of the Sabbath. In wards in which afternoon meetings are not held we think that one or two good men, who take an interest in the boys, and whom the boys like could organize a Sunday Afternoon Club. The club could be under the supervision of a president. One Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock the club could meet at the home of one of the members, where the president could entertain them for a couple of hours by reading to them from an interesting story book. This could be supplemented with vocal and instrumental selections of an appropriate character.

The next Sabbath afternoon the club could be taken to a park or some shady grove, where the story reading could be continued. The following Sunday afternoon a trip could be made to the hills, where beautiful flowers could be obtained and a couple of bouquets brought home and placed on each side of the pulpit, or they could be carried to some sick person, who cannot get out to enjoy God's fresh air and sunshine. We believe there are thousands of Mormon boys who would take delight in going out and gathering wild flowers and carrying them to some poor old souls who are standing on the brink of their graves.

Let us on Sabbath afternoons go out and spend an hour or two with the boys and lift their thoughts to higher and better things.

persecution and reproach upon Mr. Robinson? We would have denounced their intolerance. We would have said to the Presbyterians, 'Mr. Davidson is a free man, living in a free country, and has a perfect right to join our church if he so desires. You have no right to persecute him.' But when a member of this church changes his belief and joins another church the Methodists turn round and do that which they would strongly condemn the Catholics and Campbellites for doing. It seems to me that we ought to be consistent; it seems to me that Methodists should be as tolerant as those whom they seek to convert.

"I believe that Mr. Davidson and Mr. Robinson were perfectly sincere in the course they took; I believe they joined the Methodist Church because they believed it was better than the churches to which they belonged. It is the same with my family. We have joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because we believe it is better than the Methodist Church. We are very much like our little three-year-old daughter, Ruth. I bought her a doll about a year ago which cost twenty-five cents. She was delighted with it, and prized it as dearly as if it had cost a million dollars. She kept it for a twelve-month, and at the end of that time one of our neighbor's children got a larger and a better doll—a dollar doll, I believe—and as soon as our little one saw the beautiful, large

doll she became dissatisfied with her small, twenty-five cent doll and we had to get her a doll as large and as good as that of her neighbor. You do not condemn my neighbor's child for showing my little girl a larger and better doll than the one she possessed, neither should you condemn the Mormon Elders for showing me a better religion than I had got, and leading me in a more perfect way.

"The Elders of the Mormon Church have not come into our midst to condemn the Methodist or any other religion. They have come to show us the superiority of their Gospel, and if after careful investigation and earnest prayer I have found the Mormon doctrines to be true and superior to the teachings of the church of my fathers, don't you think I am justified in joining the Mormon Church?

"Why should the Methodist Church fear and hate the Mormon Church? The Methodists believe that their church was founded by God and that the Mormon Church was founded by the devil. If that be true, then why should the Church of God fear the church of the devil? Is God not able to take care of his own church? My friends, if the Methodist Church is the true church you have nothing to fear. It cannot be overcome. But if it is not true the sooner people know it the better."

At this point the speaker was interrupted by the minister, who said:

"Mr. Allison, will you please tel



us in what respect the Mormon Church is superior to our church?" Mr. Allison's answer will be found in our next number.

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## A Dog With a Conscience.

*ROSE THORNE.*

**L**ADDIE was a Scotch collie. He lived on a beautiful green-milk farm, and his business was to take the cows to and fro through the shady lanes, from the barn to the pasture, and from the pasture home again at sunset. Laddie liked this work, and he did it as well as a man could. He seemed to know every cow by name. If he were told to take Buttercup to her stall, he would go among the cows and single out Buttercup, and drive her to her own place in the barn.

It was because Laddie was so bright and capable, about everything he tried to do, that one day the idea came into his mistress' head that he could learn to do the churning.

So she had a large wheel made, with a broad tire, and this wheel was attached to the churn. At the end of a week Laddie had learned his part. When the churning was to be done he was called, and was expected to jump up on the wheel, after which a strap was fastened to his collar to keep him there, and his duty then was to tread the broad tire as if walking. His steps caused the wheel to turn the crank of the churn. At this

task he had to labor until the cream was changed into butter.

Laddie learned to do this duty very well, but he never learned to like to do it. It was dull business to walk on one spot and never get anywhere! His head and tail always went down when he was called to "Come and churn!" Once in a while he would hide away on churning morning.

One day Laddie came into the house, looking very downcast and guilty. It was not churning morning, but he went into the milk-room where the churning was always done, mounted the wheel, and began to work with all his might.

His mistress wondered at this, and finally discovered that Laddie had killed a hen. It seemed very clear that he thought he ought to be punished in some way, and so took upon himself, of his own will, the most disagreeable kind of punishment he could think of.

Laddie was indeed anxious to do right. His mistress was always distressed if he came in and crossed the floors and carpets with muddy feet, and at last she set to work to teach him to wipe his feet, like a person. Laddie learned to do it;

and if he ever neglected it, a reproving word sent him back to the door-mat, where he would stand

and solemnly rub and clean each foot. Yes, Laddie wanted to do right.

## Story of the World's Religions.

### VII. INDIA.--THE FAITH OF THE BRAHMANS.

W. J. SLOAN.

**A**T THE present time idolatry is universal among the Brahmans. Every month has its special religious observance. The months of January, April and October are the most sacred. The Hindoo year begins in April; in China the year begins in February.

In the early part of April the Brahmans take flowers and cast them upon the lakes and ponds, and also upon the river Ganges, as a sacred offering. For hundreds of years the cow has been an object of worship. Water is poured upon her feet and oil upon her forehead, after which the people say prayers. The month of June is devoted to the worship of Juggernaut, the lord of the universe.

The image of Juggernaut is of great size and fearful shape. It is placed upon a high car, which is pulled through the principal streets by men who have hold of a long rope attached to the car. They believe that each man who holds this rope will go to the bosom of Brahma when he dies.

Since India has been under British rule many horrible practices connected with the worship of Juggernaut have been done away with. What used to take place is described by an eye-witness as follows:—

“For miles the road was thronged with pilgrims, thousands in number. At the appointed time the idol was brought from the temple, and placed upon an enormous car sixty feet in height, to which six long cables were attached by which it was to be drawn. Thousands seized the ropes and dragged the huge car, which moved slowly on, the priests and attendants standing upon it to the number of one hundred and twenty. The hideous idol was set high above all, a black grinning face with bloody mouth, its body dressed in gaudy colors. Presently a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice. Throwing himself upon the ground, the huge mass passed over him, leaving only a flattened corpse. The

body, after lying exposed for some time, was taken up and thrown aside, to be devoured by the jackals, but the soul was supposed to go direct to Brahma."

The car is still brought forth, but people are not permitted to throw themselves under its wheels. In the month of June the people again worship the river Ganges and bathe in its waters. They believe that by doing these things they will be forgiven many of their sins. In August the celebration of the birth of Krishna takes place. The story of his birth and of his rescue from a wicked king is so very like that of our Savior and King Herod that I think it is one and the same story. The angel that announced the glad tidings of the Savior's birth to the shepherds on the hillsides of Judea said the same glad tidings would be carried to *all* people. No doubt the Lord revealed to these benighted people as much of the Redeemer's life-work as they were capable of receiving, and from that probably grew the story of Krishna.

Each of the other months of the year have their celebrations, but those I have mentioned are the most important.

Cremation, which means the burning of the body, was once practiced in all parts of India, but it is not so general today. When the body of a married man was being burned, his wife, if she were present, would throw herself upon the same fire and be

cremated alive. If she could not get to the place where the body of her husband was being burned, she would build a fire at the place where she was staying and cremate herself. This was called "Suttee" worship, a picture of which was given in the first of these stories. The English have stopped this part of Brahma worship.

But while the widow is no longer permitted to burn herself she has no place in society. She must not go to any place of pleasure nor mix with other people. It is considered bad luck to have a widow at a wedding or at any other place where pleasure is going on. In India a woman's lot is a hard one.

These are some of the ancient and modern teachings and doctrines of the Brahmans, and though Brahma has not near so many followers today as in the past, there are still many thousands who believe in him, and this is one of the great religions of the world.

---

"Don't sit down with hangin' lip!  
That is sure to floor you!  
Try to get a better grip  
On the work before you!  
Put some ginger in your words,  
When you greet your neighbor!  
Throw your troubles to the birds,  
Get right down to labor!  
And you'll find that every day  
Things is comin' jest your way!"

## What Split the Log.

**T**HERE'S nothing like giving a

boy a little encouragement, once in a while," said a wealthy down-town merchant, the other day. "I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and, as our wood-pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of the farmer, who stopped his team.

"I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossest and surliest man in town, and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchard with a shotgun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there seemed no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

"'Humph! I thought you'd hev to give it up!' he said, with a

chuckle.

"Those words were all I needed.

"I made no reply; but the way that ax-head went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots, they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me, and the farmer drove off discomfited.

"But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business, I made mistakes, as every young man will. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise, I remembered that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say: 'I thought you'd have to give it up!'

"In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the keynote of my success.

"So you see that, if a boy has any grit in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and, in that connection, I may remark, a well-placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy."—*Puck*.

---

ROBERT C. OGDEN, John Wanamaker's partner, says that he has found in his experience that one of the greatest things that keeps young men down is the habit of talking too much. He declares that it is the silent man, the man who thinks a great deal and says very little, who is the deepest, and will succeed the quickest.

# For the Youthful Orators.

---

## THE GIRL WHO HELPS HER MOTHER.

*E. S. L. THOMPSON.*

Useful people everywhere,  
Kindly sister, loving brother;  
But the girl to me most fair  
Is the one who helps her mother!

She may have a homely face,  
Nothing fine her form to cover;  
But there's beauty and there's grace  
In the girl who helps her mother!

She will one day reign a queen  
In all hearts that do discover;  
For alas! she's rarely seen,  
Is the girl who helps her mother!

---

## GIVE HIM TO THE CAT.

*F. H. SWEET.*

Mr. Mousey made a trap,  
He was so very handy,  
Mr. Mousey made a trap  
And baited it with candy.  
He set it in a likely place,  
And shortly, to his joy, oh!  
His little wife came running up  
To say he'd caught a boy, oh!

"But what to do, dear Mr. Mouse?  
We can not kill and eat him,  
Or lock him in our little house,  
Or ever pinch and beat him!"  
Said Mr. Mouse with puzzled air,  
"I never thought of that, dear;  
'Twould be no joy to keep a boy,  
Let's give him to the cat, dear."

# Orderly Habits.

CLARA A. TRASK.

ONE of the most important items in the early education of girls, and boys, too, is frequently neglected by the mother of the household.

And this is—the putting of things in their places.

When the boy comes home from skating, or coasting, it is just as easy for him to put his hat and coat and mittens where they belong as it is to fling them down anywhere for mother to pick up.

If he takes care of his belongings he will know just where to find them when he wants them, and he will not have to run like mad through the house, yelling at the top of his voice: “Ma! ma! Where’s my hat? Who’s got my overcoat? What did you do with my shoes?”

There is no reason why every person, who is well, should not wait upon himself. Two hands and two feet were given us that we might use them in serving ourselves, and not be dependent on others perhaps less able to work.

The girl who is self-respecting, the boy who wants to be manly and dignified, like to wait on themselves. It is not a trouble to be avoided, but a pleasure to be sought. It will save mother so many steps.

The orderly closet, with the garments neatly hung on their respective hooks, the boots and

shoes in their proper receptacles, and the whole thing thoroughly aired at least once a day, is a delightful sight to see in any home.

The boy who in his youth has formed habits of order will make a good husband and father. His wife will not have to run herself into a premature grave hurrying to find his collars and sleeve buttons and gloves when he is five minutes late and must “catch that car!”

He will have an accurate knowledge of where his personal belongings are, and can put his hand right on them. And all the women of shiftless husbands will envy that man’s wife, and they will have good reason for doing so. For no matter how much you may love your husband it is a weary task to be forever picking up his things after him and getting them together again when he requires them.

And the girl who has been trained to put her things in place, to wait upon herself, and to be on hand is the kind of girl all sensible young men are looking for.

The self-helping, self-reliant man is the man who succeeds in business. The tidy, orderly, self-respecting young woman is a joy to herself, and a perpetual comfort to all beholders.—*Farm Journal*.

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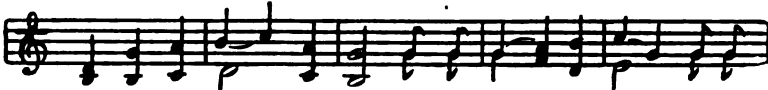
What three knows everybody knows.

## IF EVER I SEE.

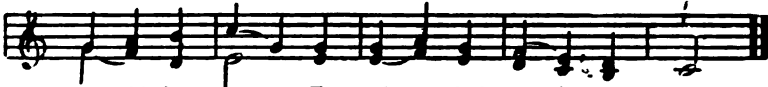
19



1. If . ev - er 't see. On bush or tree, Young
2. My mother I know Would sor - row so, Should-
3. And when they can fly In the bright blue sky, They'll



birds in their pret - ty nest, I must not in play Steal the  
I be stol - en a - way. So I'll speak to the birds In my  
warble a song to me; And then, if I'm sad, It will

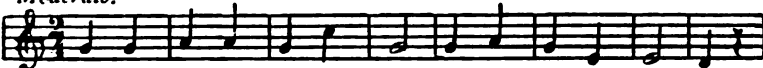


young birds a - way. To grieve their mothers breast.  
soft - est words. Nor hurt them in my play.  
make me glad To think they are happy and free.

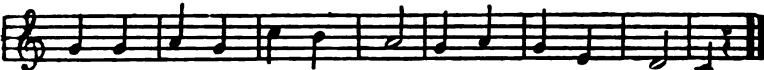
## DON'T GIVE UP.

WORDS BY PHEBE CARY.

*Moderato.*



1. If you tried and have not won. Never stop for cry - ing.
2. Tho' young birds, in flying, fall. Still their wings grow stronger;
3. Tho' the sturdy oak has known Many a blast that bowed her,
4. If by eas - y work you beat, Who the more will prize you?



All that's great and good is done, Just by patient trying.  
And the next time they can keep Up a lit - tle longer.  
She has ris'n a - gain and grown, Loft - i - er and grander.  
Gaining vic - t'ry by de - feat—That's the test that tries you.

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# The Book of Mormon in Story Form.

## 13. THE BATTLE OF SIDON RIVER.

**T**HE fifth year of Alma's reign as chief judge was a very sad period in Nephite history. In the commencement of that year a man named Amlici, a disciple of Nehor (the man who slew Gideon and who by his false teachings destroyed the faith of many of the Nephites), started a rebellion which ended in the destruction of many souls.

Amlici by his cunning gathered around him a great number of followers. He was a very ambitious man and had a strong desire to be made king over the people. It was his intention, as soon as he gained this power, to break up the Church of God; but he learned, as many had done before and as many have learned since, that man makes a great mistake when he tries to measure arms with Omnipotence. No man has ever battled with the Almighty and come off victorious. Lucifer and his rebellious host were the first to try their strength against the God of Heaven, and as they went down to defeat and shame, so have all those who have placed themselves in opposition to the work of the Eternal Father.

My dear young readers, let us learn a lesson from these things. Look at the poor Lamanites as they go along the streets today, a miserable remnant of a once mighty

nation. Their forefathers rebelled against the authority of heaven; they would not accept the laws of God but they became a law unto themselves, and we see the result. What a different picture we would behold today had these people been humble and obedient!

Great contention arose among the people. Amlici had many supporters, who did all in their power to place him upon the throne, but when a vote was taken he was defeated, the majority of the people preferring to be governed by righteous judges rather than by a wicked king.

Notwithstanding this defeat, his followers rallied around him, and consecrated Amlici king over them. But he was not satisfied with that; he must be "monarch of all he surveyed," king over all. So he issued a proclamation of war, calling upon all his supporters to take up arms against their brethren.

Arming themselves with swords and cimeters, bows and arrows, stones and slings, and all manner of implements of war, the Nephites prepared themselves for the attack. It was made on the hill Amnihu, east of the river Sidon. The Nephite army was led by Alma, the chief judge, who with his faithful followers went forth in the name of the Lord to fight in



defense of civil and religious liberty. The Lord was with his people. He strengthened their arms, so that before the sun went down the Amlicites fled from the field. They were hotly pursued, and twelve thousand five hundred and thirty-two of their number were slain.

The Nephite army also suffered greatly, losing six thousand five hundred and sixty-two men. It makes one shudder when he thinks of that terrible carnage—nearly twenty thousand men slain in one day, and all this brought about by the unrighteous ambition of a wicked man.

Alma sent four spies to watch the movements of the enemy, and these came into camp the next day with a report that the breach made in the enemy's columns by the previous day's slaughter had been filled up by a reinforcement of Lamanites. The Lamanites and Amlicites had joined forces in the land of Minon, above the land of Zarahemla, and had attacked the Nephites who were inhabiting that part of the country.

Alma immediately issued orders to his followers to strike their tents and to repair with all possible haste to the city of Zarahemla. On coming to the river Sidon they were confronted by the combined forces of the Lamanites and Amlicites. A fierce battle ensued, in which both sides suffered serious loss. During the progress of the battle Alma and Amlici met face to face and en-

gaged in mortal combat. The chief judge, notwithstanding he was an able swordsman, did not rely solely upon his own strength and skill. With the prayer, "O Lord have mercy and spare my life, that I may be an instrument in thy hands to save and preserve this people," he crossed swords with his opponent and finally slew him. Alma was next confronted by the king of the Lamanites, but the latter soon fled from before him. The dead bodies of the Lamanites and Amlicites were thrown into the river, and on these the Nephites walked across to the west bank, when the battle was resumed. The Nephites were victorious. They utterly routed their enemies, slaying so many that they did not take time to number them. The Lamanites fled into the wilderness, where many of the wounded died and were devoured by wild beasts. This is a brief account of the battle of Sidon river.

---

A Sunday School teacher recently told her class about the cruelty of docking horses. "Can any little girl tell me," she said, of an appropriate verse of scripture referring to such treatment?" A small girl rose and said solemnly, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"When you have leisure," said a caller to the city editor, "I would like to speak to you." "All right; come after I'm dead."

# How My Prayer Was Answered.

ELIZA HAYES.

**I** WILL tell my little brothers and sisters how the Lord answered my prayer on one occasion. When I was a young girl I left my home in Switzerland and went to the city of London, England, where I expected to get work and better wages, so that I might get to Zion.

I cannot tell you how lonesome I felt when I arrived in the great city. I was a stranger; I knew no one, and to make matters worse, I could not speak a sentence in English. I could speak German only.

I succeeded in getting employment, and one night I thought I would go to the meeting of the Saints. When returning home I lost my way. There I was alone in the great city of London, and not able to speak a word of English so that I could tell anyone of my trouble. What was I to do? Just then I thought of my Heavenly Father. Surely he could guide me home. He knew me; he knew where I lived; he knew I was lost. So I looked up into heaven, and prayed to him to lead me back home again.

Just as I had finished praying a lady stopped and spoke to me in English. I did not understand her; but I told her in German that I could not find my way home. What was most remarkable, the

lady knew enough of the German language to understand what I said. She took me to a policeman and told him where I wanted to go. He said he would take me as far as his beat extended, and then he would hand me over to another officer, who would take me to the end of his beat, and then transfer me to a third policeman, who would take me home.

I reached home in safety, and you may be sure when I knelt at my little bed to offer up my prayer that night I did not forget to thank God for sending me a friend to guide me home.

---

A BRIGHT little girl, who attends a dancing school, had a trying experience some little time ago. She is really a favorite with the children of the school, but when the little boys and girls marched in couples, or danced a quadrille, it happened again and again that she was left out.

She waited patiently and hopefully, and each time she was disappointed. She felt that the situation justified a protest, and the conscience stricken teacher agreed with her when finally she stepped forward and said, in a pathetic little voice:

"Please, Miss Jones, if there's any little boy left over next time, may I have him?"

## NUGGETS OF HUMOR.

This amusing story was told of the niece of Phillips Brooks, the famous divine:

One evening, as her mother was tucking her snugly in bed, a caller waited in the parlor. Her mother told the little one to say her prayer and said that she would be back in a few moments.

The caller stayed only a short time, and when the mother went upstairs again she asked the little girl if she had said her prayer.

"Yes, mamma, I did and I didn't," she said.

"What do you mean by that," dear?"

"Well, mamma, I was awfully sleepy, so I just asked God if he wouldn't excuse me tonight, and he said, "Oh, don't mention it, Miss Brooks."

Here is a story of a bright little tot of a boy whose father tried to punish him. It commenced by the father giving him an admonishment.

"I shan't behave," said the little fellow. "You are a bad man, and I don't like you."

At this the child was told to stand in a corner with his face to the wall; but he cried so bitterly that his mother went to him and said:

"You go and tell your papa that you are sorry, and he will forgive you."

The little fellow approached his his father, blubbering, and blurted out, between the sobs:

"I is sorry you are such a bad man."

"Go and play," said his father.

---

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A Magazine of Good Reading for Our Boys and Girls.

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VOL. III.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY, 1902.

No. 3.

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## At the Ford of the Caney Fork.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

**I**N THE dusk of an autumn day, a boy stood beside the public road just at the point where it sloped down to the ford of the Caney Fork River.

He was poorly clad in heavy homespun, generously patched and bearing the marks of a close acquaintance with the rougher duties that sometimes fall to the lot of an able-bodied fellow upon whom fortune has never turned her bright face.

He was a rather large boy for one of fifteen years, with broad shoulders that would not shirk their burdens, and with a head well set and carried with a certain air of independence in keeping with the earnest open face beaming beneath the brim of an old straw hat that had served its owner through several summers, if one might judge from appearances. An ax, with the bole rest-

ing against a stump, lay near by, while from the forest off to his right came the sound of chopping, and of the crashing of falling trees where the woodcutters were busy getting out the logs that were to be lashed into rafts and sent down the Caney Fork.

The boy had left his work early, but the men in the forest would work two hours yet, until the sun should drop below the rim of the mountains. He had not neglected his work, nor asked to quit. Perhaps he even rebelled against the order of his father, who had bidden him, "Run along to the house and help mammy fix supper 'ginst the stage comes along." For the road in which the boy was standing was the old historic stage road trailing through Virginia and Tennessee, on into the Kentucky wilderness, and the stage coach would stop at his father's door, and his house

would give food and shelter to the travelers until the morrow. He knew it, yet he looked longingly across the river to where a little log hut, hidden by the trees, except the top of its chimney, seemed to be almost begging him to come over and sit with old Simon Sayre awhile and listen to his wonderful reading. Temptation? That brown hut, with its little old crippled inmate, was the one temptation of Oliver Dickson's life. The things he had read out of those wonderful books had been as a torch to the tinder of ambition in his soul. Go? He ought to go home and help his mother fry cakes, churn the cream, set the table, and—

A wagon came lumbering down the road, bound for the mill on the other side. A moment later, the ax was resting against the cabin wall, and Oliver was sitting cross-legged before the hermit's fire explaining his intrusion. The hermit received him kindly, and sent him home with new courage and hope in his heart.

There were other guests than those the stage had brought. Two horsemen rode up as Oliver opened the gate, and, dismounting, one of them, a tall, thin man, with an eye that understood the overgrown boy at a glance, tossed his bridle-reins over the hitching post, and called:

"Hi! You whelp of a boy, you! Come and take my horse, sir."

The boy threw back his head and sent back his reply in a tone fully as insolently and independent—

"Take it yourself! I'm not your nigger!"

The tall man drew himself up to his full height; did his eager eye flash approval in the uncertain twilight? Was he undecided whether to lift his hat or his riding whip, or was his hand merely feeling for an old scar that crossed his body under his flannels, that he drew his long arm quickly upward, threateningly, the boy thought, until the tip of his whip swayed above his broad-brimmed hat?

"Don't you strike me," said Oliver. "Don't you dare to hit me."

The whip-hand dropped to the man's side, and something like a smile played for an instant about the thin, nervous lips.

"Do you know who I am, you little ruffian?" said he.

"I don't know, and I don't care. I know you're a bully, and that's enough to know."

Without a word, the man wheeled and walked rapidly toward the house. The other traveler then turned to the boy and said:—

"See here, sonny; you'll get yourself into trouble, first thing you know; that gentleman you have just insulted is the judge of the court, returning from Knoxville to his home at Nashville."

"I cannot help it," said Oliver. "He insulted me first."

The stranger smiled.

"Self-defense," he murmured; "how early the tongue takes to the plea!" Then, turning to Oliver, he held out his palm, upon which

lay a piece of silver.

"Will you take my horse?" said he.

"Certainly, sir," said Oliver; "but not for that. It is my business to look after travelers' horses."

The man stared.

"Why, then, didn't you take the judge's?" said he.

"He didn't ask me," was the reply. "He ordered me, as a 'whelp' to take his animal. I am not asking money, sir, only civil words."

He slipped the lines over his arm and walked off toward the barn, leaving the stranger to follow the judge into the big, fire-lighted sitting-room, with the glistening red logs and white daubing, where the guests of the mountain inn [every house was an inn in those days] were always entertained until supper was announced.

The judge was walking up and down the puncheon floor, his spurs striking the uneven planks with a jingle that must have set his own nerves on edge, for he turned to his friend and late companion through the wilderness, and in a voice that startled the very rafters into creaking protest, said:—

"That little whelp out there insulted me, sir."

"Yes, but what can you do about it?" was the quiet answer.

"Do?" thundered the judge. "Do?"

"Yes; what can you do? He declares you offered the first insult,

and I am ready to testify that he told the truth, judge."

The judge's lips twitched; whether in anger or mirth, the man watching him could not tell.

"He called me a 'bully,'" said he, sternly. "A 'bully.' I'd like to—"

The horn sounded for supper; and, when that was over the judge sat with a group of travelers around the fire until midnight, talking familiarly of events that were to shake the American continent from ocean to ocean. The men listened, spellbound, to the magic voice that was destined to ring with startling meaning throughout the land; and when, at length, the group separated for the night, the judge stepped out into the moonlight for a moment's quiet meditation before seeking his bed. He strode up and down, up and down, under the ancient oaks, like the sentinel that nature made him. His head dropped on his breast, his eyes fixed upon the moonlighted path.

He was thinking of the boy who had called him "a bully." Was he right, this young mountain stripping in whose face truth and courage were as distinctly written as the numbers upon a watch? Was he a bully? He knew that he ruled his court with an iron will; that men were afraid of him; that even his enemies who hated him dared not give voice to that hatred. He trod upon opinions as he trod upon men; but it was none of these things that made him feel the



sting in the mountain boy's thrust.

Suddenly, he brought his hand upward, his fist clenched and hard, as if to strike a blow.

"Yes," said he, "I am a 'bully.' Only a bully and a coward will attack a child. I ought to know it."

And again his hand sought his side, where the long red scar quivered in the white flesh.

The travelers were off early in the morning. It was not yet day when Oliver opened the coals buried under the white ashes in the fireplace of the room occupied by his antagonist of the night before. The judge was lying in bed; the blaze, shooting upward, cast a golden glow over the sharp, strong face pressed against the coarse pillow. It struck down into the lines care and thought had made, and brought out the soul of the man with such startling distinctness that the boy kneeling upon the hearth sprang to his feet in wonder at what he saw there,—courage, independence, conviction, truth. It was a face that would shine like the sun in the dawning of freedom.

And he had called this man, the man of this face, "a bully." He groaned, and dropped his face into his hands. When he lifted it, the face upon the pillow had not moved, but the open eyes of the judge were fixed upon him. Oliver turned to beat a retreat, but the judge called him back.

"Come here, sir." The very tone was a command, but it no longer angered him. "You called

me 'a bully' last night, I believe."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver. "I did not—"

"Well?"

"I did not see your face then."

The judge stretched out his hand, long and slender and strong, and laid it upon the boy's arm.

"You 'did not see my face,' my boy, 'but you judged me from my manner, and my manner was that of a bully. I thank you, my son, for the truth. Only a bully will browbeat a boy, or mistreat him. I ought to know; see there!'"

He tossed off the bed-covers, and, tearing open the loose night-shirt that he wore, exposed the long red scar on his side.

"A bully did that,—a bully who wore the guise of a British officer. He thrust at me with his sword when, a boy of fourteen, I refused to black his boots. I thought of it when you refused to take my horse."

The face before him was aglow with sudden glad recognition. Without warning, the boy stepped forward to the bedside, and with clasped hands stood looking down into the beautiful, uplifted face:—

"Oh! sir," said he, "are you Andrew Jackson?"

"Yes; Andrew Jackson, the bully!"

"No! Andrew Jackson, the boy who fought his way, step by step, to fame, and who, old Simon Sayre says, will one day be President of the United States."

"When I am," said the judge, "I shall remember that you called

me 'a bully,' and will reward you accordingly. Now, would you look after my horse? I must be on my way by sunrise."

It was a strange story that Oliver carried to the hermit's hut the next night,—a story of interference and intercession on the part of Judge Jackson, who had persuaded his father to allow him to pursue his studies at the hut with unlimited freedom, and had promised to bring him books on his return to Knoxville.

The lean face of the judge was illumined with a smile as he rode down the mountain.

"The boy showed me myself," he said to the man at his side. "I've got to prove to that stripling that a bully needn't be utterly base."

He kept his word, given that morning in bed, too; for, years afterwards, when Simon Sayre slept under the purple cedars, and Oliver's old home had become but a resort for bats and owls, while he and his mother lived in a neighboring county town, there came a summons to Washington, and that summons was signed, "Andrew Jackson, President of the United States."—*Success.*

## The Black Sheep.

FRANK H. SWEET.

**T**HERE was a little farmer boy,  
 They called him Lazy Jim,  
 He went so slow that everything  
 Got far ahead of him.  
 With other boys he ne'er kept up,  
 In chores he was behind;  
 He was the very laziest boy  
 That ever one could find.

But that was not the worst; for when  
 Jim's boyhood days were o'er  
 He traveled at a slower pace  
 Than he had done before.  
 And then—oh, then his fate was sealed!  
 For, as he lagged along,  
 All sorts of things caught up with him,  
 A truly dreadful throng.

First poverty came striding up  
 And joined him as he went;

Trouble came next, with shambling haste,  
Then debt and discontent.  
And when this doleful company  
Had closed 'round Lazy Jim,  
Despair came up and clutched him tight  
And made an end of him.

## John Allison, Jr.

MARTHA HACKETT.

[Continued from page 40.]

WHEN Mr. Allison resumed his seat a wave of great expectation swept over the congregation assembled in the Methodist Church. That he had brought forth some good proofs in favor of Mormonism was inwardly acknowledged by quite a number of Mr. Ballantyne's followers. Would the minister be able to prove Mr. Allison in error was the question which was agitating their minds. The great majority hoped and also prayed that he would be able to do so; but there were a few, and among them the minister's own daughter, who were hungering and thirsting after truth, and who were willing to accept the truth no matter where it came from. That morning while Nora Ballantyne was looking over a small scrap-album the following lines which she had cut out of a magazine and pasted in the book about six months before caught her eye:—

"Seize upon truth, where'er 'tis found,  
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,  
On Christian or on heathen ground,  
The flower's divine where'er it grows;  
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose."

These words came to her with a new meaning. It seemed to her that they had lain dead in that book for months, but as her eyes rested upon them that morning a new life seemed to enter into them and they spoke to her with their soul as the very voice of God.

When she read them she knelt down at a chair in her room and there made a covenant with God that she would lay hold of and obey his eternal truth, no matter where it was found or what price she might have to pay for it.

When her father arose to reply to Mr. Allison she offered up a silent prayer that the Lord would inspire him to speak the truth. She also prayed for the spirit of discernment, that she might discern truth from error. At that

moment she heard the still, small voice of the Spirit of God whisper in her ear, "Be of good cheer; my sheep know my voice, and they will follow me."

Her father then began to address the congregation. He said: "I have the greatest respect for Mr. Allison's religious opinions. He is very zealous and sincere in his belief in Mormonism, but sincerity in a false religion will never take a man to heaven.

"He has seemed to take pleasure in testifying that God had raised up a prophet in the last days, and that Joseph Smith was that prophet. Mr. Allison is very much mistaken if he imagines that the pastor of this congregation does not believe in latter-day prophets, for I believe most firmly that there will arise many prophets in these latter times, and that Joseph Smith was one of them. The scriptures tell us that there shall be prophets in the last days. I will read the passage for you."

He opened the Bible and read from the 24th chapter of Matthew, as follows:

"And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another.

"And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many."

Continuing, he said, "Now, my dear people, here is a very plain scripture, telling us that prophets, false prophets, shall arise. We have seen a literal fulfillment of this prediction. We have seen the work of that false prophet, Joseph

Smith, who had the boldness to stand up and declare that he had seen God and Jesus Christ, and that an angel had appeared to him and restored the ancient gospel. I tell you, my friends, that these things are false. There was no necessity for an angel to come to earth with the gospel, because the gospel had not been taken away; it has been on the earth since the days of the Savior. Do you believe that God would take the gospel away from his children and leave them to grovel in darkness for seventeen hundred years and more? No, he would not do such a thing. Therefore, there was no need for a restored gospel.

"Mr. Allison has told us of the spiritual gifts which he says are enjoyed by the members of the Mormon Church. I am sorry that Mr. Allison has suffered himself to be deceived by these false teachers, the Mormon missionaries. They have told the Allison family that the members of the Mormon Church are rejoicing in the gift of prophecy, tongues, interpretation of tongues, revelation, healing, etc., and without stopping to investigate the truth of the assertions, Mr. Allison and his family have believed every word the missionaries have told them, and have left the church in which they have worshiped the Lord for so many years.

"I have made the assertion that Mr. Allison and his family have been deceived; I will now prove the truth of my assertion. I am

sure that Brother Allison still believes the Bible to contain the word of God, and that he is willing to take the words of Christ's early apostles in preference to those who arise in these last days claiming to be endowed with apostolic authority. Now, if two men, one of them the Apostle Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, and an apostle of the Mormon Church were to come into this house of worship tonight, and Paul were to tell you that men would come in the last days and teach you things which were contrary to the scriptures; that they would tell you that they were enjoying those spiritual gifts but that you should not believe in them or follow them; for there were to be no such signs given in the latter times. Then if a Mormon apostle were to stand up and tell you not to believe Paul, that the Mormons were enjoying all these blessings, which of the two would you believe? I am sure that you would believe Paul, and that you would look upon the the Mormon apostle as a deceiver.

"I do not expect that we will be favored this evening with a visit from the Apostle Paul. It is not necessary; we have his message to us in the holy Bible, and in that message, part of which I will read to you presently, he tells us that there shall be no such spiritual signs in the last days as Mr. Allison would have us believe are enjoyed by the Mormons. Therefore, I say, let Paul be true, and the Mormons false witnesses. I

will now read you an extract from Paul's message."

Again he opened the Bible, and read from I. Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, as follows:

"Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

"This, my dear friend," said the minister, puts an end to the controversy. We meet the Mormons with the declaration of the apostle Paul, and they go down before it to dishonor and defeat.

"But if you needed further evidence that the Mormon Elders are deceiving the people, I can furnish you with abundance of it. I am informed, on the most reliable authority, that a great many members of the Mormon Church left that church last year and joined the Christian Science Church. Now, if the spiritual gifts which Mr. Allison referred to were to be found in the Mormon Church, do you think that these people would have left their own church and gone to another, just to get what they had in their own church? No, they would not; it would have been too silly for them to have thought of such a thing. The action of these people in leaving the Mormon Church and joining the Christian Science Church should be proof enough that the Mormons are not enjoying the gifts they claim to be in possession of."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Big Trees and Big Birds.

*E. H. RYDALL.*

CALIFORNIA is a very strange land and there are a great many strange things in it. Most people have heard of the Big Trees of California, one of which is seen in the picture we now show our young readers. Twelve men and twelve horses cover up the trunk of one of these trees; there are a great many of these trees put only at one place in California and very many people go to see them. One of these trees would be too large to stand in any store; perhaps two stores would hold one of them. They are four hundred feet high, or about twelve times as high as a three-story house; and the limbs that stick out from the trees are about seven feet thick, or as wide as a tall man is long. These trees are about eight thousand years old, and perhaps the oldest living thing in the world; we can tell the age of a tree by the number of rings around the bark; some trees grow a ring every hundred years and some in ten. Up in the Sierra Nevada mountains in California grow these great trees where the ground is about a mile higher than the sea.

These trees are evergreens and look the same way all the year round; the bark is sometimes more than three feet thick; just think of a tree with a bark three feet thick.

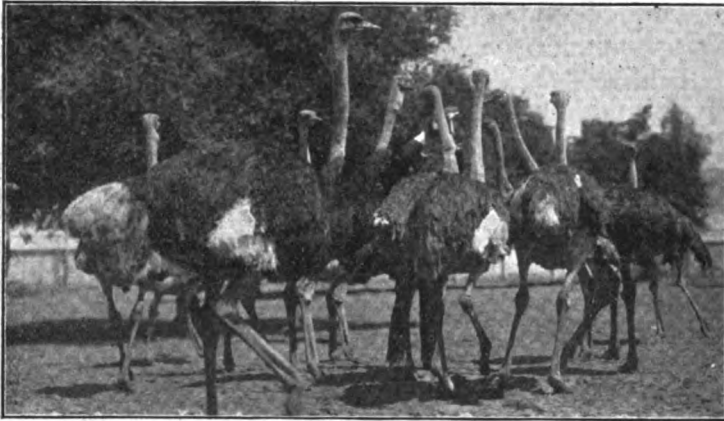
The color of the bark is brown; a number of little cones grow on the trees and these drop off when they are three years old; these are the seeds of the trees and when they fall to the ground they start other trees, so that thousands of years to come we shall still have the big trees of California. The United States Government now own these trees and the ground upon which they grow; some day if you ever



go to California you will find these big trees waiting for you and you will see them and go away thinking as lots of people have done, what a strange land this California is and what odd things it has for people to look at. A large hole has been cut out of one of these big trees so that a carriage and horses can go through. Many old people have heard of the Big Trees of California, but little children who have not been long in the great world find it nice to read about these very large trees.

But a very strange bird is now living in California, which has been brought across the sea from Africa, where it has left some three hundred thousand other birds. This is the ostrich, a bird that has lived in California for only seventeen years, and finds it a very nice place to grow in. Africa, the home of the ostrich, is a very hot place, and so is California, that is, the south of it. The ostrich twice a year has a lot

"Well I never, what an ugly old freak". To some people they look nice, to others like half picked chickens; its just as people think and know. The ostrich is higher than the highest man you ever saw; he is brave when he has eggs in his nest and is walking around to take care of it, but when he has no eggs he will run away; the hen always run away, eggs or no eggs, for she is afraid of everybody. Fifteen large eggs fill the nest and



OSTRICHES EATING ORANGES.

of eggs and these eggs hatch into chicks and the chicks grow to be very tall in a very short time; but four years must pass before the ostrich has grown big enough to have eggs and little ostriches. Near Los Angeles, the large town of southern California, and a long way from the Big Trees, is the Pasadena Ostrich Farm where two hundred of these birds are kept to show people what funny things they are; some people like them and say "O, my, how beautiful that ostrich is." Other people say,

are all the ostrich can sit on to keep warm; the hen will go on laying eggs around the pen even after she has laid all she can keep warm. In the wild desert the hen lays these eggs so that the chicks can have something to eat when they come, because the desert is in many places sandy and the chicks must walk some way for grass; so that when an ostrich hen wants twelve chicks she lays fifteen eggs so the chicks can eat three; how wise the hen ostrich is! The little chicks chirp in the eggs before they crack them and come out, and when

they come out they are very weak and have to wait three hours before they can walk. At first they eat a few small stones and sand to get their little tummies to work and then begin to bite the green grass; they must have no other but green food for this is all they can turn into blood. These little dears grow very fast and in six months are nearly six feet high. Like children, they look best when they are very small.

Sometimes boys are made to ride the ostriches at the Pasadena Ostrich Farm; and a lot of fun it is to see the boys ride these strange birds; they do not ride far, because the ostrich does not like to have a boy on its back and will run along and scrape itself against a fence or a tree and jump around until the boy drops off. It is great fun to ride an ostrich because of the jumpy motion of the bird; maybe the bird thinks Satan is on its back for it surely shows that it thinks something is wrong. The boys rides are not long, but quite long enough for the ostrich. A little

dog will frighten a lot of ostriches and make them run away very quick; no animal or bird can run as fast as an ostrich.

But the horse can keep up running for a longer time, so that in a few days the ostrich is tired and shot when followed by a man who hunts them riding upon a horse.

Having seen the Big Trees of California and the big ostriches you will now be ready to hear about other strange things in this strange State of California. Here are deserts of sand, and plains of salt and no end of black hard mountains that are good for nothing if gold is not found in them. Here are great spiders and funny toads and snakes and lots of ants that make the ladies put their milk and butter and sweets in tin wire cases. But in my next writing I will tell you of a funny island around which big fish swim and flying fish fly and about a railway that carries you straight up the side of a mountain where you can see all the south part of Southern California.

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Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came at last and sealed those lips, the sorest sense of loss I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me.



# Some Points in the Care of Children's Eyes

*HENRY LA MOTTE, M. D.*

[Written for Zion's Young People.]

**T**HE care of a child's eyes should commence with his birth. Scrupulous care should be exercised to keep the eyes and the face in the vicinity of the eyes in a cleanly condition. The baby's eyes should be washed at least twice a day with tepid water which has been recently boiled. This should continue until the child is at least a month old. If at any time during the first month of a child's life the eyes become inflamed, or if there is a discharge of pus from the eyes, it may be assumed at once that the condition is extremely grave and a physician should be immediately summoned to attend the case.

During the first two years of a child's life he should never be allowed to lie exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Too frequently is it observed that children in baby carriages attended by negligent nurses are allowed to stand with the baby's face exposed to the direct rays of the noontday sun.

During an attack of any of the numerous eruptive diseases peculiar to childhood, eye complications are much less liable to occur if the little patient is so placed in bed as to have his face screened from any direct light. The child's feelings

are usually a safe guide in this matter, for if his wishes are heeded the room will be considerably darkened, particularly in the middle of the day, and much objection will be made to the presence of a light at night.

At the beginning of a child's school life reading and writing should be taught by means of very large print and by large letters made with charcoal or black crayon upon paper held at some distance from the child's eyes. Such exercises, until the child is eight years of age, should not last longer than ten minutes at a time, nor oftener than twice a day. If during his reading lessons a child complains of headaches and is generally inclined to be tearful, it may be confidently assumed that his vision is not perfectly normal, and he should be treated with much greater lenience on this account and should not, as is too often the case, be punished for inattention or scolded for stupidity.

After leaving the primary school a child is usually, at the present day, required to take some of his books home and prepare lessons there for recitation at school the next day. From the standpoint of the oculist this is all wrong, but in the present unenlightened con-

dition of pedagogy it is hopeless to attempt any reform in these directions. The best we can do is to earnestly recommend to parents to see that the lessons which their children are obliged to prepare at home are attended to in daylight.

Before twelve years of age it were far better that no reading be done by artificial light. If it is absolutely necessary great care should be exercised that the child sits in an erect position, holds the book in such a way that the page is not slanting, and that the page is well illuminated by a light placed behind the reader in such a position that its direct rays do not strike his eyes.

Two of the most fruitful causes of aggravation of eye trouble in children are reading by firelight while sitting in a cramped position upon the floor, with the head bent nearly at right angles to the body so interfering with the proper circulation of blood in the head.

Defects of vision in children are usually of such character that their progress may be checked or entirely cured if recognized at a sufficiently early stage. This is one of the many reasons why the eyes of all school children should be carefully examined at least once during their school life by a competent oculist. The proper choice of a career may often depend upon the result of such an examination.

A very common trouble which oculists are frequently called upon to treat is one commonly spoken of by them as "Poulticitis." This is a condition of extreme irritation of the eye due to well meant but misdirected efforts, usually on the part of some old lady, to relieve some irritable condition of the eye by means of tea leaf poultices. A simple irritation of the eye may frequently be relieved by very hot or very cold applications, but never by a tea leaf poltice.

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Better the world should know you as a sinner than God know you as a hypocrite.

The bee from his industry in the summer eats honey all the winter.  
Hell is full of good intentions and heaven of good works.

If you would keep the wrinkles out of your face, keep sunshine in your heart.

Don't expect a stranger to saw your wood while you sit in the shade.

When the fox is asleep nothing falls into his mouth.

# Zion's Young People.

Entered at Salt Lake P. O. as second-class matter.

W. A. MORTON, . . . . EDITOR.

*Published Monthly by*  
Zion's Young People Publishing Co.  
37 Hooper Bld'g., Salt Lake City.

One Year, . . . . . Fifty Cents

Vol. 3.      July, 1902.      No. 3.

## EDITORIAL.

### Keeping the Inside Clean.

SOME months ago flags bearing the words "smallpox" and "diphtheria" were to be seen in nearly every ward in Salt Lake City. At present the city is almost entirely free from these dreaded diseases. and this condition has been brought about largely by the sanitary measures which were adopted and carried out by the citizens.

In a number of the district schools cleaning clubs were organized, and boys and girls agreed to clean up their yards and lots and burn the rubbish. They did so, and a cleaner city than Salt Lake is today it would be hard to find.

Having cleansed the outside, we would like our young people to turn their attention to the inside. A few evenings ago we were riding on a street car and we saw one of the boys who belongs to the cleaning club smoking a filthy cigarette.

We thought that it would be a good thing for that boy if he would clean his mouth and never again defile it with this poisonous weed.

We would like to see every boy in Utah a member of the clean brigade: clean in person, clean in thoughts and words. We hope that every boy who reads this will resolve to never let an improper word pass through his lips. Boys, let us follow the example of President Grant.

"When Mr. Grant," says Mr. N. N. Riddell, "was in the Chair as President of the United States, a member of Congress, in conversation with a number of others, began telling a vulgar story. Casting his eyes around the gallery, he said, 'I guess there are no ladies present.' Mr. Grant looking up said, 'No, sir! but there is a gentleman present and you will please not tell your vulgar story here!'"

Boys, let us keep our hearts clean and pure. You know the blessing that has been promised to the pure in heart—that they shall see God. Shall we use our lips to offer prayers and sing praises to God and then turn round and defile them with vulgar stories? No, by God's help we will not. We will keep our minds filled with good thoughts so that there will be no room for evil ones to enter. In a word, we will be gentlemen.

"A Plain Talk to Boys," 10c; "Child Culture," 50c. On sale at this office.

# The Jews and the Christ.

TWENTY-SECOND PAPER.

WM. H. BURTON.

**I**T IS not alone as a warrior or a jurist that King David is an interesting figure in Hebrew history. As a poet, as the sweet singer of Israel, he has attracted the attention and challenged the admiration of the world ever since his time. He is credited with being the author of not fewer than seventy-three of the psalms which bear his name, and for sublimity of thought, for grandeur of expression, those compositions are preeminent even among the poetry of our own time.

What can be more beautiful than the nineteenth psalm, which opens with the grand declaration, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork?" Indeed, all the emotions that sway the human heart are depicted in the psalms of David with a master hand. And here I want to call the attention of the student and the lover of holy writ to the book of Job.

Who was Job? This has been the query of Biblical scholars ever since the time of the great psalmist. Some have held that the man of the land of Uz was a real being, whom the Lord permitted Satan to bring down from a high state of material prosperity down into the valley of the shadow of death, that the evil one might test his own

power, and see if he could not make the favored one of the Lord curse God and die. Others have held that Job was the grand creation of a poetic mind; this one ascribing that wonderful story to the great lawgiver of Sinai; that one claiming him as the creature of the sweet singer of Israel, and still another giving the Prophet Ezra the credit of his creation.

Without presuming to decide such a moot point, it not being material to this essay, let us take the story as it reads; let us follow with reverence the grand narrative as it unfolds, and when we have reached the nineteenth chapter we shall find perhaps the earliest positive evidence of the faith in a Redeemer. Beginning with the twenty-fifth verse the sublime faith is expressed in these words, "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand upon the earth at the latter day. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my reins be consumed within me."

In a careful reading of the story of the chosen people I can find no warrant for believing that at any

time there was a general understanding of the need of a Redeemer. In the time of David they were a well-established people, with a history. They had the glorious tradition of the exodus from Egypt; they had the blessing of the Patriarch Jacob on his sons, the founders of the twelve tribes, and they had doubtless noted the blessing of Judah—"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come."

In all their subsequent history, in prosperity or adversity, mostly in the latter, this blessing had fallen on the hearts of this devoted people like the gentle dew of heaven; but the general conception of Shiloh, of the Messiah, seems to have been of a great conqueror, a towering military chief, who should establish the chosen people high above all other peoples of the earth. The conception of a Redeemer of mankind, the realization of the need of such a one, seems to have been confined to a favored few, a very few.

David himself must have had a clear idea of the Redeemer. In the sixteenth psalm, in the ninth and tenth verses he says, "Therefore, my heart is glad, and my glory rejoices; my flesh also shall rest in hope; for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell. neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption."

I have been thus labored in my subject because it goes far to explain the conduct of the Jews at a later date.

David was now an old man, and in the course of nature the sceptre of Israel must soon pass to other hands. In the lapse of forty years he had done well for his people. Despite numerous wars, both civil and foreign, he had raised his people to a position of proud eminence amongst the peoples of the world; he had given them a capital city in wresting Jerusalem from the Jebusite, of which they could be justly proud; he had laid the foundation of maritime power; he had extended their borders almost to the widest limits they were to know; he had brought their holy tabernacle to its final resting place and would have built a temple to contain it but for the divine injunction which designed that task to be the work of his successor. And now in his extreme age not the least service he should render his people was to save them from the horrors of a disputed succession.

When Adonijah, taking advantage of the extreme age and infirmity of his father, sought to seize the throne, he had the support of some who had hitherto been loyal to David, notably, Joab, captain of the host, and Abiathor, the priest; but he had not the following amongst the people that his brother Absalom had had, and when David on learning of the act of his son caused Solomon to be anointed in Gihon by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, and he had been acclaimed king by a large concourse of the people, and been

seated on the throne of his father, those who had been led away by Adonijah fell away from him, and he, finding himself alone, took refuge in the sanctuary, laying hold on the horns of the altar; nor would he leave them until he had received the promise of Solomon to spare his life during his good behavior.

And so the last peril which menaced Israel during the lifetime of David was averted.

So ends the reign of the second of the kings of Israel, leaving the people well established in the land which the Great Jehovah had promised to Father Abraham, with a population of about five million souls.

## WORSE THAN A NUISANCE.

About the greatest nuisance to a farmer, after the gunner who at certain seasons of the year goes tramping all over his fields, shooting his quail, woodcock and rabbits, is the student who comes down from the city and call himself a "collector." He must have plants and flowers for his herbarium; fishes, tadpoles and aquatic plants for his aquarium; must shoot every bird he sees to send away to a taxidermist to be stuffed; must have every bird's egg he can find for a collection, and without leave or license from anyone.

A sturdy old farmer once met one of these collectors up his pear tree after some thrushes' eggs, while the poor birds were circling round and round the tree in great distress.

"Hoh! What are you doing there?" exclaimed the ireful farmer.

"Only getting a few eggs for my collection," was the suave reply.

"Who said you could have them?" roared the farmer.

"I beg your pardon," said the city man. "I didn't suppose you'd care."

"They're my birds and on my property, and them thrashers have built right in that 'ere spot for 10 years. Might as well come and tear me out of my home and be done with it."

"I didn't mean any offence."

"Any offence!" shouted the farmer. "What right have you to come on my farm making your collections? Suppose, when I went to the city, I'd go to your office or place of buisness and gather up some of your papers or valuables for my collection, what would you think of me?"

"I thought birds and plants were common property."

Yes, that is what all you city folks think. You think everything in the country is free when every foot is owned by somebody,

and somebodies in the county have as much right to what they own as city people have right to what they own."

"I am very sorry, sir. I never looked at it in that way. I'll put the eggs back. The birds surely have an earnest champion in you."

"They sing for me, and I'd rather hear one thrasher sing than all the choirs in the city combined. They help me to fight the insects

that would eat me out of house and home if left alone. They are friends to me, so I will be a friend to them. I would think you city folks would be taught in church and Sundayschool the respect that the Bible has laid down for birds."

I don't see what pleasure there is in a collection of dead birds or butterflies, anyway. For my part, when I want to study nature I'll go where the pretty things are alive and study them there.

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## Story of the World's Religions.

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### IX. ZOROASTER AND HIS RELIGION.

W. J. SLOAN.

"Just as a man who knows only his own language does not know that very well, so he who knows only his own religion knows it imperfectly."—*Worcester*.

IF you look at the map of Asia you will find, far down in the south-western corner, a country called Persia, once a mighty empire but now little better than a name.

If you study ancient history you will find much about Persia and of its great war leaders, Darius, Xerxes and Artaxerxes, who carried their victorious armies into India on the east, Syria and Asia Minnor on the west. You will also read of their defeat at Marathon and Thermopylae.

In the south-western part of

Persia is the beautiful valley of Schiraz. In this valley there still remains the ruins of an immense temple, part of which was hewn out of the mountain; the rest of it was built of gray marble blocks from twenty to sixty feet long. The main platform was about nine hundred feet wide by fourteen hundred feet long; the steps to reach the platform were so placed that a man could ride up them on horseback.

Like the Egyptians, the Persians told their stories of history and victories by carving on the stones.

and marble, and it is here that we find the history of her great men, for here lived great men whose names stand forth in the early history of the world.

Perhaps it was in this temple that the great Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, sat. You remember reading about him in your Bibles; it was he who ordered Jerusalem to be rebuilt.

Not alone was Persia a great nation, with great men as its rulers, but it had a great religion, a great religious teacher, and a sacred book. The name of this leader was Zoroaster, and the book is known as the Zend Avesta.

Who was Zoroaster? When did he live? What did he teach? Of the history of the man himself we know but little. Plato, 400 years B. C., and Herodotus, 450 years B. C., speak of him and of his teaching; as does also Plutarch, the elder Pliny, and other writers who lived in the first century. But we do not know where he was born, nor the names of his parents not even the time when he lived; but as near as we can find out he lived about 1200 to 1300 years B. C.

There are several stories of how he became converted to a religious life and of the miracles which he performed in order to convert the rest of the people; of his visit to heaven, etc; but as there is a good deal of doubt as to their truth, I shall not repeat them. I will stop long enough to

say that the story of his visit to heaven will find an echo in a later religion.

Of one thing we may be sure, such a man once lived and he did much to influence the religious thought of the world. Much of his teaching can be learned from the writings of the men who I have told you wrote about him. But the world owes more to a young Frenchman for its knowledge of him and the Zend Avesta than it does to any one else. The name of this Frenchman is Anquetil du Perron, who was born in Paris in 1731. From a boy he was a student of ancient people and their customs. At the age of twenty-four he found in the great royal library of Paris a small part of the Zend Avesta. He was so interested in his find that he went to the northern part of India, where a small following of Zoroaster lived; and commenced his study. For sixteen years he worked, traveled and studied to secure as much of the original as he could find, with the object of bringing it before the world.

Upon his return to Europe he brought with him one hundred and eight valuable manuscripts, which he translated and published. For many years learned men quarreled as to whether it was a translation of any writings of Zoroaster or any of his early teachers. But in the light of recent knowledge learned men agree that it was all that its translator claimed for it.



## ZION'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Zend Avesta, which we may call the bible of the Persians, consists of a collection of hymns, prayers and thanksgivings, many of which are offered to a multitude of gods; but the god Ormazd is supreme and the rest are his servants.

From the Zend Avesta, part of which was doubtless written by Zoroaster himself and part by his disciples, and also from other reliable sources, we learn the following with regard to the creation of the world, its course and end:

In the beginning the Éternal or Absolute Being, called Zerana-Akerana, created two other great divine beings. The first of these, who remained true to him, was Ahura-Madza, or Ormazd, by which name I shall hereafter refer to him; he was also called king of light. The other was Ahriman, king of darkness, who rebelled against his creator.

The Infinite Being, in order to destroy the evil which Ahriman had caused since his creation, decided to create, through Ormazd, this world in which we live. The power being given to Ormazd, he commenced by creating the ferevers, which I think means the souls or spirits. He then created the heavens and the earth, next the mountains, rivers, etc. He also made a great gulf beneath the earth, which was to be the home of Ahriman.

Knowing that he would have to fight Ahriman, Ormazd armed himself by creating the sun, moon and

stars, mighty hosts that were to obey his wishes.

The stars were divided into four groups, each having a leader; the four groups were divided into twelve companies. I will tell you the names of the four star leaders and the groups that they were to preside over. That you may the better understand them, I will give you the names of the stars as we know them and not as they are named in the Zend Avesta, though they mean the same. Satrun was ruler of the western group; Mercury presided over the stars of the south and Mars over the northern stars. In the center was the great star Venus, who was to lead all. The star Sura was placed in a fixed position to what watch for Ahriman coming from the abyss below.

While Ormazd was carrying on his work, Ahriman was creating also, for he had the power to do so; but his was a world of darkness. His followers, however, were equal in numbers and power to the followers of Ormazd.

At the end of three thousand years Ahriman came forth to give battle to Ormazd, but he was blinded by the majesty of Ormazd and the pure spirits which accompanied him, and by the strong will and power of Ormazd he was driven back into the dark abyss.

After the battle Ormazd created seven guardian spirits—one to guard the earth, one who was the mother of all living things, one for the seasons, months and days, two

who were to raise the water in vapor, collect it in the clouds and let it fall in rain; one to rule vegetation or plant life, and one for the whole organic world; this latter was to be the leader.

During the time that Ormadz was creating spirits, Ahriman was also creating spirits in his dark abyss. For every good spirit that was created he created a bad one. These spirits of darkness stood in their rank and order and had seven presiding evil spirits over them. This creation took another three thousand years. At the end of that time Ahriman said he was ready to give battle, and, followed by his army, he rushed forth. He was the only one of his host that reached heaven, but he there found the light and power so great that he fell to the earth in the form of a serpent and entered into everything that he found.

Having done this, and having won some of the stars to his side, he again attacked the hosts of heaven. But Ormadz, aided by the holy spirits, gave battle, and after fighting for ninety days and ninety nights he drove Ahriman and all his evil spirits back into the abyss of darkness.

But he did not remain there, but built a way for himself and his companions to the earth, where they are now living, together with Ormadz and his spirits, according to a decree which was made by the creator of both.

(To be continued.)

### ONE ON HIS FATHER.

The twelve year old son of a fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after the same were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems these youngsters knew of a "sell" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to "hook" the youngster and caught him fast and hard.

He felt so bad about it that he started in turn to "sell" some one else. His father was the victim.

"Did you know, papa, that if you hold a guinea pig by the tail the eyes will drop out?"

His father laughed outright.

"Why, who in wonder told you such stuff, Louis?"

"The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so, yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said his father, still laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy the father went out. In a moment he came back looking—well, looking just like a man that's been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time," he replied to a friend.

"But I don't see the point," said the friend.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well guinea pigs have no tails."

# Seeing Things Outdoors.

## TOADS.

**L**AST Saturday evening Papa took my little sister, Naomi, and myself out for a walk. He said, "Let us keep our eyes open and see what we can learn." Papa says Nature is God's great story book, and its pages are open to all the world.

As we walked along the road we saw a great many little toads. They all seemed to be in a hurry. I asked Papa where they were going and he said he guessed they were going to a party or a concert.

I believe they were going to a concert, for that night we heard the toads singing a grand chorus. Farther along we met a little toad. He was hurrying along as fast as he could for fear of being late.

We asked Papa where the toads came from and he said they came from eggs, which were layed in water by the mother toads and hatched out by the heat of the sun.

Papa told us about a wicked king named Pharaoh, who lived in Egypt many years ago. He was mean to the Hebrews, the people of God, and treated them cruelly.

God punished him for this, and one of the plagues which he caused to come upon this wicked king was a plague of frogs. The frogs came up out of the river and went into the king's palace and filled all the rooms in the palace. Don't

you think that that must have been a terrible plague?

Papa told us a fable which he learned when he was a little boy at school. He said that one day when a number of boys were passing a pond in which there were a number of frogs, the boys began to pelt the poor frogs with rocks. One of the frogs looked up at the boys and said, "What have we done that we should be so cruelly treated by you?"

"O, we are only having some fun," said one of the boys."

"That may be true," said the frog; "but what is fun to you is death to us."

The lesson we can learn from this story is to never be unkind to others, even though it were to give us pleasure.

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I will now tell you about our cat. She is of a white and brown color. She came to us when she was a little kitten, and Papa and Mama gave us leave to keep her. She is a fine hunter. She will sit at a gopher's hole for hours, until the gopher comes out, and when he comes out he never goes in again. But I want to tell you how our cat returns thanks for her food. When we give her some milk morning and evening, no matter how hungry she may be, before she touches it she will come over and rub herself against our legs and purr as loud as she can. You may not think that she is returning thanks but I do.

# Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

VICTOR. E. WILLIAMS.

**J**OSEPH SMITH was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, December 23, 1805. His father was a poor but honest farmer. Joseph had little chance to go to school, as he had to help his father on the farm.

When he was ten years of age his parents left Vermont and went to Palmyra, New York. Four years later they removed to Manchester.

The people of New York at that time were poorly dressed, lived plainly, were religious, read the Bible, and went to church.

When Joseph was fourteen years of age a great religious revival took place. Many of the people joined the different churches. The members of his own family were divided: some joined one church others another. Joseph was inclined towards the Methodists, but he wondered which of all these parties were right. How was he to know?

While in this frame of mind he read James, first chapter, fifth verse: "If any of ye lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

This was something new to Joseph, and he determined to ask God. So on a beautiful spring morning in 1820 he retired to the woods to pray. While offering up

his desires to his Maker, a power of darkness overcame him and he felt that he was going to be destroyed.

As he was about despairing, he saw a pillar of light descending from heaven. In this light he saw two personages, in the form of men, glorious beyond description, standing above him in the air. One of them said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

Gaining control of his thoughts, he asked which of all the sects was right. He was told that none of them were right, and that he was to join none of them.

When this vision was related his parents and brethren believed him, but the ministers and former friends and associates called him a dreamer and a blasphemer, and shunned him. Joseph gave way to many evil temptations, so much so that he was obliged to seek God for forgiveness and strength.

On the night of September 21, 1823, while praying to God, the room became brighter than noon-day, and by his bedside stood a personage who declared himself to be Moroni, a messenger from God. He told Joseph that God had a work for him to do; that through him the true church would be restored to the earth.

Joseph was shown in vision the hill Cumorah, which contained the

gold plates and the Urim and Thummim, which was to aid in the translation.

Three times that night and again the next morning the angel appeared to Joseph. The last time he commanded him to tell his father of the things he had seen and heard. His father said these things were of God, and that Joseph was to do God's will.

After receiving his father's consent and blessing he proceeded to the hill Cumorah. On the west side of the hill he found the stone box which contained the plates. He opened the box and beheld the records, and was about to take them when the angel said that four years must elapse before they should be delivered into his hands.

Each year, on September 22nd, he was to come to the sacred spot to receive instructions as to how he was to establish and conduct God's kingdom in the latter days. The angel told Joseph many precious truths, among them that he, Moroni, had finished the record which his father Mormon had kept of the Nephite people, and had hidden the plates in the hill 400 years after Christ.

These people were descendants of Lehi, a prophet of God, who with his family left Jerusalem 600 B. C., and after wandering many years in the wilderness, finally reached this promised land, to which God had led them.

For a period of two years after this Joseph helped his father on the farm. He then sought em-

ployment in Pennsylvania, boarding at the house of Mr. Isaac Hale, whose daughter, Emma, he married.

At the end of four years, having proved faithful to his trust, he stood ready to receive the plates. The angel delivered them to him on the morning of the 22nd of September, 1827. He promised Joseph that if he would be faithful the plates would be preserved, but, should he prove unfaithful, he would be cut off.

Many attempts were made to rob him of his precious charge, but, as he was faithful, they proved unsuccessful.

He soon commenced the work of translation, and was assisted in his labors by his wife, Martin Harris, and Oliver Cowdery.

The work of translation was at last completed, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints organized at Fayette, Seneca county, New York, April 6, 1830. It had six members.

Public meetings were held and many were baptized. At the second conference of the Church missionaries were called and sent to preach to the Lamanites.

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**THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE**

"Mamma, when you sneeze a sneeze where does it go to?"

"It goes into the air, I suppose, dear."

"And when something scares it away and you don't sneeze it, where does it go?"

"I don't know, child. Don't bother me."

"Does it go back to where it came from, mamma?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Run out and play."

"Then you've got to sneeze it some time, haven't you?"

"Likely as not."

"If you was to sneeze all the sneezes you had on hand, would you ever sneeze any more, or would there be no sneezes to—

"Willie, I wish you would let me alone."

"What keeps the sneeze from coming out when it starts?"

"How do I know."

"Why is it, mamma, that some people say 'k-choo' when they sneeze, and some say 'k-chee'?"

"Willie, if you don't——"

"Johnny Dickson says if I give him five cents he'll sneeze through his ears. Can he do it, mamma?"

"No, of course not, dear."

"How do you know he can't?"

"Because—Willie, if you don't stop bothering me I shall certainly——"

"Mamma, what is a sneeze?"

Whack! Whack!

Uncle—"What are you crying for, Georgie?"

Georgie—"Teacher caned me because I was the only one—boo-hoo—able to answer a question to-day."

Uncle (indignantly)—"This is scandalous, my poor boy! What was the question?"

Georgie (between sobs)—"Who put the bent pin in the teacher's chair."

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earthly man with a hundredfold strength thinks so much evil as Ormazd with heavenly strength thinks good. No earthly man with a hundredfold strength speaks so much evil as Ormazd with heavenly strength speaks good. No man with a hundredfold strength does so much evil as Ormazd with heavenly strength does good."

"I repent of all sins. All wicked thoughts, words, and works which I have meditated in the world, corporeal, spiritual, earthly, and heavenly, I repent of. O Lord pardon."

"Of all and every kind of sin which I have committed against the creatures of Ormazd, as stars, moon, sun, \* \* \* the birds, the five kinds of animals, the other good creatures, which are the property of Ormazd, between earth and heaven, if I have become a sinner against any of these, I repent."

"Of pride, haughtiness, coyness, slandering the dead, anger, envy, \* \* \* stiffneckedness, despising others, mixing in strange matters, unbelief, opposing the Divine power, false witness, false judgment, idol worship, theft, robbery, whoredom, witchcraft, worshiping with sorcerers, unchastity, as well as all other kinds of sin, O Lord pardon, I repent."

From these teachings it will be seen that the book is not one of dogmatics; it is a book of worship. It was to be read in private by the common people or it was to be recited in public by the priests.

There are many other things in this interesting religion that I might tell you about, but I do not want to tire you.

The religion, like the nation to which it belonged, has long since passed away, being conquered by Mohamet and his followers.

There are two small bodies of Parses remaining to-day. One of them live in Persia and the other in India, both adherents to this old religion. They are good, moral, industrious people. Some of them are very wealthy and very generous. Until the late Geo. Peabody gave his large donations to charity no one had given so much to public objects as Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, who gave over a million and a half dollars to hospitals, schools and other charities. Of course we have men living to-day who have given more than both of these men, but they have more to give than had either of these two. During the War of the Rebellion some of these Parses sent gifts to this country out of sympathy with the cause of freedom.

In conclusion we may say, that of Zoroaster we do not know the true name, though it is the only name we know him by, but we do not know if it was a name or a title; we do know that a great man lived many hundred years ago, that through him and his teachings a great religion was founded and grew, and had a great influence upon many thousands of the world's inhabitants.

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# THE CHARACTER BUILDER

[SUCCESSOR TO ZION'S YOUNG PEOPLE]

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 5.

## A Cat Tale.

By M. ETHEL DILS.

**W**HAT a forlorn-looking little creature he was! So thin, and such a towsey, ruffled coat! And his round green eyes had such a wistful, frightened, appealing look, so unlike the peaceful, emerald eyes of a well-fed and contented tabby.

"Poor little pussy," said Mrs. Rice, as the little creature turned to give her a startled glance from those eyes, which somehow or other, touched her. For, although she didn't like cats, still she was always ready to pity a dumb creature in suffering, and those eyes told her such a story! Their wistfulness said, as plainly as words, that if poor pussy didn't receive some care and some food pretty soon, he would join the great majority. And the helpless fear and appeal in this baby cat's eyes suggested to good Mrs. Rice a long tale of wrongs—a story of the abuse and knocking about which is considered the deserts of "Nobody's Cat."

"Poor little pussy!" She said it gently, but after that first look at her, pussy threw a longing glance

up the long gray trunk of the old apple tree, as much as to say: "Oh, that I could climb it!" For distress had taught him distrust, and who could wonder at it? But alas! he, although in his age of vigorous kittensip, had not strength to stand upon his furry little legs for five minutes at a time—he a kitten, who should have been frolicking about with a spool over some nice kitchen floor—who should have thought no more of scrambling up a tree than of bristling up his fur at a dog! And so, with a weak little "mew," he was obliged to submit to Mrs. Rice's picking him up carefully and carrying him slowly across the lawn to the house.

"He is more dead than alive," she said to herself. "But Ethel will perhaps be able to nurse him into a respectable kitten. He looks as if he hadn't seen a morsel of food for days. And how fearfully he looked up at me!"

"Ethel!" she called, as she entered the house, and a little girl of nine or ten, in a pink dress and white pinafore, came slowly in

from the veranda with a book in her hand. She had big, blue eyes, rather dreamy-looking now, for she was thinking of her book, and yet they could smile and dance when anything particularly pleasant occurred. When they rested on the kitten in her mother's lap, their dreaminess vanished like mist before the sun, and springing forward and tossing aside her book, she cried, eagerly: "Oh, mamma! a kitten! Where did you get him? Is he for me to keep? But, my! what makes him so frightened?"

"Three questions at once!" laughed Mrs. Rice. "Well, I found him under the apple tree, and carried him in, for he isn't able to walk. You may keep him if he lives; but, poor little thing! I'm afraid he'll never be much of a cat. He has probably been badly used already in his short life—just see how he trembles. But now you must take care of him, so get him some milk. Only a very little at first, however."

So Ethel became pussy's devoted nurse. She boiled him milk, and gave him occasionally a morsel of dry toast in it. And he lived the first day through, and a second, and a third, and a week! And after that he was declared to be out of danger, and his abused stomach was able to take the food of an ordinary kitten. But still he was a very feeble, little limp cat.

He had found an excellent mistress. Ethel had always loved

cats. Even when she was a baby her chubby hands had been covered with scratches. The first word she lisped had been "Tickle"—a brave attempt to say "Kitty." This "Tickle," the friend of her infancy, grew up with her and became very much attached to her, for as Ethel declared, love makes cats as intelligent as dogs ever were. He used to bring his largest mice for her inspection, and lay them at her feet. But much as she loved "Tickle," Ethel did not agree with him in his taste for mice, and so he was always permitted to enjoy the fruits—or meats, rather—of his labor himself. But alas! Hearken to this disaster which befell! The old saw says: "It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks." Maybe the philosopher who wrote it didn't intend it to be applied to cats, for "Tickle" fell into bad habits. Next door was a man who kept chickens; and "Tickle"—let us hurry over this painful story—discovered they were good to eat, and eating the forbidden fruit—I mean meat—was discovered, and banished from Eden. In other words, he was given the sack, after the Turkish method, and Ethel was left disconsolate.

So this new kitten was allowed to fill "Tickle's" place in her affections, and to use his bowl. And soon, as he began to gain in strength and trust in humanity, the frightened look left his eyes, and his black coat became sleek and shiny. And one fine day,

about a fortnight after his arrival, Ethel found him lying on the porch, in the sun, and—singing! Yes, very low, but decidedly a purr!

Ethel had decided to call him Smyke, after Dickens's hero, "for," she said, "he is so thin and poor. But I hope he will outgrow that meaning to his name. And of course he did. In a few months you would never have recognized him. "Persia" had been discussed at first, for Ethel admired the Persians for their respect of cats. But it was abandoned after she read "Nicholas Nickelby." And Smyke he remained.

One day he was seen dragging a rat almost as large as himself to the house. And this feat was remembered and inscribed on the roll of his clever deeds. Oh, Ethel could tell you some stories of his cute little ways! And the best of it was, he never lost his youth. He is an old cat now, but he still frisks about like a kitten.

But Ethel fell ill. The doctor was called and saw at once that her illness was due only to her rapid growth, and must take its course. It was nothing serious; but she was weak and pale, and her appetite was gone. But you know that the aversion of doctors—shall we say of doctors of the old school?—to telling the truth, professionally, is proverbial, and this one was no exception to the rule. So, as he was casting about in his mind for something to prescribe—unhappy moment!—his

eye fell upon Smyke, who was curled up contentedly beside Ethel. "Ah!" said he, with a knowing look, "a cat! I see!" You know how doctors say "I see." And then taking Mrs. Rice aside, he poured into her horrified ear a learned homily on the evils caused by the association of children with cats—the microbe "fake," you know. Then he pocketed his fee and left.

Alas for Smyke! his fate was sealed. That evening, when Ethel had fallen asleep, he was taken away and carried far down into the other end of the city. If Mrs. Rice had not been so alarmed for Ethel's safety, and had taken time to reflect on the best way of separating the friends, she would never have done such a cruel thing. But—poor Smyke and poor Ethel.

When Ethel awoke in the morning she wondered that Smyke had not found his way to her room, and finally she asked her mother for him. Gently, Mrs. Rice told her. How Ethel sobbed! How lonely she was all day, and all the next day; and at last, from her fits of crying, and her loneliness, she became much worse. The doctor was again called, and this time said that something was troubling her, and must be remedied. But how? The doctor was obliged to admit that his prescriptions disagreed with each other, and with his patient.

All night Ethel lay in a burning fever, calling in her fits of delirium for Smyke. Poor Mrs. Rice!

what would she not have given to have him back? The doctor had said that unless something was done, Ethel's condition was critical. He had even hinted that Smyke himself was the only cure.

All night long Ethel raved and cried for Smyke. All night long Mrs. Rice watched with Ethel and longed for Smyke. Morning came and Mrs. Rice, as she went through the hall for some cooling drink, sat down on the stairs and cried. Oh, how she wanted Smyke! Just then she thought she heard a faint "mew" beside her, and looking up, there was Smyke, a little disheveled after his long tramp, and hungry no doubt, but Smyke!

When Mrs. Rice returned to Ethel's side she brought something better than an iced drink. She placed a soft, warm furry thing named Smyke, down beside the little girl, who, when she felt his soft pressure, grew quieter, and stroking him and murmuring incoherent words, she gradually fell asleep.

Of course she recovered. You have heard of such things before—of the "cat that came back," but this story has one advantage—it is true. For one of my best friends used to be a little girl named Ethel, and Smyke was her cat.

*The Ladies' World.*

---

### JOHNNIE'S CHECKER STORY.

Paw he got th' checkerboard,  
 An' says, "Now, come here, son,  
 We'll spread th' pieces on th' squares  
 An' show you how it's done."  
 So I set down, an' he moved first,  
 'Nen I give him a man.  
 'Nen he jumped me, and chuckled out,  
 "Jest beat me ef you can."  
 'Nen I moved one, an' he took that,  
 An' said not to feel sore.  
 Jest then I seen a zigzag line,  
 'Nen jumped—an' I took four!  
 My paw—he rubbed his chin, an' thought.  
 An' says, "Um-m-m, lemme see!"  
 An' when he moved, I saw my jump,  
 An' that time I took three.

'Nen paw he moved another man,  
 An' hitched up to the board.  
 I took that, too, while maw looked on,  
 An' maw—say, she jest roared!  
 'Nen paw—the king's-row where he wants  
 To get, like anything,  
 But 'fore he knows where I am at,  
 I says, "Paw, crown that king."  
 'Nen I jest moved the way they do  
 Down there at Griggses store,  
 An' first thing paw knows, he ain't got  
 No checkers any more.  
 'Nen paw gits up, an' slams the board!  
 I can't say what he said—  
 'Twas somepin' 'bout "smart Aleck kids."  
 'Nen he sent me to bed!

*W. D. Nesbit in The Woman's Home Companion.*

## \*\*\*\* Human Nature Department. \*\*\*\*

*Edited by N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F. A. I. P.*

**I**N LINE with the special aim and appointed mission of this magazine to be what it claims—a character builder—it is proposed to publish each month, with other appropriate matter, a scientific deliniation of some noted person whose labors and success have distinguished him in this direction.

These articles will be specially written with a view of imparting some of the many useful and practical lessons that may be drawn from a study of these worthy characters, and that will, as we believe, stimulate others, especially the young, to intelligent effort in that particular direction for which nature has specially fitted them.

It is proposed not merely to show *what* these shining lights have accomplished, but to take pains in explaining *how* it was done.

We shall ask our readers to examine with us in each instance the physical and intellectual machinery, to ascertain the strong and weak points, to delve beneath the surface, to search for the hidden spring that has made prominent or famous the particular character under consideration, and in this practical way others may better understand themselves.

The deliniations will be original

for the CHARACTER BUILDER, and the central idea that suggests the publication of the sketches is tersely expressed in the well-known lines of Longfellow:

"Lives of great men oft remind us  
We can make our lives sublime," etc.

By giving "honor to whom honor is due," and holding up before young people noble examples of thrift, honor, courage and intellectual effort, much good will surely result.

Few subjects are more interesting than a study of human nature, and in considering the lives and labors of those who may consistently be regarded as character builders, and by paying special attention to their mental and physical endowments, by the operation of which their success was achieved, many important facts may be gleaned of practical service to the reader, and thus a double benefit derived.

We desire also to ever keep in mind the natural anxiety of those who have children to rear, and in their efforts to understand them, to govern and develop them mentally, morally and physically, the CHARACTER BUILDER will aim from time to time to assist parents by appropriate advice in realizing their hopes and avoiding their fears.



In entering upon this practical and fruitful field, we assure our readers there will be no empty theories, vague guessing, or metaphysical arguments used to explain our opinion—only the plain,

matter-of-fact and approved scientific methods will be employed, such that have been demonstrated thousands of times, and such that we now invite our readers to test for themselves.

## HORACE MANN.

[Deliniation by N. Y. Schofield, sketch by John T. Miller.]

As a character builder in the true sense, Horace Mann unquestionably stands in the front rank.

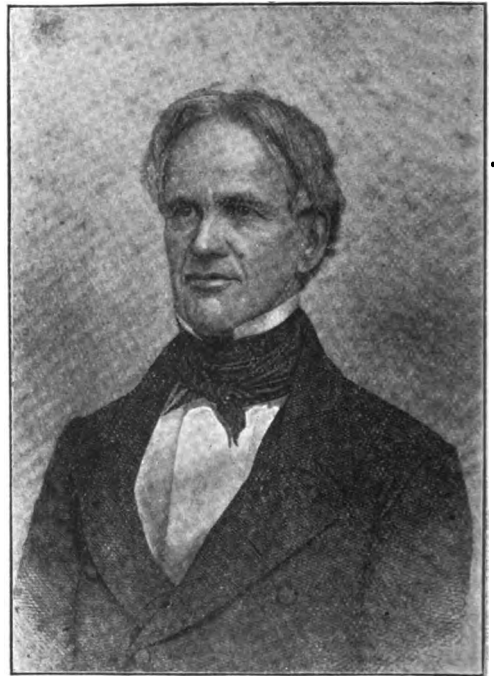
It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name his superior, and certainly no more worthy subject could be chosen to commence this series.

A glance at the photograph discloses in the first place a very high order of *quality*. This is true to an exceptional degree, and at once stamps him as remarkably sensitive, refined, moral, and fine-grained. The statement that "man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upwards" (too often the case) does not hold good in this instance.

His tastes, desires, thoughts, hopes and ambition are all of the lofty, ideal variety, far removed from the coarse, common-place things of this life.

Such a nature instinctively revolts at anything debasing or vulgar, and while education and culture may impart polish, nature alone can make the true gentleman.

The base of the brain, though not weak, is relatively inferior to the remarkable development of



HORACE MANN.

the intellectual and moral faculties, hence the animal propensities would have but a feeble voice in controlling his actions or directing his character.

Notwithstanding the wonderful results that must surely follow such an active organization and superior mind, yet it is more than probable he would die partially disappointed, for the reason that his ideals and conceptions are too high to be realized this side of the millenium.

The astonishing length of the brain fibre, measuring from the opening of the ear to the upper portion of the forehead, gives the keynote to his character, which is to do good to mankind, to elevate, improve and to bless his fellow-man. This would be his forte, his dream and ambition.

His financial instincts are but medium, the accumulating and grasping power being subordinate to his literary tastes. To one so organized the acquisition of property or possession of wealth is desirable merely as a means to an end. The miser's love for gold, simply to gloat over its possession, would never occur to him, but on the contrary, as a result of his strong benevolence, human nature and causality, combined with weak selfish propensities, his one main object in life would be to give rather than receive, and above all to plan for the intellectual and moral redemption of humanity.

He has all the qualifications of a philosophical reformer; would naturally become devoted to any scheme that promised the amelioration of his race, and his efforts in behalf of others and to further his plans would be apt to exceed his

physical strength. These facts are as clear and as evident as the size and shape of the features. Physically he was not a strong, robust man, but there is evidence of considerable "wire" in his constitution, that would bend many times before breaking, and this, with his temperate habits, would insure a reasonable long life, though the photograph indicates the lungs were not near as strong as the heart.

The strength of his character lies not in the force and impetuosity of animal vigor, but in the clearness and scope of his intellect, and his remarkable power to think, reason, originate, compose, analyze and grapple with social, moral, or intellectual problems.

The organization as a whole cannot be considered well balanced, because the vital temperament is relatively deficient. His recuperative powers are only fair, and while he has strong mirthfulness and a keen sense of wit that enables him to appreciate the legitimate pleasures in life, yet he is by nature intense, deeply in earnest, and is so impressed with the stern realities in life, so charged with zeal to accomplish certain results that he looks at duty, or the opportunity to perform it, in a serious light and neglects to indulge the luxury and ease that is invariably demanded where the vital temperament is more pronounced.

There are many other interesting points, both of strength and weakness, that space will not per-

mit us to describe; but enough has been outlined to justify the high estimation in which Horace Mann is held as an educator and character builder, and as a noble example for every young man.

Horace Mann was born at Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796. His early life was spent on the farm, where the rugged nurse of toil nursed him too much. But there the foundation was laid for his devotion to education, his pleading for the slave, his temperance principles and practice, and his sympathy for the wretched and the miserable.

His opportunities for education in early life were very meagre. In his twentieth year he prepared in six months for the sophomore class in the Brown University. In college he distinguished himself as a writer, orator, and debater, and graduated with honors. He was instructor in Latin and Greek at Brown University, but came to the conclusion early in his professional life that the classics are inferior to the sciences for information and discipline, heathen mythology being the product of the human imagination while nature is the handiwork of God.

He followed the profession of law for fourteen years, and was so conscientious in his work and so careful to take only worthy clients that he won on an average four out of five cases.

In 1827 Mr. Mann was elected to the State House of Representa-

tives, and was re-elected each year until he was elected to the Senate in 1833. His first speech in the Legislature was on religious liberty. He took great interest in every measure that was for the physical, social, intellectual, moral or spiritual welfare of the people.

In 1837 Mr. Mann was elected to the office of secretary of the State School Board of Massachusetts, an office that he held for twelve years and filled so successfully that his fame soon spread throughout the civilized world. He introduced the study of physiology and hygiene into the public schools, organized teachers institutes, and labored earnestly to qualify teachers and raise the standard of education. His efforts were opposed by non-progressive teachers and citizens, but the changes he advocated were gradually adopted and resulted in great improvement to the public schools.

During the time Horace Mann was secretary of the School Board he wrote twelve annual reports that are educational classics. Dr. A. E. Winship said of them in 1896, in "Horace Mann the Educator," p. 41: "At this day it is a better education to read his twelve reports, his speeches and his controversies, than the writings of any ten men aside from Henry Barnard and W. T. Harris." At about the same time Col. F. W. Parker, the eminent educator, said of them: "He wrote for the people twelve annual reports, which are classics in education — master-

pieces of eloquence, enthusiasm, zeal and wisdom. In these reports he covers the whole ground of education. Indeed there is very little that we have today that cannot be found in his prophetic writings. . . . One hundred years have elapsed since his birth; fifty-nine since he took the office of secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts. The little nation of a few millions has grown to a great stature, but the living spirit of common education has slowly, but surely, permeated the whole nation. Every word that Horace Mann has written can be read today by every teacher with the greatest profit."

In 1848 Mr. Mann succeeded Ex-President John Quincy Adams in the United States Congress, and while there exhibited his usual ability and moral courage.

At the age of fifty-six, in 1852, Mr. Mann accepted the presidency of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio. This was the first college in the United States which admitted students of both sexes and all colors on equal terms. This institution emphasised moral training and graduated students who are known for their devotion to humanity's cause.

Horace Mann was an accurate student of human nature. He devoted much time to metaphysics and psychology. About the time he was appointed secretary of the Board of Education he met George Combe, the eminent Scotch philosopher and educational reformer,

and accepted from him the phrenological philosophy of the mind upon which Horace Mann based his entire system of education. George Combe, by whom Horace Mann was influenced more than by any other person, is seldom mentioned in the history of education. This may be due to the unpopular philosophy that he advocated.

These two eminent educational reformers used as their guide the psychology that was developed by the labors of Gall and Spurzheim. Horace Mann did not follow Herbert, Rosmini and Froebel, who were the great educational philosophers of his time. Thomas Davidson says in his "History of Education," 1901: "What educational theories he had were chiefly drawn from George Combe's "Constitution of Mann," in which phrenology plays a large part. He was more like Pestalozzi, with all Pestalozzi's human sympathy, interest and moral enthusiasm, but with a practical sense and a talent for organizing which were lacking in the older man."

It is astonishing that Horace Mann and the philosophy upon which he built the American educational system should be unknown to the public and many of the public school teachers of the present time. In the *Educational Review* of November, 1891, p. 387, Nicholas Murray Butler says: "A generation has arisen that knows not Horace Mann. His name, and to a certain extent, his fame survive; but the precise grounds

upon which his reputation rests, and the definite ends that he sought to accomplish are neither clearly or generally understood. The common school never had a more enthusiastic and unselfish apostle than Horace Mann, and it is quite fitting that in the present era of educational activity attention should be called anew to his life and writings."

With the awakening interest in Horace Mann comes an interest in the science that helped him to become the greatest educator of the nineteenth century. In his *Life and Works*, compiled in five large volumes by his wife, the following statement is made: "Mr. Mann looked upon Mr. Combe and his works as an important epoch in his life. That wise philosopher cleared away forever the rubbish of false doctrine which had sometimes impeded its action, and presented a philosophy of mind that commended itself to his judgment. At this period Mr. Mann's phraseology concerning mental operations underwent a striking change, due to his interest in the phrenological science and philosophy. He enjoyed that philosophy which recognized the adaptation of every faculty to its appropriate object. It simplified to him the whole theory of mental phenomena."

In the same work he often speaks of this science. On one occasion he said: "I delight, and profit, too, in reading a book which never departs from the phrenological dialect, and refers

everything to phrenological principles."

On one occasion George Combe made him a present of one hundred dollars. In acknowledging the gift Horace Mann said: "I thank you for your much valued present of one hundred dollars, which I mean shall be better than a common monument of you; not a dumb and barren one, but a living, radiating one, diffusing instruction and delight. I mean to expend it mainly at least, for phrenological works, yours leading the list, and in such duplicates as will allow you to be speaking all the time to many persons." In a letter to Messrs. Fowler of New York he said: "I look upon phrenology as the guide to philosophy, and the handmaid of Christianity. Whoever disseminates true phrenology is a public benefactor."

Horace Mann's whole life was a struggle for humanity. Seldom do we find moral integrity and intellectual ability combined in one person as they were in him. Col. Parker classes him with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln as one of the three greatest Americans. George Combe wrote of him: "He is a delightful companion and friend, and among all the excellent men whom we meet in Boston, none entwine themselves more deeply and closely with our affections than Horace Mann."

This character was the result of a long course of training. During his early life as well as later he was free from the common vices.

In his last address to the students of Antioch College he said: "Be ashamed to die before you have done something for humanity." His last counsel to his children was: "When you wish to know what to do, ask yourself what Christ would have done in the same circumstances." In his last public address he disclosed the dominating, spiritual element of his character in these eloquent words: "I pant, I yearn, for another warfare in behalf of right, in hostility to wrong, where, without furlow, and without going into winter quarters, I would enlist for another fifty years' campaign, and fight it out for the glory of God and the welfare of men."

This sketch would not be com-

plete without mentioning the companions that aided Horace Mann in his noble battle for humanity. He was first married to the daughter of Dr. Messer, of Brown University. After her death Mary Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorn and of Elizabeth Peabody, became his wife. She and her sister Elizabeth were most influential in establishing kindergartens in America. They were among the most eminent lady educators of this country.

Horace Mann's earthly career closed nearly half a century ago, but his work will yet inspire millions. His work was built upon eternal principles and will live forever. He died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, August 2, 1859.

## I RECKON WE'LL PULL THROUGH.

The heat's been something awful, and the weather's been so dry,  
The greenest vegetation had to shrivel up an' die;  
And the hot winds killed the prospects e'en of nubbins for the shoats,  
The hayfield's brown an' crispy, an' we're mighty short of oats;  
Folks given to complaining say the winter soon to come  
Will be so long and hard 't will turn a wooden image numb,—  
And, since the crops have failed us, they are asking what we'll do,  
So I tell them God's on duty and I reckon we'll pull through.

Quite true the ground is drier than is suited to our needs,  
But, all the same, I tell them, it has killed a lot of weeds;  
There hasn't been enough o' rain to feed the meadow rills,  
And so, you see, we haven't had the ague or the chills.  
There's always compensation if we stop to hunt it out,  
And so I tell the neighbors that I'm not disposed to pout,  
When things seem going crossways, an' the prospect's lookin' blue—  
I'm convinced that God's on duty, an' I reckon we'll pull through.

Of the Hand that rules the weather, I shall rail not nor complain,—  
Though, if we're to do fall-plowin' we ought to have some rain.  
At the One who does things wisely I am not inclined to scoff,—  
Though the fruit is gettin' shriveled, and there's some a-fallin' off.  
But He who feeds the ravens, notes each lowly sparrow's fall,  
I figure, when we want Him, will be near enough to call.  
So, when they say that want an' woe's ahead for me an' you,  
I tell them God's on duty an' I reckon we'll pull through.

*Roy F. Greene in Success.*

## EDITORIAL.

THIS month we present to the public the CHARACTER BUILDER, successor to *Zion's Young People*. The change has been made in order to broaden the mission of the magazine. It will be the aim to treat questions pertaining to the physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of the people, but not subjects of a sectarian or partisan nature. The department for boys and girls that has made the magazine so popular will be continued under the direction of the former editor. In addition to this there will be departments on Human Nature, Moral and Physical Training, and one for Mothers. Suitable articles will be contributed on various subjects by competent writers.

The CHARACTER BUILDER will avoid subjects that lead to unnecessary controversy, but will not compromise truth. It is often necessary to disturb the present in order to furnish better conditions for our development and for the improvement of the future generations. We shall point out conditions that are detrimental to progress and offer suggestions for the removal of their causes. There is yet too great a gulf between the ideal and the actual. That which is ideal to one generation may be-

come actual with the next if it is constantly kept before them. Sudden changes of action do not usually result in good, but without making some progress toward better conditions the ideal cannot be reached. There is enough for all to do if we work together for the welfare of humanity. We hope to make the CHARACTER BUILDER indispensable to every home by making it a magazine of good reading for old and young. The subscription price of fifty cents a year brings it within the reach of all. Four cents a visit for a magazine full of good suggestions for parents and young people removes every excuse for reading trashy literature. The merits of the magazine under the title of *Zion's Young People* made friends for it in many homes. There will be numerous improvements made in the journal. We hope to increase its sphere of usefulness, and as the CHARACTER BUILDER may it continue in its noble mission until the Brotherhood of Man is fully established on earth.

IF you will send us the names and addresses of your friends we will be pleased to mail them a free sample copy of the CHARACTER BUILDER.

## \*\*\*\* Physical and Moral Education. \*\*\*\*

JOHN T. MILLER,

*Professor of Physiology in the Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City.*

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-man, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—Daniel Webster.

THE Department of Physical and Moral Education will be devoted to practical suggestions on the prevention of disease, vice, and crime. The laws of physical and moral development will be emphasized. It is now recognized that the efforts of humanity have been directed too much to effects or cure and not enough to causes or prevention. Our slow physical and moral improvement is due to our holding to the wrong methods of the past. If the causes of disease, vice and crime and other physical and moral defects are removed a more perfect life will be the result.

Most disease is due to preventable causes. If all would eat wholesome food, properly combined and prepared in the best manner to nourish the body; avoid stimulants, narcotics and all kinds of harmful drinks; breathe pure air; let physical and moral sunshine come into the home; indulge in neither too much nor too little exercise; keep the body and the surroundings of the home free from impurities; sleep sufficiently and regularly; be cheerful and

avoid mental states that injure the body; dress for health, comfort and beauty instead of following the false standards and whims of fashion, health would be the rule and many doctors would be compelled to seek other employment.

Our ancestors for many generations have violated these plain, simple laws of health. Although we now know much more about the laws governing the development of the body than they did, we do not generally practice them. Disease is the result of violating these laws. The efforts for prevention have been feeble compared with the efforts to cure. This is true everywhere.

In one of the most favorably situated cities in America, where results are perhaps better than the average, the following conditions exist: The city has 60,000 inhabitants. According to the directory for 1902 there are 123 physicians and surgeons, 59 dentists, 9 wholesale and 31 retail drug stores, 15 wholesale and 28 retail cigar stores, besides numerous grocery stores that sell patent medicines, cigars, tobacco, tea,



coffee, and spices that are classed as drugs. There are 92 saloons where alcohol and other drugs are sold. Besides these professional men and drugs to cure physical ills there are 211 lawyers to guard the people's legal rights and adjust moral and social difficulties. That city has 1 lawyer to 284 people, 1 doctor to 500 people, 1 saloon to 750 people, 1 dentist to 1,000 people, 1 druggist to 1,500 people, and one cigar store to 1,500 people, without counting the numerous grocery stores that sell these harmful luxuries.

We cannot deny that dentists are great public benefactors; we also need physicians, surgeons and lawyers; but if natural laws were observed the present number could be greatly reduced. Saloons, tobacco shops, and to a large extent drug stores, are conducive to physical and moral weakness. The professions and businesses mentioned above are among the most lucrative because of our wrong habits. Although there is 1 physician to 500 people in the city referred to above, they are in many instances overworked. The daily paper recently gave an account of a death under the following headlines:—“Died for Want of a Physician.—Doctors Were Too Busy to Attend Mrs. —.—Doctor says if he had reached her three hours before, her life might have been spared.”

□ In the country conditions are much the same as in the city. Although people are using more

patent medicines and drugs than formerly, and skilled physicians are increasing in number, everywhere disease is very common. Contagious diseases, that might be prevented by observing hygienic and sanitary laws, cause schools and public assemblies to be closed for weeks at a time in many towns.

In a moral way our efforts are still largely in the direction of cure. The laws of heredity and their influence upon the moral progress of humanity are to many a sealed book. In child training most failures are due to a lack of self-control on the part of parents. The moral imperfections of youth are due to bad environment—either to books that produce immoral thoughts, conversations, that poison the mind, obscene pictures that create bad mental images, or other influences that hold before the mind that which leads to low ideals of life.

It is the belief of many that young people should come in contact with evils in order to strengthen their power of resistance; but where one becomes strong by coming in contact with evil many are overcome by the evil and are afterwards unable to resist it. There will be enough negative education if every possible effort is made to surround our boys and girls by a pure, moral atmosphere. It is the duty of parents to set a proper example and to give their children a positive knowledge of the laws of life before they are instructed negatively by vicious or

ignorant persons. This is a duty that is sadly neglected by a large per cent of parents, to their sorrow in after life, and greatly to the injury of the children.

As far as is consistent, the subjects of heredity, personal and social purity will be considered in these columns. For several years the writer has had an opportunity of addressing young men in academies and colleges on these vital subjects. No education has been more neglected than this, and upon no other does the future welfare of humanity depend more. In physical education we may not be able to surpass the Spartans and Persians. In intellectual and commercial training we have surpassed all previous generations. A wave

of manual training has now struck civilization and will improve our education; but all these without the moral character give a very imperfect preparation for life. Complete living consists of a harmonious blending and development of our physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual natures. While we shall not have sufficient space in this department to consider all these phases of development fully, we hope to constantly keep the ideal before us and make suggestions that will be helpful in building up the moral and physical elements in the complete structure of true manhood and true womanhood. These are the foundation of success and happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## The Jews and the Christ.

TWENTY-FOURTH PAPER.

WM. H. BURTON.

**T**HE gathering of Solomon to his fathers is an event of absorbing interest in the life of the chosen people. It is the passing of the crest of their political greatness and henceforth theirs is the mournful story of decay.

When Solomon had learned of the act of the Prophet Ahijah in promising the kingship of ten of the tribes of Israel to Jeroboam, a servant of his own house, like

Saul before him, he sought to avert the consequences of his own acts by taking the life of the one appointed to be his successor, and Jeroboam was forced to seek protection from Shishak, king of Egypt, so long as Solomon lived.

No sooner had Solomon passed away than Jeroboam returned from Egypt, and one of the first events of moment was the demand of the ten tribes made on Reho-

boam. to have the burdens of the state made lighter on them. "Thy father made our yoke grievous, now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke that he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee." Such was the demand made on the son and successor of Solomon when the tribes were gathered to Shechem to crown him king. Did we not have the assurance of the scriptures that his course was foreordained, we should say without hesitation that Rehoboam acted like a madman.

Rejecting the counsel of the old men in Israel, he preferred the arrogance of youth and answered, "My father chastised you with whips but I will chastise you with scorpions." It is not hard to understand how a cruel answer like that should have been like adding fuel to the flame of discontent; nor could he have been surprised at the effect it had when the shout went up, "What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse! To your tents, O Israel! Now see to thine own house, David!"

It was finished. The Hebrew nation was rent in twain, never more to be reunited from then till now. As if not realizing what had happened, Rehoboam sent his tax-collector among the rebellious people, only to have him stoned to death. Then he would have tried to reduce them to subjection. Mustering the armed strength that was left to him (180,000 of

the men of Judah and Benjamin), he was about to make war on the insurgents, but the Lord intervened, and through his prophet, Shemiah, commanded the headstrong king and his people to desist and return to their homes.

Left to themselves, the ten tribes displayed a feverish haste in starting on the downward path. Their first act was to crown Jeroboam their king, and from the moment of his accession he started his people on the path of apostacy and ruin. Though in the lifetime of Solomon he had had the assurance of the Almighty that he should reign over Israel, though he had seen that assurance fulfilled in the most complete manner, he had no faith in the Power that had made him. His one ever-haunting dread was that if his people should go to Jerusalem to worship in the temple that they would return to their allegiance to Rehoboam, deposing and killing himself. So he made two golden calves for them to worship. Setting up one in Bethel, the other in Dan, he proclaimed to the people, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt." How like a rankling weed is superstition, ever springing up in the heart of man to poison his better nature! This was the second time since the exodus that Israel had fallen down to a golden calf, and the punishment for the second sin was to be far more severe than for the first.

If signs could have saved a

people, then Israel did not lack for signs, and should have been saved; but, to use the words of the Master, it was a wicked and adulterous generation, and the more signs that were given it the more determined was its downward course.

No sooner had Jeroboam made his golden calves and set up his altars than a prophet was sent by God out of Judah to warn him of the sin of which he was guilty and its punishment. When he had heard the warning, instead of repenting, he put forth his hand to seize the man of God and was powerless to take it in again, the member having withered. Then he asked the prophet to entreat the Lord to restore the stricken member, and even after that he and his people persisted in their sin, so that the Lord in his anger decreed the cutting off of the house of Jeroboam, and by the mouth of one of his prophets he foretold the final rejection of the ten tribes in these awful words: "For the Lord shall smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the water; and he shall root up Israel out of this good land, which he gave to their fathers, and shall scatter them beyond the river, because they have made their groves, provoking the Lord to anger."

Then follows a record of wickedness and anarchy that is appalling. Jeroboam dies, and is followed by his son Nadab. Nadab followed in his wickedness, nay, even outdoing it, until Baasha of Isacher

murders him and all the evil house of his father.

Baasha is even worse morally than the house of Jeroboam, and in his turn is butchered by Zimri. This usurper reigns but seven days, when he is deposed by Omri, and in his desperation he sets fire to the royal palace and perishes in the flames. Omri, after an infamous reign, bequeathes the crown to Ahab, of whom holy writ says: "And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nahab, that he took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbael, king of the Sidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshiped him."

No sooner was the infamous Jezebel established in Israel than she set about the establishing of the worship of Baal and the extirpation of the worship of Jehovah. One of her first acts was to establish colleges of the prophets of Baal and to set on foot a movement for the murder of all the ministers of the religion of the Hebrews.

As if to make one last, great effort for the salvation of his people, the Lord sent Elijah the Tishbite, one of the greatest and grandest of the prophets of any dispensation. Boldly confronting the renegade Ahab, this fearless servant of Jehovah declared that because of his sins, and those of his people, there should be no rain fall upon the land in years except as the Lord willed through his prophet. Then by divine guidance he withdrew from the society of

men, taking up his abode in a secluded part of the country, by a brook named Cherith. Here the Lord caused the ravens to feed his servant until the brook dried up through the lack of rain. When he could no longer remain in his solitude for the want of water, the Lord commanded Elijah to betake himself to a city named Zarepheth, belonging to the Sidonians, the very people to which the wicked Jezebel belonged, and there he would find a widow woman whom the Lord had commanded to sustain his servant. On his arrival at the gate of the city he met the widow gathering firewood, and accosting her he desired that she would fetch him a drink of water. As she turned to do his bidding Elijah called after her and desired her to bring him also a small cake of bread to eat. The poor woman told him that because of the famine she had no bread, and but a handful of meal and a little oil, which she was gathering fuel to cook for herself and her son, an only child, expecting to die of starvation when that was consumed.

The man of God gave her the comforting assurance that if she would give him a small piece of the bread [first, neither the meal in the barrel nor the oil in the cruse should fail until the Lord should refresh the thirsty earth with rain. What a beautiful example of faith we have given us in the widow of Zarepheth. Slender as was her stock of the staff of life, hopeless as the future must have seemed to her, she yet had faith in God's servant even to the extent of giving him the first of the small stock of her bread. And her faith was beautifully rewarded. Not only did her flour and oil not fail her, but when her darling child took sick and died, she still had faith in the prophet, and he, taking the poor little body in his arms, retired with it into a loft in the house where he slept, and raising his voice in prayer to God, he begged that the spirit might be permitted to come back into the small tabernacle. The Lord answered his prayer and restored the child to its mother, making glad her desolate heart.

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## Story of the World's Religions.

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### GREECE AND HER GODS.

W. J. SLOAN.

"Just as a man who knows only his own language does not know that very well, so he who knows only his own religion knows it imperfectly."—*Worcester*.

**I**N studying the religion of ancient Greece, we find, to us, many strange features. One of these is the great number of gods; for Greece was not a nation of one god, but of many, and of many

kinds. Another thing which makes the religion of Greece different from those we have already studied is the human character of her gods. Most of the gods which the people worshiped were men and women. They were supposed to be very large and also very beautiful, with human passions the same as mortals. Another thing: the gods were not supposed to be trying to save souls nor to lead men to a higher and better life. They taught no moral law, nor did they try to lead men into the "only way." In fact, the gods seemed to care very little about their subjects, and took part in human affairs only as whims or passion moved them. They had no regard for the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, but seemed to be having a good time. They spent much of their time in fighting, feasting and in making love.

The gods were not the people's terror but their delight. They allowed them to think and act very much as they pleased. The gods did not make the people; the people made the gods, and regarded them more as companions than as gods. The Bible tells us that God made man in his own image. The Greeks said that the gods were made in the image of man, or as one of their writers puts it, "Men are mortal gods, and the gods are immortal men."

Their gods were supposed to be near to them, having their home on the mountain of Olympus. But later in the story I will tell you of

some of their great men who sought after the true God.

Another strange thing about the religion of Greece is that it had no founder, no reformer. Like Topsy in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it just grew up. They had no sacred book, no Bible, unless we accept the works of Homer and Hesiod as their bible. True, they had priests; but they were appointed or elected, and often for but a short term of office. Kings, generals, and the common people offered prayers and sacrifice as well as the priests. The gods of Greece may be divided into four classes, namely: the early gods of that country, the gods of the poets, the gods of the artists, and the gods of the philosophers.

The following is, in brief, Homer's story. To those who have read the story I will say that I have chosen the shorter and more easily understood names wherever possible:

First of all there was Chaos. Next came Earth; then Tartarus, dark and dim, below the earth. Next came Eros, or Love, most beautiful among the immortals. From Chaos came Erebus and black Night, and after them were born Ether and Day. Then the Earth brought forth the starry Heavens, also the Mountains and Sea. Then Earth married Heaven. As a result of this marriage there came forth several children, among them the Ocean, Time, and some giants with a hundred heads. All of these children were kept in the

earth by Uranos, or Heaven, who was afraid of them; but the Earth and Ocean joined together and Heaven was dethroned. At this time the Sea brought forth the last and most beautiful child of Heaven, Aphrodite, or Immortal Beauty, who was the only one of the second generation who continued to reign on Olympus. She was an awful, beautiful goddess, says Homer.

At the end of the second generation of gods, the children of Earth and Heaven had many children, who in turn had many children, among whom was the Sun, Moon, and Dawn. In all there were sixteen children born. All but two of them are later found among the gods of Olympus. If you wish to know more about these gods read the "Age of Mythology," by Bulfinch.

In the first and second generations the gods were abstract ideas or powers of nature. In the third generation the gods of Olympus, with their cousins of the same generation, were men and women. In this third generation there were twelve gods, including Aphrodite. Of these three generations of gods the second took the place of the first and the third that of the second.

It seems strange to us how a poet could create an imaginary god whom the people would look up to and worship; but in ancient Greece the poet was a man of great learning, and the people looked to him as a leader. The

poets sang songs of praise to the gods of air, sea, war, love, hate, the mountains, green fields and rivers, and the gods of music and painting; in fact, everything they could see, hear, or feel seems to have had a god. The gods were supposed to all live together as a family on the mountain of Olympus. They passed the time in feasting, making love, planning war; in fact, doing everything that mortals do. According to Homer they moved through the air like birds, like wind, like lightning, and were much larger and stronger than men. They were supposed to help the people in their wars, in their love-making, and in almost everything that they did. If the people were successful they sang songs of praise to their gods; if not, they blamed them.

Many and different are the gods of the poets, and in reading of them we sometimes think that some of the poets were trying to find a great god who ruled over all the rest. Though songs to such a god are few and rather weak, yet I think their authors believed in a higher power than the gods of Olympus.

Next month I will tell you about the gods of the artists and philosophers.

#### A WORD TO COFFEE DRINKERS.

The Pioneer Health Food Company, of this city, has manufactured and put on the market a delicious and nourishing food coffee. It is a combination of figs, nuts, Utah barley, etc., scientifically blended to duplicate the flavor of Mocha and Java coffee, besides preserving the nutritious qualities of the fruit and grain. Every package is guaranteed to be absolutely free from adulteration. Send for a free sample.

## An Up-to-Date Catechism.

Q.—What is the chief end of man?

A.—To get a living.

Q.—What do you understand by a living?

A.—Millions of dollars.

Q.—How shall these be obtained?

A.—If a man is not born to millions and can't marry them, he must make them, by hook or by crook. If a girl is not born to them, she must marry them.

Q.—What is the value of money?

A.—It is more precious than the souls of men.

Q.—By what rule should we govern our lives?

A.—The Golden Rule.

Q.—Will you repeat it?

A.—“Do unto yourself whatsoever you would have others do unto you.”

Q.—What should be our morning prayer?

A.—“Keep me this day from making a fool of myself.”

Q.—What beautiful quality should be manifest in all the dealings of men?

A.—Unselfishness.

Q.—Define it, please?

A.—Unselfishness is that which we have a right to expect from others.

Q.—Should international marriages be encouraged?

A.—By all possible means.

Q.—What rule should govern these marriages?

□ A.—If you have a fat purse and no title, look for a title; if a title and no purse, look for a fat purse; if you have neither, don't look for either.

Q.—What can you say of a stylish woman?

A.—Her price is above rubies.

Q.—How do men rate style?

A.—As something more to be desired in woman than virtue.

Q.—What do we understand by the divine command that we have charity, one toward another?

A.—The possession of that kindly spirit which prevents one coming down too hard on the other, because we remember having done the same thing ourselves.

Q.—What is recorded of the successful?

A.—They shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Q.—What is required by those who would succeed in life?

A.—Absolute belief in one's infallibility; no consideration for others, and no act to a stranger that can be mistaken for courtesy.

Q.—Is gentle breeding a bar to success?

A.—Unquestionably.

Q.—Explain this, please?

A.—In a woman it is considered designing; in a man, improper.

Q.—Against what insidious vice should we constantly guard ourselves?

A.—The safety-pin habit.

*New York Herald.*



## Our Little Folks.

### Some Big Cats.

By *UNCLE WILL.*

Drawings by *HAROLD BURTON, Age 14.*

**N**OW, little boys and girls, I am going to tell you about cats. You all know pussy. Almost anybody can keep a cat, and most little girls like to play with a young kitten.

But perhaps you don't all know that kitty has some very big, strong cousins. I do not think that she knows it herself; if she did she might be very proud and get the notion that she was very important.



THE LION.

These big cats, kitty's cousins, are found in many lands, but the biggest and most savage of them are found in the hottest parts of the world.

The big brother of the cat family is called the lion. He gets to his greatest size and strength in a large country across the sea which we call Africa.

Some of you little folks may have visited a circus and seen a lion there; but if you have not, you can get an idea of what he looks like from the pretty picture on this page.

As you see in the picture, the full-grown male lion has a lot of long hair on his head and shoulders. The hair on the rest of his body is short and close, like the hair on a horse. The lioness (the female) does not have this flowing mane, as it is called, and so she does not look as large as her master.

I have a little friend, Jimmie Jones. His mamma gave him a box of paints on his birthday. He wanted to color every picture he could get hold of, and one day he got a picture of a lion and painted him blue. Now, you know, that was not right. Who ever heard of a blue lion? Lions are almost the color of grey sand—that is the color of the ground almost everywhere in the countries where they are found.

You know, all the cats live on other animals. You have seen naughty Tom cats catch mice and small birds, and if you have a pet bird I would advise you to keep it out of the reach of puss.

The Bible tells us that the time will come when all the animals will live at peace with each other. The lion and the lamb will lie down together, and the wild beasts will become so tame that little children will be able to play with them as they do now with kittens. Wouldn't you like to live on the earth at that time?

You will notice that Mr. Lion has a tuft of hair on the tip of his tail. In this bunch of hair there is a small, sharp horn. I cannot tell you what it is for; perhaps your school teacher can. The lion has a very long body, with very large lungs, so that he can run for a long time, and tire out and catch animals that can run much faster.

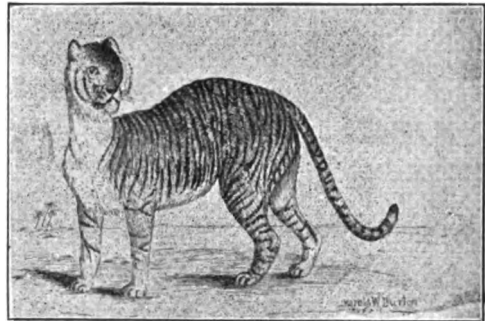
Lions hunt in pairs, and while one creeps around the animal they are after the other lies hidden to head the poor thing off when it comes that way.

Hundreds of years ago, when wicked rulers wanted to put men to death, they often ordered them to be thrown into pits in which there were a number of hungry lions. Ask your mammas to tell you about Daniel who was cast into a den of lions.

The tiger is another of the cat's cousins. He is found in Southern Asia, and reaches his greatest size in the province of Bengal, in India. Animals from this section are called Royal Bengal tigers. When full grown the tiger measures about fifteen feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. He has a beautiful skin—tawny yellow

on the back and sides, with black stripes. On the breast and under side of the body the hair is almost white.

He is very fierce and cruel, having a great thirst for blood. It is said that a tiger can carry off a full-grown cow. While young and strong he keeps away from the villages, but as he grows old and his teeth begin to fail he often lurks round the small, native towns



BENGAL TIGER.

and carries off men, women, and children. When he gets so bad as that the people organize themselves and hunt him to his death. Let me tell you how they do this.

The hunters seat themselves in little things called howdahs, attached to the backs of tall elephants. They send a lot of natives out to make a noise and beat the bush, or jungle, and drive the frightened, big cat toward the hunters. When he comes out of his hiding place the hunters shoot him down. It is a very dangerous undertaking. A tiger has been known to leap onto the shoulders of a tall elephant to try and get at the man in the howdah.

## THE CHARACTER BUILDER.

There is still another of the big cats found in Upper India and in parts of Southern Asia. This is the leopard. While this animal does not get to be quite as big as the lion or tiger, he is far more beautiful than either of them. His skin is marked with lines of black rings along the sides. Each ring is made up of a number of smaller rings, forming a kind of rosette, and as they are silky and black, or nearly so, on a rich, yellow fur, they give the creature a very pretty appearance.

The leopard's favorite home is up in the timber on the great Himalaya mountains, the highest and most rugged mountains in the world. He is a good tree climber, and often hides in the branches of trees where he waits for his prey. He is swifter in his movements than any of his cousins. What he lacks in strength as compared with the lion or tiger he makes up in action. He is very shy of men, and hunts for food in the night time. He is very hard to catch.

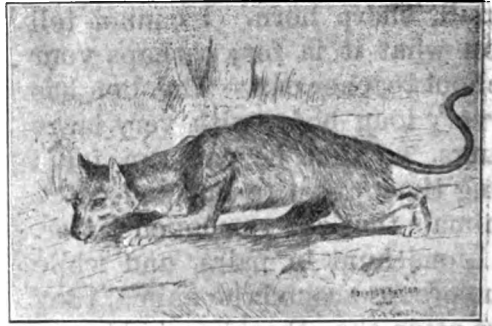
One way of getting him is to stake out a goat or other small animal after dark. Then the hunters hide themselves and shoot him when he makes a dash for his prey. But he is so quick, and the light of the moon or stars so uncertain, that it takes a good rifleman to bring him down.

This fellow has a first cousin in South America. He is called the jaguar. He is marked very much like the leopard and is about the same size. He, too, is a tree

climber and a good runner. It is said of him that he can run down and carry off a wild horse on the grassy plains of South America. He is not found in North America.

Before closing I must tell you something about our own big cats, for we have some. You have all heard of our mountain lion; no doubt, some of you have seen him, alive or dead.

His proper name is puma. When he is full grown he is as big as a large dog. Like all cats, he is



THE PUMA.

very fond of blood, as many a sheep owner knows to his sorrow. A mountain lion has been known to kill as many as fifty sheep in a single night, just to drink a little of the blood of each one. That is a good reason why he should be hunted. He is getting quite rare.

There are many other cats, both big and little; but if I were to tell you about them you would get weary; so I will close for the present.

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## BOOKS REVIEWED.

"School and Fireside," by Dr. Karl G. Maeser, contains the best thoughts on education developed by Dr. Maeser during the fifty years that he labored as a practical educator among the people. This book contains many valuable thoughts on home education, and is full of excellent suggestions for teachers. It contains suggestions for workers in the Primary Associations, Sunday Schools, Improvement Associations, Church Schools and Religion Classes. "School and Fireside" is a valuable addition to any library. The author was a character builder, and the book breathes that moral spirit that was characteristic of the teacher who did so much for the people of the Rocky Mountain region. On sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$2.00; half-morocco, \$2.75; postpaid.

"The New Man, or Knights of the Twentieth Century," an address by Newton N. Riddell, Ph. D., contains 87 pages of the most valuable instruction that was ever given to young men on physical and moral training. Every sentence contains a valuable thought. The author has expressed his thoughts in choice language and in an interesting manner. Every young man should read this book. Price, 25c, postpaid. On sale at this office.

"A Plain Talk to Boys on Things a Boy Should Know," by Newton N. Riddell, is an excellent book to place in the hands of boys ten years of age and upwards. It is full of suggestions that boys should get from their fathers but seldom receive. It does not discuss social evils, but tells boys how to build a strong body and a strong mind. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 10c.

"Woman and Health." A Mother's Hygienic Handbook and Daughter's Counsellor and Guide to the Attainment of True Womanhood through Obedience to the Divine Laws of Woman-nature. Including Specific Directions for the Treatment of Acute and Chronic Ailments. By M. Augusta Fairchild, M. D. It should be read by every mother. Price, \$2.50, postpaid. On sale at this office.

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# THE CHARACTER BUILDER

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VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 6

## The Quelling of Addie Cutting.

JOSEPHINE A. VAN TASSEL.

**T**eacher! may I speak to Fanny Baker?"

"Teacher! please 'xplain the 14th sum on page 40?"

"Teacher! Tommy Jones's tickling my neck!"

"Teacher! Jim Baxter's got a live mouse in his desk!"

"Teacher! may I give out——"

Hattie Brewster raised the cover of her desk suddenly—not because she needed anything, but her eyes were brimming over with despondent tears, and she knew she should lose the last vestige of her authority if one of those young reprobates caught her crying. If she could only get those vexatious drops wiped away before anyone saw her? She raised her handkerchief to her eyes quickly. Alas! she had forgotten the sharp-eyed girl in the monitor's seat on the platform.

Addie Cutting had been put in the monitor's seat, not because her conduct fitted her for the position of guardian of the class, but because she was such an unreliable girl that Miss Brewster felt obliged to keep her where she

could watch her every movement. Addie Cutting's short, squatty form was bent almost over the desk, the small, crafty eyes were twinkling with malice, as the girl telegraphed her discovery to the remaining thirty-nine scholars.

"She's crying," she whispered sibilantly.

The news went around the room quicker than a flash of lightning.

"Teacher's crying!"

"She's cryin'!"

"Cry-baby!"

One small scallawag even went through an elaborate pantomime, burying his face in his handkerchief, his shaking, heaving shoulders keeping time to his distinctly audible sobs. Miss Brewster's desk-cover went down with a bang, and Miss Brewster sat upright, her eyes flashing through the tears.

"Adelaide Cutting, you may go into the dressing-room. Tommy Whiting, report to Miss Swinton. Yes, Mary, you may leave the room, and be sure you don't come back until I send for you. Now, the class may come to order. I

shall leave the door open, and—and—(losing entire control of her temper) I shall make things warm for some of you when I come back, if I hear a single sound when I am out of the room."

She turned her back; in an instant a derisive snicker swept over the room.

She did not look back—she went on her way into the dressing-room, pushing the door together after her. It did not latch, but swung open just a crack. In a twinkling Jim Baxter—Addie Cutting's chum—kicked off his shoes and tip-toeing softly up to the door, put his ear to the crack.

His exclamations of delighted interest were audible to the class; but a confused, disappointing murmur came from the dressing-room. "Crickey!" cried Jimmie delightedly, "ain't she givin' it to her—hot!"

"Gee-whiz! Glad I ain't in Ad's shoes!"

"Ginger-blue! ain't she a ripper!"

"Whew-ew-ew! Never thought she had it in her!"

Suddenly Addie Cutting's sharp voice rose high above everything.

"Very well, Miss Brewster, you can report me to Miss Swinton just as soon as you like! I think I can make as much trouble for you as you can for me! None of us scholars like you! You've been cross and hateful as you *could* be ever since you came here! We didn't want *you* anyway! We wanted Miss Swinton, and we

mean to have her yet! I vowed more than a month ago that I'd drive you away, and—I—am—going—to—do—it! Oh, it won't do you any good to tattle that to even Mr. Sutphen! He won't believe it! He and Miss Swinton both think I'm a model scholar! It's so! I can be good when I want to, and I always wanted to when Miss Swinton was here! Then they went and made her principal and she took that little class of kids—and—well—it don't matter, you've got the temper of a fiend and you don't know anything more about discipline than a cow; but it wouldn't have made any difference—you'd have had to go, if you'd have been a perfect angel. We want Miss Swinton this year, and we are going to have her. You've kept her away over three months now, but Christmas comes in two weeks, and you'll get your walking-ticket then—see if you don't!"

The eighth class had never been so silent since they had been the eighth class. A hush of breathless, incredulous interest pervaded the whole room. They looked at each other in delighted horror. How *dared* Addie Cutting talk to Miss Brewster like that! In their state of absorbed interest, no one noticed that Miss Swinton was standing by the open door listening, with a face of horrified incredulity, to the words of the excited girl. Then as the dressing-room door swung open and Miss Brewster, fairly boiling

over with wrath, pushed the offending girl swiftly across the platform, giving an excited shake to her shoulder as she poured forth a stream of threats and invective almost equal to Addie's tirade, Miss Swinton noiselessly withdrew.

She had a way of appearing and vanishing unexpectedly and noiselessly, the soft felt slippers which she habitually wore giving no warning of her comings and goings.

"She don't make no more noise," cried one of her admirers one day. "no more noise than—than"—(if it had been anyone else than her beloved Miss Swinton, she would undoubtedly have compared her to a cat—but Miss Swinton—*never!*) She thought a minute and finished up enthusiastically: "Not a bit more noise than an *angel!*" All the girls applauded at that.

Addie Cutting was not at school that day, or the next; neither was Miss Brewster. Miss Swinton obtained a substitute for her own class and herself took charge of the redoubtable eighth.

The third morning Addie made her appearance, radiant; evidently she knew nothing of the change in teachers.

"Where's Miss Brewster?" she cried, the moment after she entered the room. "I've got a note for her."

"Oh, Addie, haven't you heard? Didn't you see Miss Swinton? Didn't anybody tell you?" Everybody spoke at once. Then Jim

Baxter shouted out above everybody:

"You've done the trick this time, Ad! She's gone and we've got Miss Swinton!"

"My!" said Addie breathlessly. "I thought it would work, but I didn't think it would do it so quick. She tucked the square white envelope back into her pocket.

"Ain't you goin' to give your note to Miss Swinton as long as Miss Brewster's gone, Ad?"

"Huh! Guess not! Catch me giving Miss Swinton any such notes as that. They ain't her kind! Where is she, anyway? Oh, there she comes! Oh, Miss Swinton, you darling! Have you come back to stay? I am so glad!"

But Miss Swinton, only looking at her sorrowfully, said: "Good-morning, Adelaide," in a low, quiet voice, and rang the bell for the class to come to order. After the singing, instead of distributing paper and pencils for the spelling, she said quietly: "I have a story to tell to the class. It will not take long, but it is a story which I think you will find very interesting."

The class smiled—one genial, wholesale smile. *That* was like old times. Miss Swinton had a delightful way of bringing interesting cases to your notice and then leaving you to work out some nice way of being helpful. *That* was the way she started the Fresh Air Fund for Sallie Mason, the year before. So after the smile



they listened with all their ears.

"Ten years ago," began Miss Swinton, "when I was spending my vacation in Perryville, a pretty little villiage among the New Hampshire Hills, I boarded with a very interesting family. There were only four people—the father, mother and two daughters; one a girl of seventeen, the other a mere baby. The father and mother were very pleasant people; but I soon found out that there was a sad secret which they strove painfully to hide from everyone. The father's mind was failing. The loss of the only son, a lad of great promise, had induced softening of the brain. The mother and elder daughter strove in every way to conceal his condition; but it became very evident before I went away, and before another summer came, they were obliged to send him away to an asylum. Deprived of his help and obliged to pay out a large sum every month for his board, the mother and daughter were reduced to the greatest straits. They took boarders in the summer, and in the long dreary winter the mother knit stockings and mittens and the daughter taught a little district school. How many scholars do you think there were in the school? Just nine. And they ranged all the way from five years old to seventeen. The young girl was obliged to walk two miles every day through unbroken roads after severe storms, to reach her school. The scholars might stay

at home if they liked; but no matter what the weather might be, the teacher must be there every day at a quarter before nine. This went on for seven years. Then the father died and a year later the mother followed him, leaving the two daughters utterly penniless. Think of it, children, two girls, one only ten years, without a penny in the world."

The class exchanged glances. How delightful Miss Swinton was! This was something like old times! They would call a meeting right after school. Addie Cutting would be chairman—and—each girl lost herself for a minute thinking what she should give up to earn that money. It was one of Miss Swinton's inexorable rules never to accept any contributions which you had merely begged from your father and mother. Jimmie Baxter mentally decided that he would get along with the old skates, and put that much into the fund anyway.

"Plucky kind of a girl, that little school-marm! Gee! think of walking two miles with the snow up to your waist! That's the kind of a school-marm I wouldn't mind having! I'll put in the money I was going to buy that ice-boat with, too!"

But Miss Swinton was speaking again and everybody stopped planning and listened.

"Last summer," went on Miss Swinton, "I found the girl quite worn out and almost wild with worry." (The class was charmed.

How lovely! Most likely she'd want a lot of money to send her to a rest-cure. There was a soft rustle of skirts as the girls settled themselves in their seats with a satisfied air. Miss Swinton glanced up approvingly.)

"She broke down utterly when she began to tell me about it. 'Oh, Miss Swinton,' she sobbed, 'I can't tell you how dreadful it was after mother died. It was so lonely and I had so much more to do. Nell-sie helped me all she could; but though she's a dear, brave little sister, she couldn't milk the cow, or feed her, or do any of the heaviest work. I tried hard to keep the cow, for—we—we—didn't have much beside the milk to—to—to—eat (the class gave a horrified Oh-o-o-o-o-o!); but I had to give her up after that big snow storm last December. Why, Miss Swinton, the snow had drifted up over the first-story windows! And I had to crawl out of my chamber window and creep on my hands and knees across the drift to the stable to feed and milk her; and I truly did think I never should get back again! So we gave her up, and since then it has been pretty hard times, and I don't know what I shall do for you this summer or what will become of us after you're gone!' I talked it over with her, and wrote to Mr. Sutphen and some of the committee, and the result was that she was offered a position as teacher of this grade, and you best know how you have repaid her faithful efforts to teach

you. First division may take their arithmetics. For today's lesson you may take the first ten examples on page 47. Johnny Watkins, you may pass the spelling slips to your division; and Annie Jones, you may pass the pencils. Jimmie Baxter, please open the ventilator."

Jimmie Baxter arose slowly to his feet, put both his hands in his pockets and gave vent to an audible and prolonged "Gee-whiz!" His way to the ventilator led past Addie Cutting's desk. He glanced up, intending to exchange a look, perhaps a word of comment with her, but what he saw drew forth a still more audible "Gee-whiz." Addie Cutting's face was buried on her desk and he heard her sob as he involuntarily paused for half a breathless second by her side. Then he resumed his way to the ventilator, his hands jammed down into his pockets tighter than before, even.

"Addie Cutting, crying!"

"Addie Cutting! C-r-y-i-n-g!"

"Would wonders never cease!"

It was a very subdued, crest-fallen class that gathered around the register at recess-time. No one said anything about getting up a fund. No one had any remarks to make about the plucky little school-marm. To be sure, Jimmie Baxter said "Gee-whiz" six times at least, and the last time he rammed a hole clear through his left-hand trousers pocket. But Addie Cutting never raised her head from the desk till Miss

Swinton went to her and whispered to her softly that she might go home if she did not feel like staying.

Then she caught Miss Swinton's dress and pulled her face down to hers, and Miss Swinton patted her shoulder and kissed her and said:

"I knew you would, Addie. I felt sure of you."

And Jimmie Baxter said "Gee-whiz" again and tore the hole in his slefthand trousers pocket so big that his bicycle key and sixteen glasses and bowlers rolled out on the floor. And by the time he had picked them up recess was over. Addie was gone, and Miss Swinton

was calling to him: "Be quick, Jimmie, and take your seat. I am ready for lessons."

Next day Miss Swinton went back to her own class and Miss Brewster took charge of the eighth again. Addie Cutting came back—and—

What did you say? They were all good ever afterwards! Why, my dear, they were not angels; they were just real boys and girls, but they all tried to be good, and that is a good deal, you know! And they wouldn't believe you now if you said Miss Brewster wasn't a perfectly lovely teacher.—*The Ladies' World.*

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## Story of the World's Religions.

---

### GREECE AND HER GODS.

W. J. SLOAN.

"Just as a man who knows only his own language does not know that very well, so he who knows only his own religion knows it imperfectly."—*Worcester.*

**A**FTER the gods of the poets came the gods of the artists. Greece was the home of great artists, the greatest the world has ever known. Even in our day their works are looked upon as among the greatest the world has ever seen, for they were great masters in their work. It is said, "A superstitious religion seeks caves and darkness." But the works of the artists of Greece show that their religion was one of light, beauty and peace, if we may judge by figures which they

carved of their gods, the temples which they built to them, the songs, music and games which were dedicated to them. The poets gave a mortal and human character to their gods, yet they never forgot their origin as powers of nature. Not so with the artists. They considered their gods human, if we may judge by the statues which they carved. The most noted of all the many marble figures in ancient Greece was the statue of Jupiter, the masterpiece of the sculptor Phidias, which was

made of ivory and gold for the great temple of Olympus. Once every five years representatives of the whole Greek race met at this temple to take part in the great Olympic games. These games were to the Greeks what the Passover was to the Jews, a time of national joy, worship and holiday. At these games no persons but those of pure Greek blood were permitted to take part. The first one was held 776 B. C. A large part of our knowledge of ancient dates is gained from the dates of these festivals. Over all of these games presided the great Jupiter of Phidias, who sat in a temple 68 feet high, 95 feet wide, and 230 feet long. The god Jupiter was seated in this temple on a throne made of cedar, covered with gold, ebony and ivory, and studded with precious stones. He was so tall that though seated, his head nearly reached the roof. To die without seeing this great figure was considered by the Greeks as one of the greatest losses that a person could sustain.

In this, and other great figures, temples and works of art, we see the magnificent representation of ancient Greece. "A country," as one great writer says, "that was the foundation of original thought, from which came the songs of Homer, the dialogues of Plato; a country whose fountains have done much for the world in history, tragedy, music, poetry and scientific investigation."

One of the great buildings of

ancient Greece was the famous Parthenon, which stood on the summit of the city of Athens. The Apostle Paul went to this city to tell the people of the true God, of His Son, who had come to save the world, and of the true worship. He preached a grand sermon. What effect it had upon the people I will tell you later. The Parthenon, which is said to be the most perfect building ever reared by man, was built of white marble. The main building was sixty-eight feet high, 102 feet wide and 230 feet long. It was surrounded by columns of marble 34 feet high. The work both inside and out was the best that the artists of the day could create, and, as I have told you, they were among the best the world has ever known.

Following the gods of the artists came the gods of the philosophers. The philosophers, like the poets and artists, were great men, whose names still live in history. A few years ago a play was presented in most of the theatres of this country, called "The Phoenix." One of the characters spoke these lines: "Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever." In a sense, this is true of some of the philosophers of ancient Greece, for as long as history lasts their names will be found upon its pages.

The question which they undertook to settle was, what was the origin of things? At first they were by no means agreed as to what was the cause of things

which we see around us. Thales, B. C. 600, said it was water. Anaximander, a follower of his, called it chaotic matter. His successor, Anaximenes, called it air. Heraclitus, B. C. 500, said it was fire. Of these philosophers, we may say, some of them were leaning a little towards the truth, for we are told that one of the sayings of Thales was: "Of all things, the oldest is God; the most beautiful is the world; the swiftest is thought; the wisest is time, and "death does not differ at all from life." Great thoughts were these. He also taught a Divine power in all things. One of the strange things in the history of all religions in all the world is, the wiser men become the more they try to find God, the God creator and ruler of all that was, is, or ever will be.

The Greek philosopher Anaxagoras, B. C. 494, is said to be the first Greek thinker to distinguish God from the world, mind from matter; giving to each an independent existence. While the philosophers in the east were giving this theory, which is known as the Asiatic, those in the west were advancing what is known as the Italian school of thought. Of the latter Pythagoras, B. C. 584, was one of the earliest and best known. He taught that God was one; yet not outside the world, but in it, in every part, overseeing the beginning of all things, and what caused them. Xenophanes, B. C. 600, taught that God was

one and all, eternal, almighty, and a perfect being, being all light, feeling and knowledge. Others who followed taught very much the same. Then came a time of doubt among the philosophers and it seemed as though they were going backwards instead of forward. In the midst of their differences of opinions and doubts came Socrates, who was one of the worlds great thinkers. He taught of a great God whom we could only know in His works. He did not deny the lesser gods, but he only regarded them as we regard angels and prophets. After Socrates came Plato, who is perhaps the best known of all the philosophers and teachers. He taught that God is one, that He is a spirit, that He is supreme and the only real being; that He is the creator of all things, and that His Providence is over all events. Plato said: "To find the Maker and Father of this all is hard, and having found Him, it is impossible to utter Him." One student of his life and teachings says that Plato came very near to Christianity in regard to God's being, existence, name, and attributes. Aristotle, B. C. 384, said: "Since God is the ground of all being, the first philosophy is theology."

There were many other philosophers in Greece, but I will not bother you with their teachings for they were about the same as those I have told you of. Of the things of the philosophers we may

say that their teachings and ideas of God were much higher than the legends of the poets, or the creations of the artists. The early Christian Fathers said that they prepared the way for the teachings of Christ. When the Apostle Paul preached to the people of Greece he told them that they worshipped an unknown god. Several of the Greek writers tell us that in the time of plagues the people, not knowing which god to pray to, would let loose a number of white and black sheep, and wherever any of them laid down they would erect an altar to an unknown god, and to that god they would offer sacrifice. There were many such gods in the time of Paul. . . In justice to the people of ancient Greece it must be said they received the Gospel of Christ more readily than did the Jews. . . That Greek philosophy gave way to Christianity shows that it did not satisfy the cravings of the soul; that men need religion as well as philosophy, a faith as well as an intellectual system. Professor Cocker, in his work "Christianity and Greek Philosophy," points out how the intelligence and culture, literature and art, trade, the spread of the Greek language, and above all the philosophy of Greece, were "schoolmasters to bring men to Christ."

In conclusion, we may say that the public worship of Greece consisted of sacrifice, prayers and public feasts. The sacrifices were

offered for victory over their enemies, for plentiful crops, and to stop the anger of some god whom they thought they had offended. and for the success of whatever they might be undertaking.

In the beginning fruit and plants was all that were offered; later wine was emptied over the altar, while fragrant wood and leaves were burnt there. Later the sacrifice included sheep, oxen, dogs and other animals, but never was the plowing ox offered, and seldom a human being. The festivals of Greece were many, but all of them were of a religious character.

The historian Dollinger tells us that the people of Greece were a praying people, offering their prayers morning, noon and night.

Like most religions the religion of Greece had its mysteries, but as to just what they were we do not know.

---

An English sailor was watching a Chinaman who was placing a dish of rice by a grave, according to the custom. "When do you expect your friend to come out and eat that?" the sailor asked?

Same time as your frien' come out to smellee flowers you fellow put," retorted Li.—Singapore *Free Press*.

---

The Belgium Human Society is prosecuting the organizers of a recent long-distance horse race from Brussels to Ostend, on the ground of cruelty to animals. The horses were urged so cruelly that many of them died.

# Physical and Moral Education.

JOHN T. MILLER,

*Professor of Physiology in the Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City.*

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-man, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—Daniel Webster.

THE experiences of the human race have taught us that our position and condition in life are the result of many influences. These are usually classed under two headings—Heredity and Environment. The first includes all that has been transmitted to us by parents and ancestors back to the beginning; the second embraces all that influences us after birth. The most important of these influences may be brought under the following divisions: The home, the school, the press, the church, the stage, the platform, the billboard and society. These may be called educational factors. If all children were well born and these agents were blended in a manner to produce the best possible development of mind and body, the earth would soon be transformed.

## THE HOME.

In the home the child receives its first impressions, learns a language and forms habits that lead to success or failure. The subject of home education is so important and vast that we cannot do it justice in the limited space allotted here. Those who desire to im-

prove themselves in this important subject will find it most ably treated in a recent book entitled *Child Culture*, by N. N. Riddell.\*

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The aim of our public schools is to give boys and girls a course of training that will prepare them for complete living. In school the child studies nature and arts. It is intended that he shall form habits of study that will not be discontinued when he leaves school. If the pupil were taught as much about himself as he is about other things his school life would have a more permanent influence over his future career. While school life supplements home training, the school helps to train the parents of the next generation. The rapid improvement of our school system will result in a more perfect home life and better citizenship.

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\**Child Culture*, N. N. Riddell. }  
*Educational Problems*, J. T. Miller. } 50 cts.

This book has been adopted for use in the Relief Mothers' Classes and may be ordered from this office.

for good when properly used, but the abuse of it is the cause of much evil. Obscene and sensational books and papers are one of the chief causes of vice and crime. Such publications are placed on the market for the money they will bring; not for the good they will do humanity. In this mercenary age the public welfare is often sacrificed to Mammon. Our daily papers give the details of vice and crime to gratify abnormal minds. These viscious pictures constantly held before the minds of the people react upon them, thus perpetuating vices and crimes. The public will not be easily elevated without elevating the standard of the papers and books they read. The daily paper cannot well be elevated before the people demand a better class of reading. So long as the paper is subject to the sharp competition that exists to-day. We can form an opinion of the low standard of our daily papers and the demands they feel compelled to supply when we constantly hear news boys cry, "All about the murder." "All about the robbery." "All about the suicide, etc." They are never heard to say, "All about the useful invention." "All about the best method of banishing poverty, vice, crime, and disease." "All about abolishing war and settling international difficulties in a more intelligent manner." "All about the Brotherhood of man being established." These things are never heard as an inducement to

buy a paper. Not long ago the people of a large district of our country were kept in an excited condition for six months by the daily or semi-weekly detailed accounts of a notorious murder case. Among men, women, and children this crime was the constant theme for discussion. The ten thousand dollars spent by the State to prosecute the accused criminal is insignificant compared with the evil that will result from reading and discussing the detailed accounts of the crime that appeared in the papers. For weeks the newspapers have contained detailed accounts of the multi-murderer Harry Tracy. Respectable magazines have given sketches of his life. We have already heard of a boy fourteen years of age who imitated the actions of this notorious criminal. Abuse of the press is the cause of much evil. Obscene and sensational books and papers are printed catering to morally depraved minds for the money that these books and papers will bring. In this commercial age morality is often sacrificed to Mammon. While writing this the daily paper comes with large headlines above the first article on the first page, "Most Daring Daylight Robbery," and then proceeds to give a detailed account of the crime.

All who are interested in the welfare of our young people will use their influence to have the photos of criminals and a detailed account of crime kept out of newspapers. Many advertisements are



as injurious to the health and physical development of the people as the accounts of vice and crime are to their moral growth. Millions of dollars are spent every year to advertise patent medicines and other quackeries that cause physical degeneracy. The newspapers of America received 800,000 dollars last year for advertising one patent nostrum. When the papers of our country place before the people a clean summary of the world's events that lead to progress, they will deserve the support of the world.

It is reported that sensational novels are becoming unpopular. We hope this report is correct. Pseudo-society is the product of "yellow journalism" and the cheap novel. Our schools may aid in cultivating a desire for better reading.

#### THE BILL-BEARD.

This is becoming an influential educator, but its influence is mainly negative. The people should demand laws enacted and enforced which will prevent advertisers from covering bill-boards, fences and other places with attractive advertisements of liquors, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and other substances that are known to be harmful to the human body. This could be easily regulated and would most effectually reduce the use of these harmful substances, as they would not be constantly held before the mind in an attractive form. Art is very much abused in modern advertising.

True art constantly presents high ideals. The same is true of the drama and other representations of life. In the platform the lecturer and political orator may give lessons that will be an influence for good, morally and socially. When the church reaches the life of the individual it becomes a strong educational factor. From early childhood we associate with other people whose characters are reflected in ours. If all these influences were studied by those who have the responsibility of training boys and girls their work would be much more effective. We all have the responsibility of training a body and a mind. In order to do this intelligently we must be familiar with the laws governing them and understand the external influences that effect them.

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#### The Physician's Advice.

Once upon a time a very nervous man called on his physician and asked for medical advice.

"Take a tonic, and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the doctor.

Several months afterwards the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit eighteen dollars, and answered it thus:-

"Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral—Advice sometimes defeats its giver.

## Human Nature Department

*Edited by N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F A I P*

THE photograph of Karl J. Miller, taken when the little boy was about a year and a half old, is well adapted for the purpose of this article, because the general build of the body, beside the features and cranial developments, are clearly shown.



KARL J. MILLER.

The smiling, happy face and scanty apparel, suggests the pictures that represent cupid, but unfortunately the artist has allowed the miniature wing on the right side to slip a little too far from his shoulder.

Doubtless Karl was photographed in warm weather. At all events he does not appear uncomfortable, but rather to enjoy his temporary freedom.

Observe the merry twinkle in the eye and the upward curve of the mouth at the corners. Note the fullness of the cheeks in the centre, the high and square shoulders, the firm, erect posture of the body and the remarkable distance from the crown of the head to the point of the chin. These are striking indications of health, of a sound, enduring constitution and unusual longevity. The photograph shows that Karl is not only the "Picture of health," and good nature, but he has also good digestion, sound lungs, a steady pulse, large, well-knit bones, and will doubtless make a tall, muscular man, capable of great physical endurance and strength.

The chubby limbs and arms and plumpness observable in the middle and lower portion of the face is but temporary, in this instance, and indicates merely that the organs are sound, but as he grows older his distinctly "motive" temperament will become more pronounced, and the present fleshy appearance of the "vital" temperament measurably subside. In considering the future of this boy, and deciding the particular direction in which the strength of his character will be manifested, I point specially to the development of the perceptive and aspiring faculties, and to the unmistakable

evidence of his strong and wiry constitution.

These are the three main features, and it is entirely safe to predict that the measure of his success as he develops into manhood will be the outgrowth of these organs found in the lower portion of the forehead, and those grouped in the region of the crown.

It will be noticed that while the forehead is reasonably high and broad, yet the head rises still higher as we proceed backwards.

Observe the distance from the opening of the ear to the top of the head.

There is enough will power and unyielding determination here to bore a tunnel through a mountain of solid rock, and he has the necessary confidence and practical talent to undertake the task.

The intellectual or reasoning faculties are all fair, but he is not specially skilled in originality of thought, in philosophy, artistic ability, intuitive wisdom or any fanciful theories. In these respects he will excel merely to the extent the respective organs are cultivated, but in the direction of practical ideas, in gathering, storing and utilizing useful facts, in mastery of details, organizing, superintending and adapting practical means to accomplish practical results,—in all of these he will

be naturally expert by reason of his special endowments.

Such material is not intended for servants. He is inclined and qualified to lead rather than follow,—is ambitious, stable, reliable, dignified, self-possessed, persevering and strictly honest, but will always display more depth than brilliancy of character. He belongs to the "late ripe" variety,—that is, he is not the bright, sparkling, witty, precocious boy whom fond parents delight to introduce to their company.

Karl is more solid, more matter-of-fact. His real value is not on the surface, but he will continue to increase in knowledge and practical usefulness just as he increases in years. He will be a better man at 40 than 20, and more useful at 60 than 40.

I would have no fears for the future of this boy. He has a practical mind, a sound, enduring constitution

character; and though his talents and force are not of the flash-light, demonstrative order, yet he is well able to "paddle his own canoe," and his large conscientiousness and self-esteem practically guarantee his safety from the allurements and pernicious vices of the criminal classes.

Where conscientiousness and self-esteem are leading organs, as in this instance, it is rare indeed they ever go astray.

### DR. KARL G. MAESER.

[Delination by N. Y. Schofield, sketch by John T. Miller.]

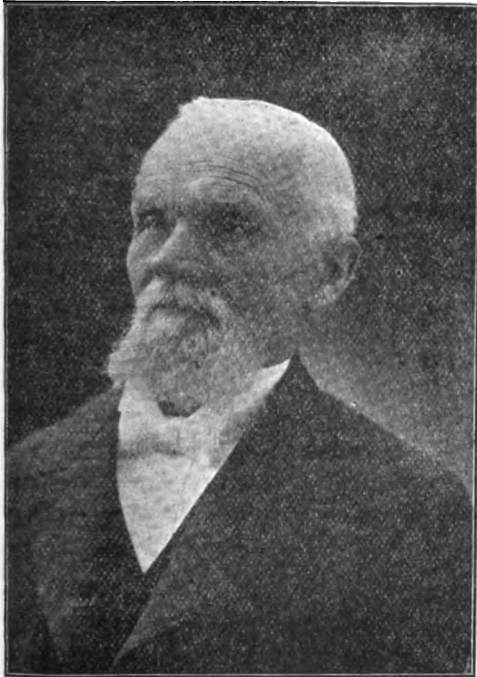
The character and peculiarities of Dr. Karl G. Maeser are well known to thousands in Utah and elsewhere, but the writer never had the pleasure of any acquaint-

ance with him. What Dr. Maeser has accomplished and the estimation in which he is held by the people will perhaps be explained in the biographical sketch follow-

ing this article, but it is our business now to confine ourselves strictly to what is revealed by the photograph before us.

Here we have a splendid type of the "mental" temperament. The hair is scanty, features sharp, neck thin, face tapering to the chin, and the brain extra large as compared to the weight of the body.

The "vital" temperament with love of ease, luxury and the good



1828

DR. KARL G. MAESER.

1901

things of this world is deficient, while the "mental" and "motive" temperaments are strong.

Apart, therefore, from any consideration of crainial development we know from the temperament alone this man would be remarkable for his intellectual and physical activity. Such an organization would be the personification of industry, energy, and restless, untiring effect. When

not actually asleep, he would never know an idle moment, never relapse into apathy and seldom indulge even in brief periods of repose, for his mind is of that eager, anxious, executive order that is constantly in operation evolving or perfecting new thought, or in mentally executing the details of some plan.

Now glance at "head quarters." Observe the remarkable width just above and between the ears. Note the wonderful development of the brain upward and forward from the opening of the ear, and consider in this connection the extra intensity and acuteness of the brain matter in this particular instance as a result of his temperament, his "quality" of organization, and his education. These are important considerations that cannot be overlooked when we undertake to determine the measure of power or weakness in a mind of this calibre, and one scarcely knows where to begin in examining a head every inch of which is suggestive of fruitful thought, and where every distinctive feature has its specific meaning. Look at the thoughtful, studious and searching eye; the keen, unequivocal nose; the firm, serious and secretive mouth; the thin, refined flexible lips, high cheek bones, large but delicately-shaped ear, and the massive weight of brain above the eyes. Here we begin to draw our deductions of character from the physical conditions that are presented. We can see, for instance, that while the intellectual, moral, artistic and executive faculties are admirably developed and intensely active, yet they are all subordinate to the dominant force of the perceptive organs that impart to the mind and character a firm

substantial basis, and a practical, matter-of-fact cast. Such a mind would never forsake the real for the imaginary. He deals with facts, with actualities, and even his theories have a practical, common sense purpose to subserve. Had Dr. Maeser studied and prepared for the army he would have become a stratagist of the highest order, for he is keen, alert, cautious, shrewd, calculating, original, and executive. He has the ability to plan and the power to execute; can be mild and gentle as a summer breeze, or tempestuous and unyielding as a cyclone. He is a man for an emergency, quick to perceive, ready to act, possessing in a high degree both talent and tact, and is a natural born diplomat.

Benevolence and destructiveness are both large, hence his anger at the worst is but temporary and subsides the instant his purpose is accomplished. There is no room here for spite, vindictiveness or revenge. He is more hasty than vicious, has more bark than bite, more charity than scorn, more sympathy than affection, and more energy than patience.

The social and domestic faculties do not appear to be developed on a scale with the intellectual and moral, therefore, while he would be kind and indulgent in a general sense, yet I would not expect any extra display of those specific graces that pertain exclusively to domestic life. It is exceedingly difficult to confine the feelings, interest and the operations of a mind like this within the narrow limits of any prescribed article. He is built on the broad-gauge principle, and naturally his thoughts, his prayers and his deeds reach out to mankind in

general, rather than being centered upon a comparative few.

His strong religious convictions working in connection and in harmony with his acute mind, intensify his concern for the spiritual and intellectual advancement of his fellow man. He is full of zeal, full of hope, and by example even more than precept would emphasize his belief in the efficacy of works as well as faith. He is spiritually minded, venerative, sincere and earnestly devoted to any cause that offers a practical means of improving the minds and morals of the people.

Benevolence is one of the leading organs, hence his kindness and sympathy, like the perfume of the flower, would be diffused among all who came within range of his acquaintance, and without a doubt hundreds may be found who will ever cherish his memory for his tender, encouraging words, his wise and experienced counsel, and his fatherly interest in their behalf. He has very large human nature, agreeableness and mirthfulness, the first of which gives intuitive power to understand the true and motives of men, and doubtless many have been surprised at the accuracy of his searching eye in reading their character and defining their thoughts. As a matter of discipline, method, and order, he could not patiently tolerate any wilful and persistent violation of rules, and would be very apt to show considerable annoyance and irritability when confronted with carelessness or stupidity. His combativeness being comparatively small, however, there is no real venom in his sting, the thunder is out of proportion to the lightning, and soon benevolence,

agreeableness and mirthfulness assert their power, and the April shower is over.

There is here also large acquisitiveness and constructiveness, but these organs operate in harmony with the mental temperament of the individual, and, following the trend of the brain in its entirety, they are developed upwards towards the intellectual and moral faculties, hence what in another individual, with another temperament would create love of gold, in this instance takes the literary turn and inspires a love of knowledge. This is a fine point and one where mistakes are often made. As a direct and unavoidable result of his special and peculiar mental endowments therefore, such a man would esteem the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of his spiritual nature of much greater importance than the acquisition of material property, and would prefer to bequeath to his children and kindred the lustre of a good name and the benefit of a worthy example rather than stocks and bonds.

For more than fifty years Dr. Maeser labored energetically as a teacher and educator. His first efforts were made in the schools of Germany, but his most effective work was done in Western America. He was a pioneer in educational work in the Rocky Mountain region, where he has more friends and acquaintances than most any other man. Dr. Maeser had a many sided development and labored to establish a complete system of education including the physical and spiritual natures of man. He was in the fullest meaning of the word a "Character Builder." Through his efforts

classes were established in the academies and colleges under his direction for the instruction of boys and girls in the laws of life pertaining to physical and moral purity. The education which he emphasised was that which develops the whole nature and qualified the young for the responsibilities and duties of life. In his book, "School and Fireside," page 41, he says: "No one expects to occupy a position in business life without having informed himself in regard to its requirements and sought advice from those interested in his welfare or otherwise posted himself on the subject. But young people of both sexes are suffered to enter into the most sacred relationships without one word of counsel."

Everybody who knows Dr. Maeser had confidence in him. He taught the principles of truth by practice as well as by precept. His motto was: "Be yourself what you would have your pupils become." In the questions of disease and vice he dealt with causes and emphasized the fact that the effects are the result of violated laws. He said: "I venture to say, that . . . far more infants die or contract disease leading to imbecility or premature death, than would be the case if proper hygienic precautions were taken. Prevention is better than cure, is an old adage. Fresh air, eating and drinking regulated according to the principles of the Word of Wisdom, healthful exercise, loose clothing, regular hours, a cheerful and contented spirit, cleanliness, etc., are some of the antipodes for disease," "School and Fireside," p. 30.

If the recommendations he made for the training of the boys and

girls in the vital questions of personal purity were universally adopted the common social evils would rapidly diminish in our communities. He said: "There should be a matron connected with every school, to instruct the girls in such hygienic and moral questions as pertain particularly to the mission, welfare and responsibility of their sex. A male teacher should perform corresponding duties, and similarly instruct the boys and young men. These instructors should be persons of experience of acknowledged purity of head and heart, and be filled with the Spirit of God; for these instructions require great delicacy of treatment and clear discernment." What has been done in this direction in the West is very largely due to his efforts.

Dr. Maeser was an accurate student of human nature. His piercing eye was so penetrating that no student dared to tell him a falsehood, knowing full well that the deception would be detected. His analysis of the mind was based upon the philosophy of phrenology. In "School and Fireside," page 114 he says: "The capacity for recollection is greatly diversified according to the physical organization of the individual. Phrenologically speaking, this capacity seldom extends harmoniously over all the various

organs of perception in the brain. For instance, localities, names, dates, figures, forms, etc., are seldom recalled with equal vividness. Parents and teachers ought, therefore, to make it their object to discover any specially pronounced capability or defect in this regard, and, instead of paying undue attention to an already well developed tendency, should rather endeavor to cultivate those parts in which recollection appears to encounter great difficulties. Scolding censure or other such means of correction are not only useless, but absolutely unjust, for the educator is confronted by an organic deficiency rather than by a wilful neglect." Again on page 314 he says: "Phrenologically speaking, I have noticed that pupils enjoying a keen sense of form, make, all other things being equal, more rapid progress in spelling than pupils less favored in this respect."

The thoughts on education that were developed by Dr. Maeser during his active educational work of more than a half century, were published a few years ago in his book "School and Fireside." During the 73 years of his life Dr. Maeser labored so earnestly and unceasingly in humanity's cause that it is a pleasure to contemplate the results of his works among his fellowmen.

## The Jews and the Christ.

TWENTY-FIFTH PAPER.

WM. H. BURTON.

**B**EFORE abandoning his people to their sin and its punishment, the Lord determined to make

one supreme effort to call them back to the path of truth and virtue. So he commanded his servan

to show himself to Ahab and to tell that wayward king that he was about to send rain and end the famine, which was weighing so sorely on the people.

It is a sad commentary on the Israelites that at this time, so soon after the dedication of Solomon's temple, they had gone so far astray that but seven thousand of them remained who had not bowed the knee to Baal. In obedience to God's command Elijah went in search of Ahab, and meeting Obediah, the king's chief minister, who by the way, was a God-fearing man, who had done all in his power to save the people from their sin, the prophet told him to inform the king that he was still in the land and desired an audience with him.

This the minister was afraid to do. He reminded Elijah of the efforts he himself had made to save the faithful from the cruel Jezebel; that if he should tell his master that Elijah was in the land, and when Ahab should look for him he should hide himself, his own life would be forfeited as the bearer of false tidings. Being reassured by the prophet he informed his master, and the latter lost no time in meeting the man of God.

His first salutation of the prophet, "Art thou he who troubleth Israel?" was characteristic of the obdurate transgressor; but if he thought to make Elijah afraid the answer he got must soon have undeceived him: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the true God and have worshiped Baal-im." Having thus refuted the charge of the king, he delivered the message with which the Lord had charged him, telling the king that if he would call the people to Mount Carmel, together with the prophets of Baal, he would show

in the sight of all men who was the living God. Anxious to end the distress in the land, Ahab at once called the people, and when they were gathered to Carmel the altars were built, on each of which was laid a bullock for a burnt offering. Before the sacrifice was made, the prophet addressed the gathered throng, reproving them for their folly in forsaking the God of their fathers. He said that if Jehovah was God they should worship him, but if Baal was, then it was right their devotion should be paid to him, but that they should see that day who was the true God. Then turning to the 450 prophets of Baal, he told them to call on their god to send fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice on their altar. Sure of success, these deluded fools at once commenced to call on their idol, but though they continued their incantations far into the day, their sacrifice remained untouched by fire. Goaded to desperation by their failure before the people, and by the taunts of Elijah, they cried still louder and longer, but to no purpose; and when at last they gave up in despair, the man of God directed the people to saturate the carcas on his altar with water. Then bowing himself before God in prayer, the sacrifice and altar were at once consumed by fire from heaven in the sight of all the people, who shouted "The Lord he is God!" Striking while the iron was hot, Elijah commanded the arrest of all the prophets of Baal, and taking them down to the brook Kishon he slew them there.

Having made an end of the instruments of Israel's sin, Elijah told Ahab that he might eat and drink, for there was a sound of coming rain. Then taking himself into a solitary part of the moun



tain, he abandoned himself to contemplation, instructing his servant to go to the summit and look over toward the sea. On the return of that servant with the report that he could see nothing, the prophet told him to go again seven times, and on the seventh he returned with the report that there was a small cloud rising out of the sea not larger than the hand of a man. This the prophet knew was the beginning of the fulfillment of God's promise, and he at once told the king to make all haste off the mountain to a place of shelter, he himself, acting as outrunner before the royal chariot to Jezreel. On his arrival there, Ahab told his infamous queen of the occurrences since his departure, but though the rain had come and stayed the famine, it was no proof to her of the divine mission of Elijah; or of the error of those who followed Baal, and in her fury at being thwarted in her designs on Israel, she sent a threat to the man of God, that before the end of another day she would have his life, as he had taken the lives of her prophets. Elijah on receiving this message lost no time in getting across the frontier into Beersheba, where he left his servant and betook himself a day's journey into the wilderness. Weary and sorrow-stricken at the waywardness of Israel, the great prophet prayed the Lord to take him to himself. But his mission was not yet ended, and the Lord comforted him in his solitude, feeding him again in a miraculous way. He withdrew him from the presence of men and for forty days sheltered him in Horeb, that vast solitude where the great lawgiver had communed with his Lord centuries before. In

his absence the Almighty stirred up Benhadad, King of Syria, against Israel, and though he did not permit the Syrians to prevail against Israel in two invasions, the hearts of his people were not turned towards him.

But the cup of the iniquity of Ahab and Jezebel was well nigh full; it chanced that adjoining the palace of Ahab in Jezreel was a vineyard belonging to a man named Naboth. This property the king desired, as he said for a garden, and he proposed to his neighbor to exchange with him for another vineyard, or if he preferred, he would pay Naboth for it in money; the proposition was fair enough on its face, but in Israel there was a law that a man should not sell or otherwise alienate the inheritance of his fathers; and on this ground Naboth refused to part with his vineyard. Not being used to be denied any of his desires, Ahab acted like a spoiled child, retiring to his chamber and refusing food. It was at this time Jezebel showed the wickedness of her heart. Coming to the disconsolate king, she asked the cause of his distress, and on learning the facts, she upbraided her lord with his want of decision. Doest thou now govern the Kingdom of Israel. Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry, I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth, and with the cunning of a wicked woman she at once set to work to remove the luckless Naboth from the path of the king.

Issuing letters of instruction to the elders of Jezreel, she directed that they proclaim a fast and call the people together and accuse Naboth of blasphemy to God and the king by two false witnesses. They were then to take him out and stone him to death.

## Our Little Folks.

### Rob Craig's Strange Experience.

**T**HERE appeared recently in the *Congregationalist* a story which I would like to see re-printed in the CHARACTER BUILDER, for the benefit of some boys I know. Two or three of these boys live in the same ward as myself, and while they are not bad boys, yet I think they could be better. One of them often leaves his cow tied to a tree all day without a bite to eat or a drink of water. Another went out a few mornings ago and killed two poor little robins; but I am sure when they read this story they will do as Bob Craig did and turn over a new leaf. This is the story:

The house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Perry, who was surely going to die this time. But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well swallowed he took his rifle out on the south porch to give it a cleaning, for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked very sober when the rifle was brought out, for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little thing came to harm through it; but

Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before, and his father approved of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little, except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there, rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily, and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of, and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Boullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. 'There was a little girl under the hat, but you didn't see her at first.

"Sh! Robbie," she said, holding up a small forefinger. "Amy Louise [her doll] is dreadful bad with her head, and I'm trying to get her to sleep."

"Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches," said Rob.

"Would you please get me one, Robbie?" pleaded the trusting little body. "Mamma said for me not to go away from the house, and Nora is cross this morning."

Time was precious just then; but this one sister was very dear. So laying down his rifle, Rob ran over to the meadow across the

road and brought back a huge plantain leaf, which he bound carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, carefully extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the infinite content of the little girl. Then he went back to the porch and took up his rifle again, looking admiringly at the shining barrel and polished stock.

"Now, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

And he leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route, for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

"My!" said Rob. "That's a pretty careless thing to do."

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and under the circumstances the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

"Will you please lower your gun! You might shoot me," said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

"That's what I came for," said the man.

"Came to shoot me?" cried Rob. "What have I done?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the man, indifferently; "but boys do a great deal of mischief. They steal fruit and break windows and make horrid noises. Besides there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us

if we didn't thin them out, now and then."

Rob was horrified. Without doubt, the man was an escaped lunatic; and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

"Besides, its necessary to kill to get food."

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wiry little frame, with scarcely a spare ounce of flesh on it; but he answered very meekly, "But I'm not good to eat."

"No," said the man, "you'd be tough eating."

"And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you," said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

"No," with indifference. "But I came out for a day's sport, and you're the first game I've seen, and I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks 'round here," and again that horrible click.

"Oh," cried poor Rob, "don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my poor father and mother have, and they'd miss me dreadfully."

"Pshaw!" cried the other. "They wouldn't mind it much; and besides, I'm coming around in a day or two to shoot them."

"Shoot my father and mother?" gasped Rob. "You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!"

"Why, yes, I would," laughed the dreadful man. "They are

larger and better looking than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eyes on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now."

It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating. Then he cried out, "Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much."

The big man laughed derisively.

"Do you think I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for, if I'm not to use it?"

Somehow, even in his terror, this argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant and life was so sweet. Then he shut his eyes. Bang!

When he opened his eyes he saw only the old south porch, with the hop tassels dancing and swinging, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream from which his fallen rifle had wakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden walk, attended by the cat and her two little kittens and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle. Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his

thoughts ran something like this:

"I wonder if the birds and squirrels feel as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes, when I only hurt and catch them, their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller! But I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear the birds' wings nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a vision, a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!" and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned and was coming toward him.

"How is she?" he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging limply over her little mistress's shoulder.

"She's ever so much better. I think she would be able to swing a little if I hold her," with a very insinuating smile.

"Come along, then, little fraud," laughed Rob, turning toward the swing.

"But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?"

"No," said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked

gently to and fro, with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

"You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?" said his mother.

Robert shook his head, without giving any reason; but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low "thinking chair" by the west window, there was a soft

step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of the head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said:

"I will never again kill any creature for sport.

ROBERT ANDERSON CRAIG."

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.

## If You Do Succeed.

**I**F at first you do succeed,  
     Try again!  
 Life is more than just one deed;  
     Try again.  
 Never stop with what you've done,  
 More remains than what you've won,  
 Full content's vouchsafed to none;  
     Try again.

If you've earned a bit of fame,  
     Try again!  
 Seek a still more honored name,  
     Try again.  
 Sit not down with folded hands,  
 Cramp not hope with narrow bands,  
 Think what prowess life demands;  
     Try again.

If at first you do succeed,  
     Try again!  
 For future harvests sow the seed,  
     Try again.  
 Rise with sacred discontent,  
 Realize that life is lent,  
 On highest searches to be spent;  
     Try again.

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# THE CHARACTER BUILDER

[SUCCESSOR TO ZION'S YOUNG PEOPLE]

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 7

## Dan Mason's Wheel.

BY C. LAURON HOOPER.

"**A**ND you're going to buy a bicycle with it?" Mr. Mason asked, with a trace of a sneer in his face.

"Yes, sir; and it's a beauty, too!" replied Dan, with the greatest enthusiasm, for he was so eager to make the long expected purchase that he could hardly eat his dinner. "It has ball bearings all around, and—"

"I don't care what kind of bearings it has!" interrupted his father, impatiently; "nor whether it has any or not; sixty dollars is a large sum to spend on nonsense."

"Nonsense, father? It is not nonsense. Riding a wheel is most invigorating exercise. All the doctors say so."

"So is sawing wood invigorating exercise. All the doctors say that too, don't they? You had better save your money."

"But," Dan objected, "I should have no fun out of it then."

"Fun!" repeated the father, contemptuously. "What good will fun do you? Put the money out at interest, earn more as you have earned this, then see what you will have at the end of the year."

Dan shook his head.

"Or, better than that," Mr. Mason continued, "buy all the fine young pigs you can. Take them

out to my east farm and put them in with mine. Wilkins will take care of them as he does the rest. He may feed them out of my corn-bins without a cent of expense to you. Are you enough of a farmer to know how much you will make out of it?"

Dan was just finishing his pudding, and he did not reply.

"Will you do it?" Mr. Mason asked.

"Father," Dan replied, slowly, "I've worked hard for the money to buy a wheel, and nothing else will satisfy me."

Mr. Mason's face became red with anger. He was a kind-hearted man, but he had such a quick temper that he often said things he did not mean.

"You'r a fool!" he declared, hotly.

Dan quietly arose from his chair, pushed it gently to its place against the table, looked straight at his father and said, firmly but respectfully:

"Well then, I'd rather be a fool and have the wheel!"

And, having said this, Dan left the room.

For a long time it had been his dream to have a bicycle. He had once asked his father to buy one for him, but he had met with a



refusal so decided that he ask no more.

He thought it all over one day while sitting in the hay-loft, and he came to the conclusion that there was but one thing for him to do. That was to get the wheel himself.

All Dan's money amounted to eleven dollars and seventy-five cents. He determined, however, to work until he could increase the sum to the price of a wheel. There was an occasional job he could get, he thought, and he was not afraid of work.

On the day he made up his mind to buy a wheel for himself, his father said to him:

"Dan, has Adam Bruner been here to saw that wood yet?"

"No, sir," answered Dan. "He's at work in the saw mill."

"Well," Mr. Mason replied, "it is getting along in the fall, and the wood must be sawed, some of it split, and all of it piled in the shed. you get a man to do the work, and put him at it this afternoon."

"All right, sir," said Dan.

As soon as Mr. Mason had gone to his office, Dan went out to look at the wood. There were ten cords of it. At a dollar a cord for sawing and splitting, and thirty cents for piling, Dan calculated that some man would receive thirteen dollars. He thrust his hands down into his pockets, spread his feet apart and thought awhile.

"I might as well be that man myself," he remarked aloud. "Besides, sawing wood is invigorating exercise. Father said so."

The wood saw hung in the shed, but it was dull. Dan took a quarter of a dollar from his little hoard and had the saw sharpened.

By that time it was three o'clock in the afternoon. There were three hours of light left.

Throwing off his coat, Dan went to work with a will. It was a pleasure to see the thin blade of the saw sink into the wood and to hear the severed stick fall to the ground. Dan was delighted to see how rapidly the pile melted away. His vigorous young muscles were tired when he sat down to supper that evening, and his appetite was amazing.

"Did you get a man to saw that wood?" his father asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Dan, for he felt every inch a man.

The days went by, and the long wood pile slowly disappeared. Dan could only work out of school hours and on Saturdays, but at last the task was completed.

"I see the wood is all sawed at last," said Mr. Mason to his son. "The man has been a long time at it. Tell him to come to the office and get his money."

"I'll tell him," promised Dan; and he smiled at his mother, who was in the secret.

Mr. Mason was surprised that afternoon when his own son called as the wood-sawer.

"What is your bill, Mr. Wood-sawer?" he asked, with assumed gravity.

"You always pay Adam Bruner thirteen dollars for that much work," Dan answered, drawing a long breath; "and I tell you, father, it's worth it."

"Well, then, here's your money, with a little extra for your industry."

And Mr. Mason handed his son a ten and a five dollar bill.

Dan was the happiest boy in town when he counted his money that night. Twenty-six dollars

and fifty cents. His fund was growing rapidly.

The next day he looked around for more worlds to conquer.

Mr. Prichard, one of the neighbors, had an old phaeton which was in need of paint, and, as it would hardly pay to have a professional carriage painter expend skill upon it, Dan offered to do as good a job as he could for three dollars, if Mr. Prichard would furnish the paint.

Mr. Prichard accepted the offer, expecting only a rough piece of work. But Dan was not content with performing his work poorly. He scraped all the old paint off very carefully, and paid such close attention to every detail of the work that, when it was done, Mr. Prichard not only praised him very highly, but recommended him as a very good workman to a man in the next block who had a buggy to be painted.

From that time on Dan had all the work he could do in his spare time. People thought it strange that Dan Mason, whose father was reputed as rich, should work like the son of a poor man; but Dan was not for a moment ashamed of doing honest labor, and he kept at it all the winter and the following spring, even into the month of June, before he announced that he had enough money to buy a bicycle.

Then his father, angered by thinking it a waste of money, called him a fool.

"You should not have spoken so harshly to the boy," said Mrs. Mason, that night, after Dan had gone to bed.

"No, Mary, I should not." Mr. Mason admitted; "but I was worried about something else, and

allowed my temper to get the better of me."

"What were you worried about, John?"

"It must be kept quiet," Mr. Mason answered: "and it is this. There were two hundred dollars taken from the safe last night!"

"Is it possible? How did the burglar break the safe?"

"That is the strange thing about it. He didn't break it open. He knew the combination, took the money and left the safe locked."

"Can it be possible—"

Mrs. Mason stopped abruptly, for she did not want to say what she thought. There was but one man besides Mr. Mason who knew the combination, and he was Elias Walsh, the head clerk, who was supposed to be perfectly honest.

"No it couldn't have been Elias," Mr. Mason replied. "I would trust him with anything. Someone else has by some chance found out the combination and robbed us. But never mind; I have informed the police. Watch will be kept for any persons with an unusual amount of money. Thieves are most always indiscreet. More than that, Elias has changed the combination, and we shall lose no more."

The summer went on but no trace of the thief was discovered. Mrs. Mason told Dan of the robbery, and he was sorry for the loss, but as it could not be helped, he continued to enjoy to the fullest extent the bicycle he had bought.

Sometimes he would ride out one of the pikes or coast on Grimster Hill with Elias Walsh, and they would occasionally talk together of the robbery and wish they could find the thief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Story of the World's Religions.

### ROME AND HER GODS.

W. J. SLOAN.

"Just as a man who knows only his own language does not know that very well, so he who knows only his own religion knows it imperfectly."—*Worcester*.

THE Roman empire was the last of the great powers of the old world to fulfil the decree of God, I wish that my little friends would read the interpretation of king Nebuchadnezzar's dream as given by the prophet Daniel, you will find it in the second chapter of Daniel. And then I wish that you would have your father or mother tell you how, in the light of history, the prophet Daniel, was a true prophet of God. It is an instructive story, telling the history of the world and God's power over all, from Daniel to the end of time. While I have not the space to tell you the dream and all about it, still I will tell you about the nation that was represented by the legs of the image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream. This nation was the Roman empire.

In Rome nothing grew, everything was made, everything was done with a purpose, their religion and all. Their religion was regular, exact, precise. All forms of religion might come to Rome, but like everything else they must be subject to the state; but state and laws can only control the outward action or show, they have no control over the heart and mind. And so the religion of Rome was very much an outward religion; if the outward show was all right

they took but little notice of what the people thought or felt. As Gallio, one of the rulers over the Jews, said: "If it be a question of words and names and of law, look ye to it; for I am no judge of matters." All nations could go to Rome and there worship their gods so long as they did not speak against the gods of Rome.

Rome like Greece had many gods, some of them they borrowed or begged from Greece and the rest from other countries; few, if any, were of their own creation; though they often gave to them different powers and different names from what they originally had. We will now learn something about their various gods, their names and what they represented. One of the oldest was the god Janus, who presided over the beginning and end. The month which opens the year, January, receives its name from this god. He was the god of the year; his temple had four sides for the four seasons, each side had three windows to represent the different months. This god is said to have been taken from India. In the Sanskrit, the sacred book of India, there is a god named "Jan" meaning "to be born."

In every important city there were temples erected to the three

gods, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; and at the capital there was a great temple of three parts, the central part belonged to Jupiter, while the wings were dedicated to Juno and Minerva. This temple was two hundred and fifteen feet long and two hundred feet wide. The walls and roof were of marble covered with gold and silver. The amount of wealth spent to build and furnish this great temple is said to have been very great. But I must tell you about these three gods. Jupiter, according to many, was the chief god of Rome; he was the god of thunder and lightning, the supreme god of the skies. In the time of the emperor Augustus, he was spoken of as "a cold Jupiter" for a cold sky and a "bad Jupiter" for stormy weather. He had many different names. It is said that there were over three hundred temples built to his various names. Juno was the queen of heaven, the goddess of womanhood, the friend of virgins and wives: she was also the patroness of marriage. The month of June was named after her, and is still the favorite month of marriage. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom. We might call these three the trinity of Roman religion: Jupiter represented power, Minerva, wisdom, and Juno, affection or love. Besides these there were many other gods, some of them had temples erected to their names and some of them did not; we may divide them into four classes.

First, gods representing the powers of nature as follows:—

1, Sol, the sun; 2, Luna, the Moon; 3, Mater Matuta, mother of day, that is the dawn. 4, Tempestales, the tempests. 5, Fontus, the fountains. 6, Divus Pater Tiberinus, of father Tiber, god of

the great river Tiber. Neptunus, god of the sea. 8, Portunus, the god of harbors. 9, Tranquillitas, the goddess of calm weather; and some others.

Second:—Gods of human relations.

1, Vesta, one of the oldest and most loved of all the gods and goddesses. She was queen of the hearth, protector of house and home. In her later history, when Rome became as one great family, there was kept burning in the temple of Vesta the sacred fire, kept alive night and day by the vestal virgins, of whom I will tell you later. The best side of Roman manners is found in this worship and its associations; the love of home, the respect for family life, the hatred for impurity and immodesty. The goddess Vesta was often called "the mother" and "immovable mother."

2, The Lares and Penates, while some writers call these two gods, I think they were rather spirits than gods. The Lar, or Lares, were thought to be the souls of ancestors, which resided in the house and guarded it. The Penates were of a higher order, but with much the same office, they were supposed to take part in all the joys and sorrows of the family; the Roman felt that he was surrounded in his home by invisible friends and guardians. No other nation, except China, has carried the religion of home so far.

3, The Genius, this part of the Roman worship was not general, but was confined to certain parts of the empire.

Third:—The gods of the human soul, which were as follows: Mens, mind, or intellect. 2, Pudicitia, chastity. 3, Pietas, piety, reverence for parents. 4, Fides, fidelity.

5, Concordia, concord. 6, Virtus, courage. 7, Spes, hope. 8, Pavor, fear. 9, Voluptas, pleasure.

Fourth:—The gods of rural and other occupations were—1, Tellus, the earth. 2, Saturn, the god of planting and sowing. 3, Ops, goddess of the harvest. 4, Mars, at first he was the agricultural god, who was dangerous to the crops, latter he was the god of war and one of the greatest of Roman gods. 5, Silvanus, the wood god. 6, Faunus, the patron of agricultural. 7, Ceres, goddess of the cereal grasses. 8, Liber, god of vine and wine. 9, Flora, goddess of the flowers. Besides these there were many other gods in each class, but these are enough to show the many gods which they worshipped.

Their ceremonial worship was very elaborate and minute, applying to every part of the daily life; it consisted of sacrifices, prayers, festivals etc. Because their religion was so closely connected with the home and with the state they considered themselves to be a very religious people.

The Romans had many festivals, or celebrations during the year, some of them were in honor of different gods, some in honor of some great event in the history of Rome and some for other purposes. I shall not tell you the names of them, nor what they represented, only the number. There were five in January, the same number in February, seven in March and eight in April, four in May, five large and several small ones in June, and the same in July. In August there were five, three in September, two in October, two or three small ones in November and two in December. I do not think they had many schools in

those days for boys and girls, nor do I know whether they closed for every feast day, if they did what a lot of holidays they must have had.

The old religion of Rome was free from idolatry, in that no idols were made to represent the gods, but later in their history we find great figures made to represent some of their chief gods. This part of their worship was no doubt taken from the Greeks.

They had priests, of different orders and kinds. The priests of one order did not take the oath or have anything on their person that was tied with a knot. They did not ride, or see armed men; look at a prisoner, see anyone at work on a feast day, touch a goat or dog, nor eat raw flesh or yeast. They must not breath in the open air nor pass a night out of the city and could only resign their office on the death of their wives. Another order of the priests used to dance in armor and sing hymns.

The vestal virgins were highly honored and very sacred. Their duty was to attend to the fires which was always kept burning in the temples erected to the goddess Vesta. They were selected when very young and could only resign their positions after they had served for thirty years. They were paid a large sum of money each year of their service. They enjoyed the highest honors; the rulers of the empire must give them the right of way when they met on the street; to strike one of them meant death. If a criminal on the way to execution met one of them his life was spared. They were also permitted to visit their homes and had many other privileges given them. There was also a body of men, whom we may

call "seers." It was their business to look at the stars, to watch the thunder and lightning, the clouds, the birds, etc., and by the signs tell what would happen. They could stop any public business by declaring that the omens, or signs, were not favorable.

When the people of Rome prayed, which they did very often, it was the custom to cover the head, so that no sound of evil might be heard while the prayer was being said. There were different kinds of prayers, in many different ways, to many gods. Their prayers like those of some of the religions of to-day, were prepared for them, all they had to do was to learn them and then say them. Many people do the same thing now. I will tell you a true story about a man who still lives, but who never knew much about praying. He wanted to pray, but didn't know how to go about it, so one day he met the preacher of the church to which he belonged and said: "Parson, I want to pray, but I don't know just what the Lord wants. Won't you write me a prayer?" "Why, certainly," said the minister. And a day or two later the man got the prayer, all written out. He hung it at the bottom of his bed and for a week or two read it all over before he went to sleep. At the end of that time he got tired of reading it, and so before he went to bed he would point to the writing and say "Them are my sentiments, oh Lord! I'm too tired to read them, so please accept them just as they are." I wonder if the Lord heard him? Speaking of prayers, I want to tell my little friends one of the best of which I ever heard. It was said by a little boy six years old. One night he was left at home

alone he said—"Oh Lord all the folks have gone and left me, but I know You are here and so I'm going to bed." That boys faith in the Lord was better than a regiment of soldiers to guard him.

But to return to my story. In the early history of Rome human sacrifices were often offered to stay anger of the gods, but in later history such sacrifices were seldom offered. In burning the dead they took great care and had much pomp and show. In closing this story I am sorry I cannot tell my little friends that at some time in their history the Roman people sought after the true God. It is true that in the later history of the nation some of the leading men were dissatisfied with the religion, but they were rather disbelievers in the true God. I have told you the story of the religion of Rome because that nation was one of the greatest the world ever knew. A great world power whose religious life, no matter how weak it may have been, we should know. Between the religion of Rome and the teachings of our Saviour, there is a great difference. The whole life of Rome, religion and state, was law. The whole teachings of the gospel of Christ is love. Man may be controlled by law, but he is won by love. In the teachings of our Lord love was everything, the one great power. In Rome the law was supreme, it ruled everything. But we must not think lightly of the Roman law for it has been a great power in the world and still lives. The foundation of jurisprudence, which means law, in every civilized country in the world today is built upon the old Roman law. There is little or nothing in their religion, but their laws are still a great power

## \*\*\*\*\* The Mothers' Corner, \*\*\*\*\*

### Immorality Among Children

*By Mabel L. Conklin.*

*In Motherhood.*

**T**HAT there is immorality among children goes without saying. The very walls, sidewalks and fences of our school buildings speak in no uncertain sound of the impurity of thought, speech, note-writing and oft-times the actual habit among children of to-day, and the one perplexing problem among parents and teachers is how to cope with this growing evil. Nor is it confined to any age, grade, or to any one social class. The young moral leper infests every neighborhood, school and community and, like the trail of a serpent, his deadly work is easily traced from kindergarten to senior class. Teachers and School Boards have endeavored to combat this evil; have resorted to various plans and devices for its suppression, such as the separation of sexes in school and on the playground, the abolition of the recess hour, or a regulation of that hour so that older and younger pupils shall not be thrown together when at play.

While lecturing before a Teachers' Institute lately on this subject, when four hundred teachers were present, one teacher made the statement to me that during the spring term last year the condition of immorality among the pupils in his room was such that he and the School Board had seriously contemplated the advisability of closing that room for the balance of the year.

Probably the most appalling phase of this subject of the presence in our midst of so much moral disease is the increasing prevalence of the personal or solitary vice. A veteran teacher of boys recently made the statement that in all his years of experience he had never had less than thirty per cent. of the boys under his charge practising this habit and often the ratio was much higher. A physician in a recent article in a leading periodical made the statement that "eighty per cent. of the young men of today are fallen men in that they are addicted either to the social or to the personal vice." Yet, notwithstanding these alarming statistics, I not infrequently find intelligent people who will ask "what do you mean by the personal or solitary vice?" For the benefit of such allow me to say: it is the act of producing the sexual emotions, either by evil thought or by the actual handling of the sacred parts of the body. But whatever the name—and there are many—by which it is called, whatever the method by which the emotion is produced, the result is invariably the same, if the act becomes crystalized into habit, namely, a total destruction of the mentality.

There are many predisposing causes for the prevalence of immorality among school children and I invariably find that when the subject of immorality among

school children is under discussion the tendency among parents is to lay the whole blame on the teachers, which is a most senseless and unjust censure.

In the first place, many a child on entering school and becoming for the first time a teacher's charge is already well grounded in the habits of vice, having possibly during the first six years of life been the victim of unclean companions or of an unprincipled, impure nurse. In the case of the personal vice the mother herself may unconsciously have been the destroyer of her child's purity.

Teachers can undoubtedly do much to overcome this evil among those in their care yet it is a pitiful fact that from the start they are in a large measure greatly handicapped in their endeavors by prejudice, opposition and false modesty. I have frequently asked: "Do you teach purity to your pupils?" and the answer usually is "No; it is not in the curriculum and I am not sure that I would know how to teach it if it was." Again in dealing with individual pupils who are in terrible need of personal work, the teacher will say: "I went to the child's mother and told her of the awful danger her child is in if allowed to continue in these habits of sin, and plead with her to co-operate with me for the moral salvation of her child. That mother immediately assumed a beligerent attitude towards me and said: 'My child would never do a thing like that,' and she has studiously illtreated me ever since." Hence a vital need in behalf of a high-standard of morals among children is missionary and educational work among parents, the majority of whom seem un-

willing to admit that their children are fallible creatures capable, not only of being led into mischief, but of originating it.

Verily I say unto you there is more truth than fiction in the Spanish proverb "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." If mothers would exercise more ingenuity, conscience and alertness in the home there would be fewer children flocking to perdition today. The home should be made a "heaven to go to heaven" by, "but on the contrary it is too often the source of pernicious teachings and influence. In behalf of purity among children parents cannot be too conscientious in the selection of papers to be put into bathroom, water-closets and outhouses for toilet or reading use there. It is the universal custom to devote the moments spent in those places to reading, and only such literature should be allowed there as is wholly uplifting in its nature and will lead the thoughts entirely away from self.

Another pregnant source of impurity is the abominable and wholly pernicious custom of permitting children to stay over night with other children. No argument can overthrow the unalterable fact that the only legitimate place after the dark hours of night for the child that has a home is in that home, and a mother is criminally guilty who ignores or is brutally indifferent to this fact. Again, nothing good ever resulted from evening parties for children. If one mother in each community where this custom prevails had the moral stamina to stand out against it, she could soon turn the tide of popular custom to more wholesome practice.

Our school laws should prohibit



absolutely the custom of children taking their dinners to school except in cases where it is a geographical necessity. And of the few who are obliged, because of distance, to take their dinners to school a teacher, should be left in charge. A single hour's nooning has proven a moral Waterloo for many a child.

The question of the food, dress and sleep of children is rapidly assuming the dignity of a moral issue and one of the hopeful signs of the times is the general awakening and seeking after truth concerning these things on the part of the parents. The morality of the bath and of the exercise of children is worthy the consideration of every thoughtful person. Improper reading for boys and girls, the vulgarly illustrated periodicals, and immoral fiction, the publication of the details of crimes and police court proceedings in the daily papers, the indecent posters and street advertisements often seen throughout the land, the presence of children upon the street—the devil's school of methods—after the dark hours of night, each condition bears a very close relation to this subject of immorality among children. A lamentable phase of the problem lies in the fact that while many mothers see and admit the conditions they are either indifferent to them or lack the stamina to make the time and effort for their remedy. This indifference assumes the dignity of actual crime in the face of the proof that a very little effort on the part of a mother may become the life-line to a pure morality for a score of children.

[It may not be generally known that there is a need of the work so forcibly advocated in the above

article, but the vices mentioned are common throughout civilization. After years experience as an educator, Dr. Maeser stated in public that he had never been in a school where he could not see the slimy trail of the serpent of secret vice on the countenances of some of the pupils. In his book *School and Fireside* page 41 he says: "There is not an experienced teacher in the land that has not noticed with aching heart the slimy trail of the serpent, the symptoms of secret vices, on the countenances of some of his pupils." Again on page 68 he says: "In this connection it is my duty again to call attention of parents to the principle of chastity. This virtue is violated to a far greater extent than most parents are aware of, and needs the watchfulness and anxious care of every educator. Especially are the secret vices fastening their fangs, to an alarming extent, upon the bodies and souls of our children. When once bitten by the serpent in this way, the rescue from the inevitable calamities to follow will become more difficult in proportion to the delay."

Obscene conversation, books and pictures are the chief cause of this vice. There are foul minded people in every community of the land who educate the youth in these destructive practices. When they bring physical and mental weakness upon themselves many of them become the victims of medical sharks who advertise their quack medicines everywhere; even in the most respectable daily papers. Shall we permit these evils to continue? J. T. M.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

The Great Teacher.

## Human Nature Department.

*Edited by N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F A I P*

### Mary Wood Allen, M. D.

[Deliniation by N. Y. Schofield, sketch by John T. Miller.]

In writing a character sketch from a single photograph where only one view of the head is given, the deliniation is necessarily restricted within a comparatively narrow circle, because it is neither practical or safe to attempt a discription of something that cannot be seen.



The accompanying photograph of Mary Wood Allen for instance which is handed to the writer as a lady whose labors and literary achievements justly entitle her to rank as a "Character Builder." furnishes splendid material for phrenological study, but unfortunately from this profile alone we

cannot decide the actual development of many important organs: hence the deliniation—like the picture, is apt to be one sided.

However, despite the absence of these measurements and the probable modifying effect they would have over other organs, there is nevertheless much of interest suggested by this handsome and intelligent face.

It does not appear in this instance, however, that the strength of character in any direction will be due specially to size or quantity

There is no particular indication that this lady is above the average in height or weight, but the temperament being distinctly "mental," the brain is undoubtedly large in a relative sense and as usual in the case of those who are selected for this magazine, the "quality" of the organisation is exceptionally high.

The expression of the face is one of refinement. It will be noticed the forehead protrudes slightly beyond a perpendicular line drawn upwards from the chin, which denotes unusual strength of the mental organs, and proves the ascendancy of the refining, intellectual forces over the animal instincts.

The coronal portion of the brain also is strongly developed as will be seen by noting the distance upwards and forwards from the opening of the ear, and the prominence here referred to of the literary,

moral and aspiring faculties as compared to the (relatively) weak propensities, lead to the conclusion that this lady will exhibit in her character precisely those traits that correspond to this physical condition. For instance we would never look for greed, avarice or selfishness in any form from a person of this type. There is nothing to give rise even to the suspicion, and we are absolutely certain that selfishness is not—could not be a leading trait of this lady, because a glance at the circumference of the brain at its base shows that it is inferior to its remarkable height.

The organs that cluster around—immediately in front, above and behind the ear and in the lower portion of the back head, all these are but feeble in their development and operation as compared to the other faculties, hence the “selfish” and “animal” part of her nature is such that will only be manifested to the extent made necessary by the exigences of business or sufficient to cope with the actual conditions that arise in the practical affairs of practical life.

There is here far more perseverance than combativeness; more patience than force; more dignity than pride; more hope than fear; more kindness than spite; more reason than caution; more reverence than passion; more perseverance than appetite, and more ambition than strength.

The preceptive and reflective groups being nicely balanced, there will be harmony of tact and talent—the ability to plan, compare, originate and reason corresponding to her strong observing power, and though this lady will have many theories as a result of her philosophical and highly

spiritual nature, yet there is a distinctly practical cast to her mind, and running through the “woof” of ideas and theories that must emanate from such an active brain, will be found the tangible “warp” of common sense.

As we proceed upwards we find that hope, spirituality, veneration benevolence—in fact all the “moral” faculties are strong to the point of becoming dominant organs, the splendid intellectual faculties being cultured and used merely as a lever or tool to better accomplish the end desired.

There is little room to doubt that here will be found the main spring as it were, the pivot upon which the character hinges, for the desire to do good, to enlighten, to direct and assist others will be very intense where there is so much sympathy, so much hope, firmness and self-esteem. Veneration makes her a true Christian, Benevolence a true Samaritan.

She has strong will-power that co-operates with “Faith, hope and charity”—giving persistence to her desires, while large self-esteem imparts dignity to her efforts and confidence in her power to succeed. Conscientiousness is also a leading factor that will be shown in her frank, honest and consistent life, and her faithful performance of whatever is regarded as a duty.

The backhead, except in the lower portion shows no lack of domestic qualities, but these organs are not at “par” judged by the standard of the moral and intellectual endowments. Her forte is undoubtedly along the line of literature and moral reform, for her fine “quality” of organisation considered in connection with the special development of the brain abundantly qualifies her to attain

distincton in the direction indicated.

The subject of our sketch has won an international reputation through her wisely directed efforts in behalf of personal and social purity. Her little books "Teaching Truth," "Child - Confidence Rewarded," "Almost a Man," and "Almost a Woman" have done much toward establishing normal ideas concerning the creative powers and a proper use of the sex nature. "The Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling" is making physiology an interesting study because it presents scientific truths in an attractive form. Some of the more recent productions of her facile pen are not yet so well known, but will do much for the physical and moral improvement of humanity.

Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., was born 1841 in a log cabin in Northwestern Ohio. She was a precocious child. At fourteen years of age, she taught school. When twenty years old she graduated from the classical department of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College. After graduating she taught music, French and German in the Collegiate Institute at Battle Ground, Indiana.

Classical students were then as now overeducated mentally and undereducated physically; as a result of such training Dr. Wood-Allen's health was poor and she began the study of medicine in order to learn how to improve her own health. She graduated from the Regular Medical Department of the University of Michigan.

Three years were spent abroad, studying. Half that time in Vienna, Austria. Early in her professional life she began giving

parlor-talks on health, to women. In 1883 at Miss Frances Willard's suggestion, Dr. Wood-Allen was made Lecturer of Heredity and Hygiene for the National W. C. T. U. and entered the public lecture field. In 1892 she was appointed by Miss Willard as her successor as Superintendent of the Purity Department in the National W. C. T. U. In 1897 she was appointed Supt. of the Purity Department for the World's W. C. T. U. and still holds that position.

The following is a partial list of Dr. Wood-Allen's books, "Teaching Truth," "Child - Confidence Rewarded," "Almost a Man," "Almost a Woman," "The Man Wonderful, or Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling." Her latest books are in the Self and Sex Series. They are, "What a Young Girl Ought to Know," "What a Young Wife Ought to Know." She has written other works and has contributed many articles to leading magazines.

In 1895 Dr. Wood-Allen started a monthly leaflet the "Mother's Friend." This was later expanded into the "New Crusade," and has since been greatly enlarged and improved under the title of "The American Mother." In the publishing business, Dr. Wood-Allen is ably assisted by her son and her daughter. The former being business manager, and the later, assistant editor.

In the summer of 1899, I had the pleasure of spending an evening at the Wood-Allen home in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I first became acquainted with Dr. Wood-Allen, her son and her daughter. Their home life impresses one that they are practising the principles of better living which they are so earnestly advocating.

Dr. Mary Wood-Allen was a pioneer in purity work. The interest that has been awakened by her efforts is the best evidence of her ability as a lecturer, superintendent, author and reformer. She is always willing and ready to give counsel and encouragement to those who desire to know and disseminate the important subjects to which she has devoted her life. Her time and talent have been devoted to teaching those truths that are of greatest value to the human family. Her life has not been conspicuous among those who devote their time to accumulating the perishable things of this earth. As a reward she will receive the blessings of many whose souls were once warped, but have now been guided by her motherly advice into a more normal life where they can elevate themselves and labor in humanity cause.

She is a Character Builder in the broadest meaning of the word. May her life be spared many years that she may continue in her noble work of training her fellow beings in right thinking.

#### WHAT EMINENT MEN SAY OF PHRENOLOGY.

In 1898, Alfred Russel Wallace, wrote a book, "The Wonderful Century," in which he gave a review of the successes and failures of the 19th century. He devoted a long chapter to the favorable consideration of phrenology. He said:

"I begin with the subject of Phrenology, a science of whose substantial truth and vast importance I have no more doubt than I have of the value and importance of any of the great intellectual advances already recorded.

"In the coming century Phrenology will assuredly attain general acceptance. It will prove itself

to be the true science of mind, Its practical uses in education, in self-discipline, in the reformatory treatment of criminals, and in the remedial treatment of the insane, will give it one of the highest places in the hierarchy of sciences; and its persistent neglect and obloquy during the last sixty years, will be referred to as an example of the almost incredible narrowness and prejudice which prevailed among men of science at the very time they were making such splendid advances in other fields of thought and action."

B. Hollander, M. D., F. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., says:

"What Gall knew at the close of the 18th century is only just dawning upon the scientists of the present day. . . . The history of Gall and his doctrine is given in these pages, and will be quite a revelation to the reader. No subject has ever been so thoroughly misrepresented, even by learned men of acknowledged authority, and no author has ever been so libelled and with such malice as Gall."

Sir Samuel Wilks, M. D., late President of Royal Physicians, is reported as follows in Guy's Hospital reports, 1879, vol., 24: "Our works on physiology, strangely enough, were silent on the subject of speech in connection with any localized seat in the brain, while a heterodox literature contained the whole of the facts which have only just now been taught in the schools."

*"One can only account for the ignorance of physiologists and the medical profession of well-established doctrines by their antipathy towards the phrenological school, which prevented any of its literature entering the portals of our college libraries."*

## EDITORIAL.

### Is a Meat Diet Essential to Health?

Much has been written recently about dispensing with meat as a food. Eminent scientists have declared in favor of a non-flesh diet. The meat trust has reduced the use of meats. It has been positively demonstrated that a flesh diet is not essential to health and is the cause of a number of diseases. America's highest authority on foods, Mr. Gilman Thompson says on page 23 of his book "Practical Dietetics." "There is a constant tendency to eat too much meat, and when its effects are not counterbalanced by free outdoor exercise, it produces an excess of waste matter which accumulates and causes biliousness, and sometimes lithiasis, gout, etc. . . . Errors in diet are far more common on the side of meat eating than the eating of too much vegetable food, especially among civilized communities."

The eminent authority of England, Sir Henry Thompson says: "It is a vulgar error to regard meat in any form necessary to life. Nitrogenous food man must have, but it need not necessarily be in the form of meat, which to many has become partially desirable only by the force of habit, and because their digestive organs have thus been trained to deal with it."

W. Mattieu Williams, the well-known authority, says: in Chemistry of Cookery, page 301. "This horrible disease (cancer) has increased - in England with increase of prosperity—with increase of luxury in feeding, which in this

country means more flesh food. In ten years from 1850 to 1860, the deaths from cancer had increased by 2,000; from 1860 to 1870 the increase was 2,400; from 1870 to 1880 it reached 3,200 above the proceeding ten years. The proportion of deaths is far higher among the well-to-do classes than among the poorer classes. It seems to be the one disease that increases with improved general sanitary conditions. The evidence is not yet complete, but as far as it goes, it points most ominously to a direct connection between cancer and excessive flesh feeding among people of sedentary habits. The most abundant victims appear to be women who eat much meat and take but little out-of-door exercise."

At this time of year there is a wholesale slaughter of animals that have grown up under most unfavorable conditions. There is no inspection of the flesh of these animals. It is consumed disease and all. The trichina is known to exist in many hogs, but this parasite is not found in our hogs because we never look for it. In Chicago a large number of ladies are constantly employed to detect meats thus diseased because Germany refused to admit the diseased meats of the United States. The late Prof. Virchow, gives the following unpleasant facts in page 33 of "Die Lehre von den Trichinen." "This parasite—the trichina spiralis—now known to be of frequent occurrence in the muscles of man, was formerly supposed to be perfectly harmless. In 1860 Zenker proved by a series

of splendid observations, that trichinæ may exist free in the muscles of man, that they are encapsuled only after some time, and that they are the cause of a very serious disease.

"The first case was that of a servant girl, who died in the hospital at Dresden with symptoms extremely like those of typhoid fever. She, together with several members of the family in which she lived, and the butcher who had killed the pigs, had swallowed the meat uncooked, and had soon afterwards been taken sick. At the autopsy, her muscles were found to be full of trichinæ, which were not yet encapsuled. One of the hams and some of the sausages, portions of which she had eaten, contained numerous encysted trichinæ. Thus the connection between the symptoms and their originating cause was clearly traced. In the trichinæ disease, or trichiniasis, we find one of the most danerous maladies to which the human frame is liable; so dangerous that whole families have perished from its effects amid great suffering, and that in the small village of Hedersleben, of 2,000 inhabitants, 300 were affected, of whom 80 died.

It is not pleasant to think of eating the flesh of animals that have wallowed in filth during their entire life; but many people are guilty of eating such meat. Let those who do not have an opportunity to study the environment of this filthy animal at home, visit a slaughter house where these animals may be seen building their bodies from the rejected portions of the corpses of sheep, cattle, and hogs. [Let them visit some creameries where the charac-

teristic odor of this animal testifies of his presence in no uncertain terms. Some of these domestic animals are a cause of disease during life and again after death.

A few denominations of Christians require their members to abstain from meats. By abstaining from flesh foods and observing other hygienic and sanitary laws the Quakers kept free from fevers for thirty years. The Seventh Day Adventists are successfully conducting numerous large sanitariums and restuarents without flesh foods. The Latter-day Saints believe in limiting the consumption of meats. The following is taken from a discourse delivered by President Joseph F. Smith, September 28, 1902.

"I believe that we use too much meat. We shed too much blood, and eat too much of the flesh of animals for our own good. We are not in a time of famine; we are not suffering want and it is not necessary for us to slay animals for our sustenance. We have the fruits and grains of the earth in abundance and I believe we shall improve our health and be more vigorous when we come to be 80 or 90 years of age, if we will live on cereals, vegetables and fruits, instead of upon animal food . . . If they were obliged to kill in order to live. If they absolutely needed the flesh of the animal for food it would be right for them to take its life. But to destroy the life of an innocent bird or animal merely to satisfy an innate desire in the heart to kill, is one of the most deplorable things I can think of. To my mind, it is something that borders on murder. No man should entertain a desire in his

heart to shed blood simply for fun . . . We are made above the animals. We are the lords of creation. God has created and placed man on the earth as a superior being, and all other creatures are subject unto man. Is it any wonder, then, that wolves, hyenas and other animals should desire to kill and devour, when the masters of God's creations in the world have that bloodthirsty feeling in their hearts and are all the time working to destroy and devour? I am not surprised at animals being carnivorous and cruel when we ourselves are very little better."

In the near future the subject of foods will be more fully treated. Flesh eating is not our only dietetic sin. Much disease could be avoided if we would observe the laws of science in cooking and eating. The popularity of these important subjects is a favorable indication for the future.

We have received letters from Relief Officers in which we were requested to quote special rates, in quantities, on "Child Culture"—which has been adopted for use in Relief Mothers' Classes—in connection with the CHARACTER BUILDER" and the booklet "A Plain Talk to Boys on Things a Boy Should Know." In order to give every mother an opportunity to secure this literature, we will send the books and the magazine in orders of one hundred of each at a discount of thirty-two per cent. For \$75, we will send the CHARACTER BUILDER to one hundred different addresses, and 100 copies of "Child Culture, and Educational Problems," in cloth binding, with a 100 copies of "A Plain Talk to Boys," to one address. We prepay the freight.

This offer has been favorably considered by those to whom it has been made. We give it this publicity in order to call attention of all societies that contemplate organizing Relief Mothers' Classes

We will send, for 75 cents extra, a year's subscription to any of the following \$1.00 Magazines, "Health Culture, The American Mother, Health, Motherhood, Good Health, Human Faculty, The Pathfinder."

**WATER COOKING**—One of the secrets of palatable food is knowing how to cook water. The secret is to put fresh filtered water into a clean kettle already warm, to let it boil quickly and to use it the instant it is boiled. To let it steam and simmer means to have a combination of lime, iron and dregs in the kettle, and all the good water evaporated into air.—New York Journal of Health.

### Work and Rest.

O give me the joy of living,  
And some [glorious] work to do!  
— A spirit of thanksgiving,  
With loyal heart and true;  
Some pathway to [make] brighter,  
Where tired feet now stray;  
Some burden to [make] lighter  
While 'tis day.

On the fields of the Master's gleanings,  
May heart and hands [be] strong;  
Let me know life's deepest meaning,  
Let me sing life's sweetest song;  
With some faithful hearts to love me,  
Let me nobly do my best;  
And at last, with heaven above me,  
Let me rest!

— Westminster.

\*Child Culture, N. N. Riddell. }  
Educational Problems, J. T. Miller. } 50 cts.  
This book has been adopted for use in the  
Relief Mothers' Classes and may be ordered  
from this office.



# Physical and Moral Education.

JOHN T. MILLER,

*Professor of Physiology in the Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City.*

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it: if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust: but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-man, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—Daniel Webster.

## Dress for Comfort, Health and Beauty.

It is again fashionable to decorate hats with bird skeletons. These decorations are even found on the hats of school teachers. As long as such foolish fashions prevail throughout Christendom, we cannot hope to make much progress in civilizing savages. It is hypocrisy for devotees of this fashion to teach children kindness to animals.

### STOLEN BEAUTY.

"Yes, dears, your new hats are quite pretty,"

I answered my three sweetest girls,  
Who questioned while pinning their treasures

Above their fair faces and curls.

"But which is the loveliest, auntie,—  
Be honest and tell us, please do,—  
Belle's hat with the bright bird upon it,  
May's blossoms, my egrets so blue?"

"Were I a young man—spare those blushes—

A-seeking a sweetheart or bride,  
Just judging your fair, happy faces  
I'm sure I could never decide;  
But judging alone by your bonnets,  
With never a glance underneath,  
I'd choose for a wife, kind and gentle,  
The one with the sweet blossom wreath.

"Because, my dear children, the blossoms

Speak only of fields and blue skies,  
Of spring and its innocent pleasures,  
With which all true hearts sympathize;

While birds that should gladden the woodland,

Or egrets that stir at a breath,  
With all of their sad, stolen beauty,  
Speak only of suffering and death.

"The soft baby blankets of egrets  
Is torn from a dead mother's breast,  
'Tis then that the feathers are fairest,  
Though little ones starve in the nest.  
The hunter cares not for the crying  
Of those he has orphaned for gold—  
The pitiful cries of the nestlings  
That perish of hunger and cold.

"The jewel-winged bird on your bonnet

Last summer was happy and free;  
Was flashing across the blue heavens,  
Or filling the tree tops with glee.

He died in the midst of a love-song—  
Oh, woman's soft heart, think of that!

He died never dreaming you wanted  
His beautiful corpse for your hat.

"Each bird that is worn for adornment,

Each heaven-taught singer that dies  
For vanity's sake, has two slayers—

The hunter, the woman who buys.  
One kills, and one pays for the murder;

Both equally guilty, I hold;  
Because the sad slaughter would slacken

If woman paid not with her gold.

"If earth should at last become birdless,

And spring lose its glory and song,  
The worm and the locust bring famine,  
On woman would fall the dark wrong."

"Enough," cried the dear, dainty maidens,

While pity their kind voices stirred;  
"We'll nevermore wear for adornment  
What cost the sweet life of some bird."

—CALLA HARCOURT  
In THE AMERICAN MOTHER.



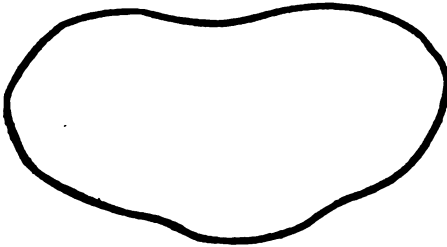
VENIS DE MILO.

Fashion is the greatest tyrant on earth and his most devoted subjects are found in Christian countries. There is a constant battle between fashion and common sense. Thus far fashion has usually won the victory. At the age of 12 the girl's waist measures 24 inches. At that age fashion begins to interfere with nature. Each year the waist is reduced. At the age of

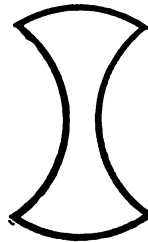


FASHION OF 1902

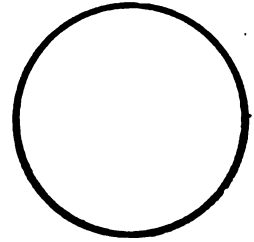
twenty it sometimes measures 16 inches instead of 26 inches. This process of reduction is the cause of a long list of diseases.



THE CROSS SECTION OF  
A NORMAL WAIST.



HOURLASS.



CROSS SECTION OF  
A FASHIONABLE WAIST.

"THE NEARER THE HUMAN FORM IS LIKE AN HOUR GLASS THE SOONER THE SANDS OF LIFE WILL RUN OUT."



The fashionable lady of this season presents a colorscheme composed of a monstrous hat, decorated by bird skeletons, wings, or feathers; a face decorated by artificial moles made of sticking-plaster; a boa made of animal skins; a sloppy waist front; a twenty-six in. waist encased in a sixteeninch circumference of inelastic material; a long



skirt monopolizing the use of one hand; and feet encased in shoes with pointed toes and high French heels. The devotee of fashion ealls forth pity rather than admiration.

## \*\*\*\*\* Our Little Folks. \*\*\*\*\*

# A Story of Two Rocks.

W. A. MORTON.

**H**OW many of you, little friends, would like to hear a story? All of you. Well, I will try to tell you one.

In the first place I must tell you that this is a real, new story. It has never been told to any one before; you are the first children to hear it.

I suppose you would like me to begin at the beginning. Well, that was many, many years ago, more than you could count.

The story I am going to tell you is about two rocks. I imagine that I can see some of you smile and hear you say,—“What kind of a story could two rocks tell us? What lesson could we learn from two pieces of stone?”

That is just what some big people think of some little people.

They think, “What could little children teach us?” But I have learned some very useful lessons from little girls and boys, and I believe you, dear children, can learn a lesson from my story of the two rocks.

When the dear Lord created for us this beautiful world it was much better than it is now. There were no thorns, nor thistles, nor briars in it. It was one lovely, grassy plain, covered with trees, and with flowers of every kind. But the people would not do what the Lord told them and so they fell into sin.

Then the earth instead of bringing forth flowers and fruits, began to send forth thorns and thistles, briars and weeds. Now when you walk along the road and see these weeds and thistles on every hand, I want you to remember that these things came into the world because people did not keep the commandments of God.

And when you are passing a beautiful garden, in which there are all kinds of lovely flowers, fruits and vegetables growing, I want you to think that that garden looks just as all the world will when all the people cease to do evil and begin to love God and keep his commandments. Wouldn't you like to see the world in that condition? Wouldn't you like to see all the thorns and thistles and briars weeded out and beautiful fruits and flowers growing in their stead? Wouldn't you like to help bring this about? You would. Give the fragrance of kind words and kind deeds to all you meet. You must never hurt the feelings of anyone, for if you were to do that you would not be like the flowers—you would be like the thorns and thistles, and none of you would like to be compared to them.

I am coming to my story of the two rocks. You can look around you on every hand you see large rocky mountains. The earth was not always broken up as we see it.

today. In the beginning it was a beautiful level plain, with here and there gently rising hills. But great earthquakes have changed the whole face of the earth. But the Lord has said that He will redeem the earth, and will bring it back to its lovely condition. By the mouth of one of His prophets He has said. "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

Many, many years ago there were a number of great earthquakes in this country. In one of them two large rocks were thrown up to a great height, where they remained for many years, and where one of them remains today. In order to tell the difference between these two rocks, I will have to give a name to each of them. One I will call Faith and the other Unbelief. Unbelief was a very stubborn rock. He was always complaining at his lot. In the summer he complained because it was too hot, and in the winter he grumbled because it was too cold.

"Wish," said he, "One day that the earth would fall on me and bury me, so that I wouldn't be burned any longer with the sun's heat. How can you stand it?" He asked of the other rock.

"I do not think our lots so very hard," Faith replied. "There are many rocks much worse off than we are. I often look down into the canyon below and see heavy wagons pass over and crush many of our friends into atoms. And when I see such sights I feel thankful that God has placed me away up here on the hillside."

"I don't believe that God knows anything about us," said the rock Unbelief.

"I am sure he does," said Faith. "I feel that I am a part of His great universe, and that He has a mission for me to perform."

A mission!" Answered Unbelief sneeringly. "What kind of a mission could we perform? What kind of a mission do you expect to fill?"

"I do not know what my mission will be; but I know what it is now. My mission is to wait, to be patient," replied Faith, meekly.

I learned a very profitable lesson from a school teacher, who was climbing up the hill with a group of scholars about two weeks ago. She told the children about a little drop of rain that one day fell from the clouds into the great ocean! 'Alas!' it cried, 'What a small thing I am in this great world of water! Just then a shellfish opened its mouth and took in the drop of rain. For many years it lay in the shell, and at last it grew to be a lovely pearl. One day a diver found it. He sold it to the king, and it was made one of the gems in the king's crown.'

"So you expect some day to fill a position like the pearl?" said Unbelief.

"No, I do not think that I shall ever occupy such a prominent place as the pearl; but I am willing to do what I can."

"Well, I wish you success," said his companion. As for me, I never expect to be anything different to what I am at present a cold, gray rock. The winter will soon be here, and I believe I will go to sleep for a few months. Good-bye. I hope you will fill your mission."

Then a piece of earth came rolling down the mountain and covered up the grumbling rock.

A few months later two men

might have been seen sitting behind a yoke of oxen, traveling in the direction of Cottonwood Canyon. About two hours later they reached their destination and after eating their lunch, they began to look around them for a large rock. At last one of them caught sight of the rock Faith.

"What do you think of that rock up there?" he asked his companion.

"That's a beauty," he replied. I am sure it will answer the purpose perfectly."

So the rock was quarried out of

the mountain side. It was taken to Salt Lake City and put into the hands of skilled workmen, who began to trim and dress it. In a few days it was ready, and was placed in a very prominent position in the Salt Lake Temple. It is known by the name of the Sand Stone, and has been admired by thousands of visitors.

There is a moral to this story:— We all have a mission to perform, and if we work and wait we shall some day find our place, and God will put us in it, where we can bring to him honor and glory.

### Character Building.

Let your food be plain and wholesome,

From all stimulants abstain;  
Keep the body that *you* live in  
Clean and pure from every stain.

Let each day be one of doing,  
Idle moments are seeds of death;  
Strong minds and strong bodies  
Require work as well as rest.

Let your thoughts be chaste and pure,  
Evil thoughts make vice and crime;  
Honest thoughts and noble deeds  
Build a character sublime.

Let each hour be full of sunshine,  
Pleasure comes from doing good;  
*Life is full of happy moments*  
*When life's aim is understood.*

### A CREED.

In fellowship of living things,  
In kindred claims of man and beast.  
In common courtesy that brings  
Help from the greater to the least,  
In love that all life shall receive,  
Lord, I believe,  
ELLEN GLASGOW.

### How to Keep Well.

"Take the open air,  
The more you take the better;  
Follow nature's laws,  
To the very letter.  
"Let the Doctors go  
To the Bay of Biscay,  
Let alone the gin,  
The brandy and the whiskey.  
"Freely exercise,  
Keep your spirits cheerful,  
Let no dread of sickness  
Make you ever fearful.  
"Eat the simplest food,  
Drink pure cold water,  
Then you will be well  
Or at least you ought to."

## THE CANDY MENACE.

**T**HERE has recently been held in Saratoga a convention of the National Confectioners' Association at which it has been shown, by the reports submitted, that the candy business is growing at an enormous rate. Certain of the confectioners are making arrangements to export candy to England and France.

Some of the figures presented are interesting. Fifty years ago there were but 383 confectionary establishments in the country. Today there are 4,300. In 1850 the aggregate produce amounted to about \$3,000,000. To-day it is over \$80,000,000. There are 530 "candy stores" in New York city and 338 in Philadelphia. In New York State only nearly \$3,000,000 a year is paid out in wages to employees of candy manufacturers.

Whatever interest these figures may or may not possess from a commercial viewpoint, considered from sanitary grounds they are most significant and most disconcerting. The evils of cane sugar eating are numerous and far reaching. So far as chemistry and personal experiments may be accepted as reliable, there is every indication that cane sugar is not only useless as food, but is decidedly injurious to the system.

The use of artificial sweets is one of the most pernicious customs of the day. The habit of using such substances is usually acquired early in life. The child is frequently a victim of the candy habit before it can walk. In these cases not only is the child injured by the taking of sweets, but through the strong and constant appeal to the sensual impulse, the foundation is laid for gluttony and perhaps intemperance in later years.

sufferers from the candy habit. It has ruined the health of thousands of American women. Obesity, sick headache, neuralgia, nervousness, skin disorders, constipation and a host of other troubles result. It is safe to say that women have suffered more from the use of candy than men have through the use of tobacco.

The taste for sweets is natural and indicates a physiologic demand. This demand, however, can be met only by the natural sweets (levulose, etc.) existing in natural fruits. The necessity for sweets, therefore, should be met by the rational use of sweet fruits, such as apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, oranges, pineapples, nectarines, melons, figs, dates, raisins, etc. The use of artificial sweets as a means of sensual gratification is indefensible from every standpoint.

And so, while it is gratifying to learn of the prosperity of the men and women associated with the confectionary business, it is devoutly to be wished that they had prospered in some other trade, for the growth of the candy habit, which is indicated by the figures quoted above, is a matter for serious concern to all interested in the welfare of the race. The candy habit attacks the fountain head of the nation—the mothers and children. The candy habit is more than a mere individual indiscretion; it is a public calamity.—Health Culture.

---

"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully," she wrote to the patent medicine house. "Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!"—

\*\*\*\*\* Publisher's Page, \*\*\*\*\*

# THE CHARACTER BUILDER.

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No. 7, November 1902. Vol. 3.

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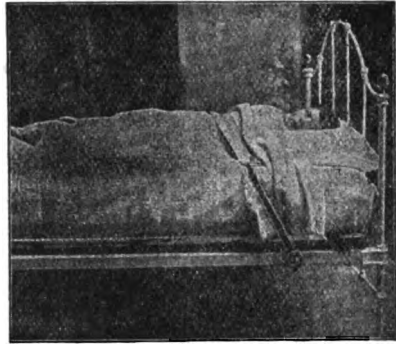
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# THE CHARACTER BUILDER

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 9

## QUEER FRIENDS.

A raven was sitting high up in a tree, when there came along a bird catcher, who cunningly spread his net upon the ground, strewed a little corn in and around it, and then went away. The raven silently watched the man's operations, and remained on his lofty perch to see what would happen. Soon a flock of wild pigeons approached and settled down. They noticed the corn and began to eat it greedily; but all at once several of them found themselves caught in the net, and they fluttered about, seeking vainly to free themselves. A good thought occurred to one of them, and he expressed it in this way: "It does not help us at all to flutter around so; now let us try to fly up at the same time. Perhaps we can then carry the net with us." Her fellow captives all assented to this, and at a signal, they spread their wings and rose from the ground, carrying the net with them. In this way the pigeons flew some distance, and settled down in an orchard, but still in the meshes of the net.

All this time the raven had kept a close eye upon the pigeons, and now, commending them for their wisdom in acting so much in harmony, he flew to the orchard, and perched himself upon a tree, whence he could mark the further conduct of the imprisoned birds. He heard them consulting how they should get out of the snare. One of them offered to call a mouse, an old friend of hers, who lived in the trees near by, and ask her if she could not help them. As nothing better was proposed, the mouse was called. She happened luckily, to be at home, and ran to the pigeons, and at a glance under-

stood the situation. Going at once to work on the net with her sharp teeth, she speedily gnawed it in several places, so that the pigeons could get out.

"Well," thought the raven, "a friend is certainly a great help in time of need; and I must find one. Perhaps the mouse will be such to me." Full of this idea, he flew down and called the mouse; but when she had come out of her hole and saw the large black bird, she was much frightened, and ran back. The raven entreated her to listen to him, and be his friend. "Why can we not be friends," said he, "just as much as the pigeons and you are friends?"

"It is impossible," answered the mouse, "because in a little while your natural appetite for my flesh would make you forget all about friendship, and you would eat me like any other mouse."

The raven earnestly promised that he would not do anything of the kind, if he had to starve, and at length overcame the fears of the mouse, so that she ventured to come near him, and agreed to be his friend. As time went on, the raven and the mouse grew quite fond of each other, and the raven made a home for himself in a tree of the orchard. But the bird found the place too much exposed for his safety, because hunters passed by frequently. So he asked the mouse one evening if she had any objection to leaving that place. He knew of one more retired in the woods, near a pond, where he had an acquaintance, a turtle who was a good fellow. The mouse said she was very willing to leave the orchard, because a cat had lately visited it, and had watched her when she was out looking for her dinner.

The raven then gripped the mouse by the tail, and flew with her through the air and into the wood, where he soon reached the pond and set down the mouse by a tree. A turtle crawled out of the water, and appeared greatly pleased to see the raven, and welcomed the mouse to her new home. In a few moments, the nimble little animal had found a good spot for her house. Her teeth and claws soon made a snug and safe retreat for herself.

These three strange associates had lived a while together in intimate companionship, when one day they were disturbed by a singular occurrence. They were sitting side by side chatting about the ways of the world, when suddenly a deer came running by and stopped at the pond to drink. Then the turtle jumped into the water, the mouse crept into her hole, and the raven soared high up into a tall tree. Peering around in all direction, he could not see any cause for fear, so he flew down and said to the deer: "Don't be afraid. There is no danger. I have never known a hunter to come into this part of the forest, and if you like, you may stay here. Fine grass grows around the pond, water is fresh, and I have some friends here who I am sure will not refuse to give you a welcome." The deer was grateful for the raven's kindness, though he thought the mouse and the turtle were strange associates for him, he made up his mind to stay there, and so he did. In a short time he became warmly attached to them.

One evening the deer did not come home at the usual hour. His three friends felt anxious about his safety. The raven flew away to find out what the matter was. In a little while he discovered the deer living in a snare. He at once returned to the pond and told the mouse and the turtle how the deer was caught. He consulted with them as to what should be done.

The mouse spoke up and said: "My friend with the strong wings, carry me quickly to him, and I will gnaw the net into shreds. The raven then picked her up and flew swiftly to the deer. As soon as she was set down the sharp little teeth

went to work on the cords which bound the deer. While the mouse was thus occupied, who should come up but the turtle. "What are you doing here?" asked the raven, scolding him for his want of wisdom. "Where will you go if the hunter should come? I fly away; the deer runs off swiftly, and the mouse conceals herself; but what can you do? Your pace is so slow that you cannot save yourself, and I am not strong enough to carry you."

Even while the raven spoke the hunter came to see if there was anything in his snare. When he saw the horns of the deer he was much pleased, thinking he had secured a fine prize. But before he could come up the mouse had bitten through the cords and the deer sprang away into the brush, the raven mounted up in the air, and the little mouse crept to a place of safety, while the poor turtle stood trembling in every limb. Greatly vexed that his expected prize had given him the slip, and being made very angry by the broken state of the net, he picked up the turtle, wrapped the remnant of the net around him, threw him over his shoulder, and started off.

The mouse had seen this, and called the raven and the deer quickly to her. They held a council on what should be done for their unfortunate comrade. The raven advised that the deer should run in advance of the hunter and lie on the ground as if he were dead or badly hurt. "Good," said the deer and the mouse, and off jumped the deer to act upon the advice. The hunter, on his homeward way, sees the deer stretched out on the ground. Throwing down net and turtle, he hastens to secure the game. Ere he is upon it the deer springs up and runs slowly and laboriously a short distance and stops as if wounded and exhausted. The hunter follows, and is close to the deer again. This is repeated several times, until the hunter has been led a long distance into the darkening forest. Meanwhile raven and mouse have been busy over the turtle, ere long the work of releasing him from the net is done, and the raven's hoarse cry signals to the deer that all is well. Then the deer disappears in the twinkling

from the eyes of the astonished and tired hunter, and rejoins his three friends. All now return to their quarters by the pond, and joyfully congratulate for the friendship which has proved so helpful in time of danger from their enemy, man.

MILLENNIAL DAWN.

---

ARITHMETIC AND CIGARS.

---

(Helen M. Richardson.)

"How did you keep your boys from smoking?" I asked a friend.

"I gave them examples in arithmetic," was the reply.

How this could have kept three wide-awake boys from smoking was an enigma to me until she explained:

During the long winter evenings James and Charles and Cornelius were always teasing me to give them sums to do. Very frequently I would give them an example like this: If a man should smoke three ten-cent cigars in a day, how many would he smoke in a year? Or how long would it take a man to spend seventy-three dollars for cigars, if he smoked two cigars a day?

They soon learned to figure up how much the one hundred and nine dollars and five cents of the man who smoked three cigars a day would gain in ten years, at four per cent interest. Then they began to give examples to one another.

"One day Cornelius asked at the table: 'Father, do you know how much money you have smoked up since I was born?'"

"This was rather a hard question for his father to answer, but Cornelius had it all figured out in this way. His father had once said in his hearing that he averaged about five cigars a day, and that the best were none too good for him. As his father did not answer, Cornelius went on: 'Well, I gave the sum to Charlie last night, and he says you've smoked up two thousand, one hundred and ninety dollars.' And the boy was right. Cornelius was twelve years old; and in that time, at the rate of five ten-cent cigars a day, his father had used up that amount of money, smoking.

"Charlie was anxious to tell what the interest on the money would have amounted to, at four per cent, but his father stopped him, saying:

"My boy, you have told me enough; if I have spent over two thousand dollars for cigars in twelve years, it is time I stopped.' He never smoked a cigar after that.

"As the boys grew older and got to work they got into the habit of saving up what they used to call 'cigar money,' and by the time they were twenty-one years of age, each boy had several hundred dollars in the bank."

It is needless to say that all three of those boys are now successful business men, and that they do not smoke. They have had no money except what they have earned, and they date their success back to the time when their mother began to give them examples on the cigar question.

Early in life James went to California. At that time this was the Mecca of all boyish aspirations, as being the place where money was quickly accumulated. Here the lad carried the same thrifty zeal which had animated him when he began to save up his small earnings at home. His honesty and strict attention to business soon opened a career for him, and in less than ten years he had accumulated thirty thousand dollars. Then came a financial crisis, and James' fortune vanished in a day. In a letter to his mother, soon after, he said:

"I am a poor man again, mother, but I have the same hands and head to work with, and I am not discouraged."

Never for a moment did he allow his misfortune to daunt him. "The same hands and head" went right to work again, and James was soon mounting the ladder of success. He gave no thought to the past and its failure, but kept his eyes over ahead. His pluck and perseverance won the admiration of all.

---

John L. Sullivan, the hero of so many prize fights and sprees, reached his logical wind-up this week by filing bankruptcy papers. His debts were \$2,638, and his assets \$60 worth of clothes.

# Story of the World's Religions.

BY W. J. SLOAN.

## THE RELIGION OF SCANDINAVIA AND GERMANY.

Such, in brief, is a part of the elder Edda. The younger Edda begins with the story of Gylfi, an ancient king of Sweden, said to have been a man of wisdom, and love for knowledge; with a desire for more wisdom he paid a visit to the gods to learn from them. I cannot tell you all of the story but will tell you a part of the conversation which is said to have taken place between him and those whom he met on his journey.

Question—"Who is the first, or oldest of the gods?"

Answer—"In our language he is called Alfadri." (All Father, or the Father of All.)

Question—"Where is this god? What is his power? And what has he done to display his glory?"

Answer—"He liveth from all ages; he governeth all realms, and swayeth all things great and small. He hath formed heaven and earth, and the air, and all things thereunto belonging. And what is more he hath made man, and hath given him a soul which shall live and never perish, though the body shall have mouldered away or have been burnt to ashes. And all that are righteous shall dwell with him in the place called Gimli, or Vingolf; but the wicked shall go to Hel, and thence to Nifhel, which is below in the ninth world." In this hymn we almost feel that we can hear the voice of The Christ, Job, David, Isaiah, Hosea, John, Paul, Danial, and the host of writers of the Bible who tell us that there is a life beyond the grave. "And they shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life.

The younger Edda also contains an account of the creation of the world, which

is very much like that found in the older work and as my space is limited I will not give it here. It, and the older work, also contains many stories of the gods, whom they worshiped; chief among which are Odin and Thor. At some other time I may tell you some of the wonderful things which are said to have happened to them. In the Eddas we find little, or no mention of the world having ever been drowned by a flood, though the rain-bow is spoken of several times. The hymns also tell us that the earth is to be burned by fire, and that a great battle is to be fought between the good and bad people, after which there is to be a new heaven and earth.

We will now learn the names of their gods and something about them.

The following is a short summary of the story as found in the translation in Mallet's Northern Antiquities. The first and oldest of the gods was Odin. He governed all things, and although the other gods were powerful they all served and obeyed him as children do their father. Frigga was his wife. She could foresee the destiny of all men, but never told what would happen. Odin had several names but they all meant that he was the chief god.

Next in power to Odin was Thor, his first son, who was also called Aas-Thor and Auku-Thor, he was strong among gods and men. His mansion is said to have been the largest ever built, and is said to have had 540 halls in it. Thor had many powers which made him a great god among the people.

The next god, the second son of Odin, was Baldur, who was so good that all men gave him praise. So fair and daz-

zling was he, in form and feature, that rays of light seemed to issue from him. He was the mildest, the wisest and most eloquent of all the gods. His judgment when pronounced could never be altered. Next to Baldur came Njord. It was he who ruled the winds, checked the fury of the sea and of fire, he was therefore invoked by sailors and fishermen. So wealthy was he that he gave treasures and possessions to all who asked for them. Njord had two children, the first a son named Frey, who was one of the most celebrated of the gods. He presided over the rain and sunshine, and all the fruits of the earth, and was to be invoked to obtain good harvests and peace. The second child was a daughter, Freyja, a goddess, who often went to the fields of battle where she claimed one-half of those slain, the other half were to go to **Odin**.

The next god was Tyr, the most daring of all in war, hence the warriors asked his aid. Next comes Brigi, noted for his wisdom, eloquence and correct form of speech. Then comes Heimdall, called the White God, also the Gold-toothed, as all of his teet had said to have been of gold. He required less sleep than a bird, could see as well by night as by day, for a hundred miles around him; he could hear the grass grow on the earth and the wool on the sheep's backs. Next comes Hodur, who was blind but very strong. Then comes Vidar, surnamed the Silent. Then Vali, who was the son of Odin and Rinda, he was bold in war and a great archer. The god Ullur was handsome, well skilled in the use of the bow and arrow, and could go fast on snow skates.

Another god was Forseti, a wise god, whoever brought a case of law before him went away satisfied. Last comes the god Loki, the author of all fraud and mischief, and the disgrace of gods and men. He is said to have been "handsome and well made, but of very fickle mood, and most evil disposition." He and his three children caused much trouble for the other gods and the peo-

ple. Their story is a long one and I have not the space to tell it here. Besides these gods there were some lesser gods and several goddesses, but we need not consider their story here.

There are several points in this religion which are similar to the religion of Zoroaster. Both of them have good and evil gods, worlds of light and darkness which fight each other. Both have a supreme God, infinite and eternal. Each system tells of a great war that is to take place between the good and bad powers, both of which are striving to rule the world; each tells of a great fire that is to destroy the world, and of a new heaven and earth; which is to be the place of joy and peace for those who are good in this life, and of a place where the bad are to suffer and be punished.

Of course you want to know where these people went to church and how they worshiped, part of this I have told you; at first they held their meetings in the open air, in sacred groves, but in later times they built temples to worship in, some of which were very fine. They had three great feasts, and some small ones, during each year. The first of the great feasts was that of Yul; it was from this feast that the old English holiday of Yule, or Yule Tide, came, from which comes our own festival of Christmas. The second of their feasts was in the spring, held in honor of the earth coming forth with grasses and flowers; the third was also in the spring and was held in honor of Odin. At first the sacrifices offered at these feasts were fruit, afterwards they offered animals, and later they sometimes offered human beings. In their later history, before they were converted to the religion of The Christ, they held a solemn sacrifice every ninth year in the great temple at Upsal in Sweden. To this the king and all leading people had to come in person, and bring offerings. At these feasts human beings were offered, as sacrifice, usually captives or slaves. The bodies were buried in groves which then became sacred.



There are many other things about this people and their religion which I would like to tell you, but we have other religions yet to study and so we must leave this one. The people about whom we have been reading were a great people, bold in war, lovers of home, wife and children, and especially of freedom. To them we owe much of our present freedom. Their religion had untruths, but it also had much that was true and good. We should forget their faults and learn from their good principles and acts.

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#### PEACE ON EARTH.

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"Peace on earth, good will to men,"

Sang the angels long ago;

"Peace on earth," they sing again;

Oh, my brothers, sing ye, too.

Hear the music in the air;

Yea, the melody and joy,

Hear it swelling everywhere,

High over all of earth's alloy.

Peace can never reign supreme,

Broadcast over this whole wide world,

Until each heart doth sing within:

"Peace; thy banner is unfurled."

Nor until each heart-inly feels

True compassion for the whole;

And into each spirit steals

Tenderness for every soul.

For the inner, vital man—

Not the outer form he wears,

Nor the wrongs we may condemn—

Drop the kindly, pitying tears.

Then can "Peace on earth" to men,

And good-will by angels sung,

Be enacted o'er again;

The millennium begun.

Emma D. Pitts, Cortland, N. Y.

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#### EVER SEE A HORSE WEEP?

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Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have much to do with those faithful creatures know that on occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heart-breaking manner. In the west, where the hardness of the ponies causes the

riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common, when the weather is extremely cold, to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours while the temperature is nearly zero, while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze onto the cheeks like icicles.

When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own, which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs, and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
When'er is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.

—Longfellow.

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#### TRUST THE CHILDREN.

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Trust the children. Never doubt them,  
Build a wall of love about them;  
After sowing seeds of duty,  
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.  
Trust the children just as He did  
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded,  
Trust and guide, but never doubt them,  
Build a wall of love about them.

# FOOD—WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO USE IT.

(By Susanna W. Dodds, M. D.)

Many things that people are in the habit of taking into their stomachs at meal time, cannot be included under the term food. The seasonings and condiments which nearly every one uses, as salt, pepper, spices, catsups, etc., are in no sense foods. They are irritants, and must be thrown out of the system very soon after they enter the general circulation. At least, the depurating organs will do their best to expel these materials, inasmuch as they cannot be utilized in the building up of vital structures.

A food proper, either for human beings or animals, must be derived from the organic kingdom. It is any substance which, when eaten and digested, can be taken up by the absorbents, assimilated by the living tissues, and made part and parcel of them. It must replace the worn out particles which these tissues are continually throwing off, and in doing so it becomes organized. Anything that can not be so transformed is not a food. Moreover, that food is best which makes tissue of the highest order. Unfortunately, very little food of this kind finds its way to the average table. We have instead, at the morning meal, for instance, coffee (or tea), white bread and butter—the latter often inferior in quality—and a beefsteak well salted and peppered. These are the essentials of an ordinary breakfast; though the bill of fare is sometimes varied by a dish of fried potatoes, batter cakes, etc., the cakes being eaten with butter and molasses.

In such a meal where is the perfect food? The tea or coffee is a stimulant pure and simple; hence it cannot nourish. The white bread (generally baker's) is mostly starch; it will starve a dog to death in forty days. The meat is such as the market affords, and is often diseased—it is rarely first-class. Whether diseased or not, it contains a large percent of waste matter which cannot be utilized in the vital economy. It is this matter in meat which makes it stimulating.

Contrast the above breakfast with the following: Raw fruits, as grapes, apples, peaches, etc.; these to be taken at the beginning of the meal. Oat meal mush (or it may be of some other grain) well cooked, and served with stewed fruit or fruit juice slightly sweetened; graham bread, as hard rolls, mush rolls, wheaten gems and the like; the rolls should be eaten along with the mush to insure thorough mastication. Nothing else is really needed on the breakfast table, though a dish of fresh nuts is sometimes added. As to variety, a change in the kind of fruits, as well as the bread, will afford it; the mush, too, can be made of the different grain preparations. With perfect digestion the body will be well nourished, and if it is imperfect, a diet of this sort will very soon improve it. Should the above bill of fare become a trifle monotonous a bit of dry toast, a slice of bread and butter once or twice a week, or some little cream biscuits, thoroughly baked and crusty, will make a good addition to the mush and fruit, though the hard rolls or other unleavened bread ought to constitute a part of the meal. These slight variations may be relished from time to time. The appetite, however, will seldom fail, provided the food is of good quality, well prepared, and eaten in moderation.

It is the habit of surfeiting the system that dulls the appetite. When one is not hungry in the morning, let him leave off the suppers for a time; this is an excellent corrective. Should anything more be required, try taking the juice of a lemon before going to bed, or it may be an hour before breakfast. Add to the lemon an equal quantity of water, but no sugar. Actual hunger is the best sauce. We should make a place in the system for food, either by fasting or exercise, before sitting down to a meal. Waste of tissue is the real appetizer, and it is a pity people do not understand this. Many of the deaths from apoplexy so often reported in the papers, are caused by heavy and late suppers, to say nothing of the quality of the food eaten; this being perhaps the very worst, so far as health is concerned.

The grains, fruits and nuts, properly grown, constitute almost an ideal diet, especially for persons whose digestion has been weakened. Add to these the delicious vegetables that may be raised in our gardens, and we have a variety of food products that ought to satisfy the most exacting palate. Vegetables are best eaten at dinner, and not with fruits. The latter, with grain preparations, should make up the breakfasts, lunches and suppers. If flesh foods are indulged in, they should, as a rule, be eaten at dinner with vegetables.

Foods and stimulants are no way akin to each other. A food is that which nourishes; it builds up. A stimulant does just the opposite, it wastes vital force. The system cannot appropriate it, and if taken into the circulation, extra work will be thrown upon the depurating organs in their efforts to expel it. So that the first thing we should try to find out, is what constitutes a true food. This having been learned, the next step is to ascertain how we can get the best foods. As things are at present, some of our fruits and nearly all the vegetables, particularly in the neighborhood of large cities, are greatly impaired by unnatural methods of fertilizing. These products are forced for the market and quality is sacrificed. The object sought is to have early fruits and vegetables at whatever cost, and the larger they are the greater the demand for them. For example, big strawberries are grown every season, but they are not the luscious ones which were grown some years ago, when berries like the Wilson and Albany were in favor. Most of our vegetables are the next thing to ruined by the excessive use of animal manures. The potato especially abhors these manures, and finer varieties have been run out by them. Cabbage, cauliflower, asparagus, rhubarb and many other vegetables have been injured in the same way. From which it follows that before we can have perfect foods we must know how to grow them. Some of us have not forgotten the fine flavored potatoes that were raised in new ground, in a soil that had not been fertilized by animal manures.

Ours has been called a nation of dyspeptics. The wonder is that our people have any digestion left, when we think of how many ways they have of impairing it. The food is spoiled in the raising, and often it is not properly cooked; then seasonings are added, which tend to destroy the normal appetite. When the stomach fails, these people go a step further and begin to medicate. It is not enough to outrage the stomach with food that is bad in quality, imperfectly cooked and highly seasoned; they swallow drug poisons, and give the poor stomach another lashing. It must be made to work whether it will or no.

But this is not the end of our dietetic follies. The conditions under which we take our foods are such as to render good digestion impossible. We eat in a hurry, washing down the food with water and other fluid. We eat when we are tired, the nervous force exhausted, or when we are worried—the mind preoccupied with business affairs. Not only so, we take food when the system is already surfeited, and urge the vital instincts to go to work again. Dyspepsia results. There is an uneasy feeling in the stomach, and a little food swallowed will generally allay it for a time, consequently we eat between meals. After the stomach refuses food altogether, stimulants and tonics are resorted to, and what would have been a simple mucous dyspepsia, easily cured, becomes a chronic case—nervous dyspepsia.

The American people will never have strong stomachs until they have learned three things: First, they must find out what a food is; then they must learn how to grow it. They must also learn how and when to eat it. But in this age of rush, worry and excitement, who is going to sit down and con that lesson? Will an intelligent public please answer?—The Sanitary Home.

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Does your horse shrink and shiver when you approach? Does your dog drop its tail between its legs and sneak away when it hears your voice? What kind of a man are you, anyhow?

## A HERO AND HEROINE.

He was a grim old fellow,  
 As stern as a man could be,  
 Who did odd jobs for a living;  
 A washerwoman was she:—  
 A shabby, forlorn old couple  
 As ever the world has seen;  
 Yet he was a noble hero,  
 And she was a heroine.

He fought with the largest army  
 That ever marched out to war,  
 In the world-famed "Battle of Dollars  
 and Cents,"  
 To keep the wolf from the door;  
 She ruled o'er a growing kingdom,  
 Nine riotous girls and boys,  
 And faithfully bore the burdens  
 Of a sovereign's cares and joys.

And when, at last, they were van-  
 quished,  
 This queen and her soldier brave,  
 They patiently started adown the hill  
 Which leads to a pauper's grave,—  
 A shabby, forlorn old couple  
 As ever the world has seen;  
 Yet he was a noble hero,  
 And she was a heroine.

—Selected.

## WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH HIMSELF.

He can cultivate any defective faculty. He can improve his memory. He can develop his thinking power. He can increase his self-confidence. He can improve his voice, expand his lungs and become more cheerful. He can build up his moral nature. He can educate himself, sharpen his observation, restrain his anger, check his fear and become more generous.

He can broaden his mind, gather a vast fund of facts, classify his knowledge, understand his moods and work more systematically. He can increase his productive power, antidote his sensitiveness, govern his appetite and hold his passions down. He can be his own teacher, character builder, engineer and think for himself.

He can be more temperate, and watch himself, and not bore others by talking

too much or too long. He can choose, select, determine, learn to read character, study himself and become far more reliable in his judgments. He can concentrate, persevere, inhibit, form better habits and increase his power and joy every day. He can overcome an unfavorable, reconstruct himself, use the right faculties to do the right kind of work and become much more efficient. He can dispel despondency, climb up higher in the range of consciousness and become 50 per cent stronger. He can rise above jealousy, put his foot down on his greed and double his worth. He can master some one department of study, grow mentally, and change his head any time before 45."

"What a wonderful work is man! How unlimited his possibilities! When he knows himself, his faculties and possibilities, he will not give up, but will cheer up, lend a hand, appreciate life and realize his best hopes and highest desires."—Human Faculty.

## THE BEST SHE KNEW.

Beside the loom of life I stand  
 And watch the busy shuttle go;  
 The threads I hold within my hand  
 Make up the filling; strand on strand,  
 They slip my fingers through, and so  
 This web of mine fills out apace,  
 While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine  
 And colored with a sunny dye;  
 Again the threads so roughly twine  
 And leave so darkly line on line  
 My heart misgives me. Then would I  
 Fain lose this web—begin anew—  
 But that, alas, I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,  
 The shuttle quiet in its place,  
 From out my hold the threads be run;  
 And friends at a setting of a sun  
 Will come to look upon my face,  
 And say: "Mistakes she made not few,  
 She wove perchance as best she knew."

—Selected.

After finding the key to success, it is well to find the keyhole.—The Red Man.

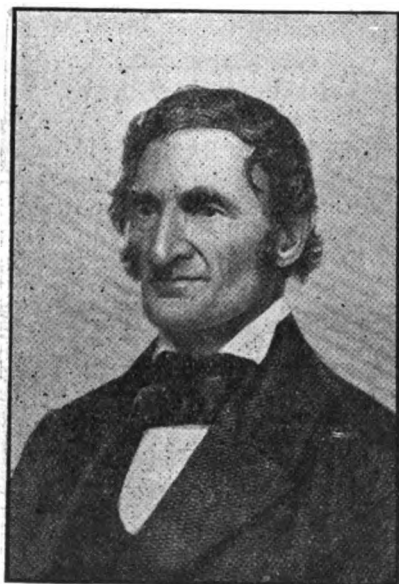
## Human Nature Department

EDITED BY N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F. A. I. P.

### DR. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT.

Dr. William A. Alcott, the subject of our present sketch, affords a splendid study in human nature, as the well defined lines of the face, the size and shape of the mouth, nose, eyes and chin, together with the general formation of the head, are all distinctly marked, and in each instance a specific meaning is attached.

The word "character" is written in every feature, and even the novice may



detect in this photograph the evidence of culture, refinement and skill. Of course to know the direction in which this skill would most likely be manifested, one must know something of temperament and understand what is meant by the quantity, quality and geographical location of the brain matter.

By glancing at the photograph it will

be seen in the present instance that the brain, true to his motive-mental temperament, is developed chiefly upward and forward towards the moral and reasoning faculties.

To more fully appreciate what this means, let us suppose that the extra development here referred to had been excluded from this particular part of the head, and instead had been deposited by a natural process chiefly around—in front and at the back of the ears, and in the region of the crown. So far as bulk or "quantity" of brain material is concerned, the conditions would remain the same, but the nature and character of the man would be radically changed.

Instead of the kind, studious, intellectual, moral disposition that we see in the accompanying photograph of Dr. Alcott, we should see the stern, unsympathetic features of a man who, like a human sponge, lived only to absorb whatever came within reach, and whose every act and thought hinged upon a selfish pivot.

Where the selfish propensities and aspiring organs dominate the character, such a person is cold, rigid, worldly-minded, grasping, envious, autocratic and revengeful, totally indifferent to every feeling or consideration that did not promise personal gain.

If, on the other hand, these qualities are relatively weak and the reasoning faculties combine with strong religious impulses to determine the character, as in the case of Dr. Alcott, we may at once decide that such a person aims and labors to consummate some intellectual and noble purpose in life, the hope of doing good to others—not (alone) to himself, constituting the great incentive to action.

While the head is seen to be comparatively narrow immediately forward and upward from the ear, thus diminishing

both the power and desire to accumulate material wealth, yet in addition to this weakness—a weakness so far as personal profit is concerned, we observe also very large benevolence, which imparts sympathy and feeling for others, and inclines him to bestow even the little he may possess.

Between the two, therefore—large benevolence and small acquisitiveness, we are sure such a man would never shine in commercial or business life where keen competition and sharp bargains are essential to success.

The school room or pulpit is the proper place for this type of character. It is practical and original in ideas, keen in observing, ingenious in adapting means to an end, a deep thinker, thorough, persevering and remarkably conscientious.

His faith in the unseen is very strong, and his religious convictions would exert a powerful influence in shaping his course in life and in moulding the character of others. The large, square jaw corresponds to a splendid development of the back head in the region of combativeness and force, and as firmness is also well marked in the top portion of the back head, there is evidently no lack here of will power, perseverance, and a quiet, refined but grim determination to succeed in spite of every obstacle and difficulty.

His head combines the gifts of the philosopher and student—the thinker and the doer. A volume of thought is expressed by this kind, but serious eye, and shows it is connected to an active brain. In his bearing he would be dignified and hopeful, sociable and considerate in his dealings, and a man whose word could be absolutely depended upon without further evidence.

This is one of the most noticeable and strongest traits of his character, and as a judge his decisions would be remarkable for their clearness and judgment.

It is a matter of regret that we have not more of this class of men in our midst.

Intellectual, clean, honest, moral and energetic—what a world of good they could accomplish at the present time!

Such men do not make shrewd trades-

men; they do not explore new country or build railroads, but they build character, and the moral effect of their example is healthy and stimulating to the highest and noblest attributes of human nature.

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WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D.

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(By John T. Miller.)

In 1861 the American Educator, Henry Barnard, edited a work containing the biographies of America's foremost educators up to that time. From that list we have already presented to the readers of the Character Builder Horace Mann, the educational reformer, and now present another pioneer in the reform of America's public schools. The subject of our sketch was a capable laborer by voice and pen in the cause of popular education. He was especially successful in his labors devoted to moral improvement and health reform.

Dr. Alcott's early education was very meagre, but he early learned to direct his efforts wisely, and reading good books, he acquired the knowledge that made him a very useful citizen. He was a great friend of children, and devoted much of his thought and time to measures that resulted in better methods of teaching them. He established libraries in schools where he taught. His ambition was greater than his strength. Through overwork he brought on pulmonary consumption. He was very successful as a teacher, but in order to improve his own health and labor more effectively as an educator, he pursued a course of medicine, and for forty years devoted much of his time to the practice of that profession. Late in life he wrote a book on the practice of medicine, entitled, "Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders, or the Cogitations of an Aged Physician."

Dr. Alcott became associated with Wm. C. Woodbridge, who had been in Europe studying the educational system of Mr. Fellenberg in Hofwyl, Switzerland, and desired to establish a similar school for teachers in America. Mr. Woodbridge inquired of Dr. Alcott what he considered

the greatest error of modern education. The question of pushing the cultivation of the intellect at the expense of health and morals," was the reply. During the remainder of their lives these two men labored together for the establishment of their ideals. They published the *Journal of Education* and a children's weekly paper called the *Juvenile Rambler*. Dr. Alcott's ideas were half a century in advance of his time. The influence of his work was at first limited to the thinking class of people, but his efforts greatly aided in awakening an interest in better sanitary measures and educational practices. In the year 1832 he wrote a small book for young men, entitled, "*The Young Man's Guide*." This was the first book of its kind, and had an extensive sale. It had a remarkable influence in the moral and physical training of the young men of his time.

In 1833 Dr. Alcott was solicited by Samuel G. Goodrich (Peter Parley) to become the acting editor of his little journal, entitled "*Parley's Magazine*." He held this position four years with great success. He also edited "*The People's Magazine*." In 1834 his book, "*The House I Live In*," was published. "The next year he began the publication of the *Moral Reformer and Teacher in the Human Constitution*." This magazine continued for nine years under the various names of "*Moral Reformer*," "*Library of Health*" and "*Teacher of Health*."

Dr. Alcott's next work was "*The Young Mother*," a work on physical education for home use. It was a work of much value. "*The Young Wife*," "*The Young Husband*," "*The Young Woman's Guide*," "*The Young Housekeeper*," "*The Mother in Her Family*," "*Living on Small Means*," "*The Sabbath School as it Should Be*," "*Confessions of a Schoolmaster*" were among the numerous books he wrote. The books he wrote for juvenile readers were of the highest order. He preserved copies of more than a thousand of his contributions to the periodical press. Among the magazines to which he contributed were the "*Recorder*," "*Watchman*," and "*Traveler*" of Boston,

and the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal."

In his biography of Dr. Alcott, Henry Barnard says: "Probably no living individual has devoted more hours during the last forty years (1860) to education, especially that of the common school and the family, than Dr. Alcott. Not many days have passed during that time, in which he has not performed some labor in that field. Besides his writings, he has also spoken much and often; giving, usually, lectures either on hygiene to the scholars, or on instruction and discipline, mainly for the benefit of teachers."

A little experience that Dr. Alcott once told illustrates his influence and popularity with children. A little boy once came running up to him, saying: "How do you do, Dr. A? When are you coming to see our school again?" "Have I ever visited your school?" was the reply. "Oh, yes, sir; more than a year ago; and you said you would try to come again." "Where is your school?" "Here in West Newton; don't you remember it? You told us about he houses we live in; and about eating green apples; and I have not eaten a green apple since."

In high aspirations, in purity of thought and action; in love for humanity and devotion to the cause of truth few persons have surpassed Dr. William A. Alcott. He was a character that is an honor to his country and deserves to be held up as an example for the young people of any country to emulate. When all shall reach the degree of perfection that he did, we shall be much nearer the period of universal brotherhood and true happiness.

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A great man is a great torrent that sweeps much along with him, and if he be running on to destruction he takes half the world with him on his way to it. Folks stick to a great man like vermin, and if he falls, down comes he and all his vermin together. If a little man makes a false step it concerns but himself. But when a great man stumbles ten thousand must needs stumble with him to be in the fashion.—John Decastro.

## EDITORIAL.

### THE TENDENCY OF EDUCATION.

There is a growing interest in manual training for our boys and girls that promises to become more than a passing educational fad. We believe it will result in a more harmonious development of the youth and will be a much greater aid toward complete living than much that has composed the education of the past. It cannot be successfully denied that much time is still devoted to studies in our schools which might be used otherwise with better results. We are struggling towards a science of education, but are yet far from it in both primary and secondary schools. The real condition is expressed by Dr. Rice in the Forum for September, 1902. He says:

"Although many of the problems concerned in elementary education have confronted the world for centuries, and many great thinkers and practical educators have endeavored to aid in their solution, the entire field is still involved in uncertainty and indefiniteness. We have opinions innumerable, but no facts are at hand in support of our opinions. Educators are divided into creeds; and while the members of the same creed are frequently in harmony with one another, and sometimes form a mutual admiration society, there is not a single point on which the different creeds themselves agree. It may be said, therefore, without any exaggeration, that up to the present time the science of pedagogy has been in its entirety a structure based on no stronger formation than one of opinions."

This chaotic condition is due to the imperfect systems of psychology that have been used as the foundations for educational systems. Our theories are usually in advance of our practice. The aim of education should be a well developed, harmonious character. In practice the primary schools prepare for the high schools or academies; the high schools,

for college; the college, for the university. The welfare of the many who do not pass beyond the public schools is often sacrificed for the few who attend higher institutions of learning. Among those who do not pass beyond the eighth grade there is a large percent who do not continue their education after leaving school, the result is that they make very little use of what they learned at school. Those who pass beyond the grades do not always devote their time to studies that will give them the best discipline, or the most valuable information. It is not uncommon for students in higher institutions of learning to break down physically while devoting most of their time to dead languages and higher mathematics for which they will have very little use in life.

Quite a sensation has been caused during the past year by a book written by Mary MacLane, a graduate of the high school of Butte, Montana. The book contains the frank confessions of her life. While the book contains nothing of an immoral or obscene nature, it has, nevertheless, been excluded from public libraries, and the young author was refused admittance to some eastern colleges where she applied, because she wrote the book. In her confessions she says: "I graduated from the high school with these things: very good Latin; good French and Greek; indifferent geometry and other mathematics; a broad conception of history and literature; peripatetic philosophy that I acquired without any aid from the high school; genius of a kind, that has always been with me; an empty heart that has taken on a certain wooden quality; an excellent strong young woman's body; a pitifully starved soul."

Many other graduates might make a similar confession, except that they could not boast of "an excellent strong young woman's body." Of what use will the



Latin, Greek, French and geometry be to Mary MacLane and the host of other young Americans who are sacrificing the best part of life to these studies? Fashion dictates in education as it does in dress and in every day life. It is quite consoling to know that we are in fashion. A short course in some other language will help one in his own, but there is much waste of energy in that direction. "Mental discipline" is the argument made in behalf of these studies, but the mind will be as well disciplined by other studies that will be more helpful in life. In our high school courses it is possible for a student to take four years in ancient and foreign languages, and four years in higher mathematics. No course is offered for the study of mind. Hygiene and sanitary science, or the studies that teach how to live healthy lives, are not mentioned. No course is offered in moral education, which might develop in the student high moral ideals. In physiology there is an optional course of two hours a week for one year. It may be truthfully said that the student will know something about everything but himself when he graduates. By pursuing such a course of education we cannot hope to make the progress we should in stamping out disease, vice and crime.

There is a danger confronting us which must be overcome. There is too strong a tendency to measure education in money value. How much money is there in it? is the question too often asked. The commercial colleges that are springing up all over the country are, in some instances, sending out young people with a smattering of two or three studies and a false impression that they are educated. It is possible for a student of short-hand or typewriting to develop into a mere machine; while these practical arts might properly form a part of a more complete education, when studied apart from other branches, they are a very imperfect education, and may make a mere machine of the possessor. The object of true education should be the proper development of all the powers of the mind and the organs of the body. With improved opportunities of education, vice, crime and disease should diminish rapidly.

We do not believe that popular education can justly be blamed for all the defects of society. A recent criticism offered by President Eliot of Harvard University points out the defects of society, but other educational factors besides the school should receive a share of the blame for present conditions. We copy some of President Eliot's statements from the "Literary Digest."

Under the title of "Is Popular Education a Failure," Dr. Eliot said, before the Connecticut State Teachers' Association:

"For more than two generations we have been struggling with the barbarous vice of drunkenness, but have not yet discovered a successful method of dealing with it. The legislation of the states has been variable and in moral significance uncertain.

"In some of the states of the Union we have been depending on prohibitory legislation, but the intelligence of the people has been insufficient, either to enforce such legislation or to substitute better.

"The persistence of gambling in the United States is another disappointing thing to the advocates of popular education, for gambling is an extraordinary unintelligent form of pleasurable excitement. It is a prevailing vice among all savage people, but one which a moderate cultivation of the intelligence, a very little foresight, and the least sense of responsibility should be sufficient to eradicate.

"It must be confessed that the results of universal suffrage are not in all respects what we should have expected from a people supposed to be prepared at school for an intelligent exercise of suffrage. We have discovered from actual observation that universal suffrage often produces bad government, especially in large cities.

"It is a reproach to popular education: that the gravest crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the United States, in the older states as well as in the new, by individuals and by mobs, and with a large measure of impunity. The population produces a considerable number of burglars, robbers, rioters,

lynchers, and murderers, and is not intelligent enough either to suppress or exterminate these criminals.

"The nature of the daily reading matter supplied to the American public, too, affords much ground for discouragement in regard to the results thus far obtained by the common schools. Since one invaluable result of education is a taste for good reading, the purchase by the people of thousands of tons of ephemeral reading matter which is not good in either form or substance, shows that one great end of popular education has not been attained.

"A similar unfavorable inference concerning popular education may be drawn from the quality of the popular theatres of today. The popular taste is for trivial spectacles, burlesque, vulgar vaudeville, extravaganza and melodrama, and the stage often presents to unmoved audiences scenes and situations of an unwholesome sort.

Americans are curiously subject to medical delusions; because they easily fall victims to that commonest of fallacies, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. They are the greatest consumers of patent medicines in the known world, and the most credulous patrons of all sorts of 'medicine men' and women, and of novel healing arts."

#### LECTURES ON HEALTH AND PERSONAL PURITY.

We are pleased to learn that our friend and fellow-teacher, Charles H. Embley of Centerfield, Utah, is delivering lectures in some Utah towns on the vital subjects of health and personal purity. His experience in the school room and abroad has qualified him for this important work. In every community throughout the country there is need for such work. Prevention is better than cure, but financially there is not much encouragement in the prevention of vice and disease. We trust that all who have an opportunity to listen to these lectures will do so. This important work demands the combined efforts of all good citizens. We wish our friend Embley the success that his efforts so richly deserve,

#### TWO SOCIAL EVILS.

Evil usually comes from perverting good things. Every bad deed is the abuse of some good power. In recreation and social enjoyments good things are sometimes carried to such an extreme that they become social evils. This may be truthfully said of dancing and banqueting in some communities. Holidays that should be an occasion for thanksgiving are often devoted to gluttony and drunkenness. Dancing is often carried to such an extreme that it becomes a source of physical weakness, and even disease. Scientific dancing may produce health, gracefulness and proper social enjoyment, but much of the dancing that is indulged in is not scientific, and is often indulged in to excess.

Banquets and dances do not appeal to the higher nature. From the earliest periods of the world's history they were indulged in by people who lived a mere vegetative life. It is an indication of higher development for people to meet in a social capacity and indulge in an intellectual feast than to meet merely to gratify appetite. If refreshments are served in social gatherings to take the place of a regular meal, there is no objection, except the extra amount of work in preparing and serving, but when three full meals are eaten and a large supply of indigestible things taken into the system when the body does not require them, nature's laws are violated and the system becomes filled with impurities. Such gratification stands in the way of the social enjoyment that brings into activity the higher mental powers. Indigestion is the most common disease in the land, and is due mainly to improper habits of eating and bad foods.

It is customary in some parts of the country to serve only lemonade or other light refreshments at social gatherings, and the time is devoted to intellectual enjoyment. This example might profitably be followed by those who view social enjoyment mainly from physical gratification. There is too much of a tendency to develop the social brain in the stomach and in the heels.

## ANOTHER SOCIAL EVIL.

Loafing has not one feature about it to recommend it to intelligent people. Wasting time is the worst kind of extravagance, and yet there are persons in every community who loaf and idle away their time from morning till night during the entire winter. Even in the summer time men may be found in public loafing places idling away their time. The waste of time is not the only bad feature about loafing. The conversation in these loafing places is often of such a nature as to poison the minds of the young loafers who are present. In this way vice and crime are fostered. We invite the readers of the Character Builder to take up a labor with the loafers and convert them to the reading of good books that their thoughts may be elevated and their lives transformed. The best part of life is lost by those who cannot appreciate anything higher than the mere physical wants, such as food, clothing and shelter. Most loafers acquire the habit because it is common, not counting the cost of such a waste of time. They do not value time as much as did the man who lamented the loss of two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. Let us labor in kindness to help the loafer make better use of his time.

## WHY BE PROUD?

If you would know of what frail stuff  
you're made,  
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead.  
There rest the bones of kings; there tyrants rot;  
There sleep the rich, the noble and the wise;  
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form,  
All dust alike, return to the common mass.  
Reflect on these, and in them see yourself.  
—Menander, Greek poet, 320 B. C.

So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs.—Ex.

## THE COMING MAN OF THE WORLD.

Oh, not for the great departed  
Who formed our country's laws,  
And not for the bravest-hearted  
Who died in freedom's cause;  
And not for some living hero,  
To whom all bend the knee,  
My muse shall raise her song of praise,  
But for the Man to be.

For out of the strife which women  
Are passing through today,  
A man that is more than human  
Shall surely be born, I say;  
A man in whose pure spirit  
No dross of self will lurk,  
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,  
A Man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted,  
A man with God-like power,  
Shall come when he is wanted,  
Shall come at the needed hour.  
He shall silence the din and clamor  
Of clan disputing clan,  
And toil's long fight with purse-proud  
might  
Shall triumph through this Man.

I know he is coming, coming,  
To help, to guide, to save,  
Though I hear no martial drumming  
And see no flags that wave,  
But the great soul-travail of woman,  
And the bold, free thought unfurled,  
And heralds that say he is on the way,  
The coming Man of the world.

Mourn not for the vanished ages  
With their grand, heroic men,  
Who dwell in history's pages  
And live in the poet's pen.  
For the grandest times are before us,  
And the world is yet to see  
The noblest work of this old earth  
In the Men that are to be.

The library of congress now contains 1,114,000 volumes, of which 173,000 are duplicates. The library employs 290 persons. Fiction supplied only 11 per cent of the books called for by readers.

## Physical and Moral Education.

JOHN T. MILLER,

*Professor of Physiology in the Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City.*

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-man, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—Daniel Webster.

### MAKING A MAN.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,  
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;  
Off with his baby clothes, get him in  
pants,  
Feed him on brain-food and make him  
advance;  
Hustle him soon as he's able to walk,  
Into a grammar school; cram him with  
talk.

Fill his poor head full of figures and  
facts;  
Keep on a-jamming them till it cracks.  
Once boys grew up at a rational rate;  
Now we develop a man while you wait.  
Rush him through college, compel him to  
grab  
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.

Get him in business, and after the cash,  
All by the time he can grow a mustache;  
Let him forget he was ever a boy,  
Make gold his god, and its jingle his joy;  
Keep him a hustling and clear out of  
breath,  
Until he wins—nervous prostration and  
death.

—Nixon Waterman in Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

### THE LEAD PENCIL EVIL.

"Just take notice when any one uses a lead pencil. Almost invariably it is put into the month, first one end and then the other. Into the mouth over and over again. A lady picks up a lead pencil in a public office or when the messenger

boy calls, and before she uses it she sticks it in her mouth. The same pencil has been in mouth after mouth all day, every day. The lady may be ever so refined and fastidious, but slap goes the end of the pencil right into her mouth.

The one who used it before may have been a besotted sore-mouthed, dirty creature. No one stops to think of this. Who can imagine a nastier, filthier habit than to stick the end of the lead pencil into the mouth. It is bad enough to use one's own lead pencil in this way. The notion seems to be that the pencil writes better after it has been put in the mouth. Children actually think they must first wet the end of the pencil before they can work with it. Then the habit is formed. The habit continues. We pass it down from generation to generation.

Think of the folly of that person who has sucked eight or ten public pencils and is afraid to ride in a street car lest some contagious disease be contracted. These are the very people who cross over the way when they see the sign of diphtheria over a door. Such people are not liable to die of brain fever. Softening of the brain is not in their line." MEDICAL TALK.

### SICK FARMERS.

The following remarks of a physician were recently published in the *Youth's Companion*. They are true, and should be studied by the farming community. There is no reason why farmers should not be the healthiest of people, as theirs is the healthiest occupation. Yet, it is

a fact that many of them, in this country, have to come into town for their fresh fruit and vegetables.

"A physician who had resided in a small town for nearly a quarter of a century, and had accumulated a competence, was in a reminiscent frame one day, and said to a friend:

"It may seem strange to you, but three-fourths of my practice is among the farmers living within a radius of ten miles around this town. I have traveled every road and lane in this neighborhood hundreds of times, and know every foot of them. Farmers ought to be the healthiest people alive, but there is somebody sick in their families nearly all the time. They habitually eat too much. Their systems become clogged, and instead of starving themselves, well, they send for the doctor."

"Why don't you tell them so?" asked the friend.

"I used to do so, but it offended them, and they dismissed me and sent for some other doctor. So, in many cases, I have given them mild medicine and told them they must eat little or nothing for two or three days, in order to give the medicine a chance to take effect. Town people overeat, too, mind you, but for reasons easily explained, they don't eat as much or as hearty food as the farmer and his family do. By the way, Chester," he said, turning to his office assistant, who had just come in, "didn't Uncle Hank Roughrider, just south of town, kill his hogs two or three days ago?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chester.

"I'll have a call to attend a case of malaria or something of the sort in that family from eating too much sausage and pigs' feet inside of twenty-four hours," predicted the physician.

"And even as he spoke, Uncle Hank Roughrider drove up to the office, tied his horses to the hitching post and hurriedly came in."—Health Culture.

#### SANITATION, NOT DRUGS.

We have before us the latest volume of vital statistics of the United States census office. It contains a great many inter-

esting facts. We will mention one:

Twenty-two states, selected from the middle and eastern states, show special improvement in the death rate. The number of deaths in proportion to the inhabitants has shown a marked increase in the last ten years. Each one of these twenty-two states has assigned what they believe to be the cause of improvement. It is not the discovery of any new drug that has accomplished this. It is not the invention of any new surgical operation that gets the credit. Sanitation has done it all. An itemized account of the particular sanitary regulations gleaned from these reports is as follows:

Laying of new pavements, cleaning of streets, filtered water supply, extension of water mains. Discontinuance of the use of wells, extension of sewer system, improved water supply, improved sewerage, abolition of the old vault system, substitution of water closets, additional public parks, purifying the water supply, removing or draining stagnant ponds, supervision of milk supply, improved plumbing, extension of asphalt or granite pavements. One or more of these items appear in each report. A few of the reports refer to fumigation and quarantine. Only one refers to compulsory vaccination as being one of the causes of improvement. This one is the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a notable fact that the city of Buffalo had more trouble with smallpox than all the rest. This is the way compulsory vaccination works.—Medical Brief.

#### ABUSE OF DRUGS BY THE LAITY.

(Dr. V. P. Armstrong, Dallas, Texas.)

In no field of human endeavor has a more radical change come or a more distinctly new regime succeeded another than in the domain of preventive medicine. Questions that were supposed to be settled by the doctors thirty years ago, though settled upon a mere theoretical basis, have, by later efforts of a more enlightened profession, been demonstrated as not settled at all. What was accepted as authority yesterday is today put away in the lumber room of discard-

ed theories, utterly worthless and unworthy of serious consideration. "Authorities" are held in less esteem than ever before in the history of medicine. It is recognized that there is no authority but truth, that should an imp of his satanic majesty come to earth and enunciate a truth, that is authority. Contrariwise, if an ambassador should come from the heavenly court and tell a lie, that is not authority. The ipse dixit of no man is accepted today by the medical world unless his works are founded on logical demonstrations. All educated physicians of this time either come from or through Missouri. "You must show them."

The departments of medicine that have made the greatest progress during the last decade are surgery and preventive medicine. Along these two lines work has been accomplished that will survive throughout the circling zones of the earth as long as the world rolls round or light or heat comes from the solar system. The average life of mankind has been lengthened three years during the last fifty years.

Surgery has invaded with impunity every cavity of the body and under ideal asepsis (which simply means cleanliness) the surgeon of today, without compunction or hesitation, and with wonderful results, rushes in "where angels fear to tread," but the writer desires to emphasize the fact that entirely too much surgery is being indulged in. Every tyro who can locate his own heart jumps into the arena of surgery, and, brandishing his bloody knife, attracts the attention of the gullible and unthinking world, and his surgery is the opprobrium of the medical age. The graves of his victims carpet the earth so that no man can number them, but this in no way detracts from the glory of the real surgeon, he who is thoroughly grounded in a knowledge of the causes, indications and technique of surgery, sustained both by a conscientious regard for his patient's life and rights and by an abiding faith in an avenging God if he sheds a drop of human blood except to save.

But what shall be said of the laity and their requirements of the medical profes-

sion? I am not unmindful of the truth that the doctors are responsible for the innumerable absurdities that have taken hold of the public mind, and for their child-like faith in the all-sufficiency of the curative properties of drugs. Truth is a laggard; falsehood will travel a hundred miles while truth is getting a start. Too much has been claimed for drugs, and it will be well with the people when they have come to understand that no bottle ever did contain or ever will contain the elixir of life. To change an organically diseased condition into a healthy one has always been and will forever remain beyond the power of therapeutics. To illustrate, if an eye is gone, it cannot be restored; if a finger is off, it cannot be replaced; if a heart valve is destroyed, it cannot be revived. If a brain cell, a kidney cell, a liver cell or the normal physiological condition of any viscera has been organically destroyed, all the drugs that have been compounded since the beginning of the world have not the power to restore it, so the reader can well understand the material difference between a diseased organ and a deranged function. For the first we can do practically nothing of a curative nature; for the second, we can assist nature who may restore the function. From a misconception of the purpose and limitation of drugs, the laity has been inveigled into the belief that drugs are all powerful, and depending upon such erroneous idea, they have proceeded for generations to dope, drug and swill medicine until it has become necessary to furnish 300,000 doctors to prescribe and \$350,000,000 invested capital to supply the medicines that the people demand. It takes more money to furnish the drugs for imaginary ills than it does to run the regular machinery of the national government along economical lines. There is hardly a dining room in America that has not a dose glass and a bottle of medicine. The people want medicine for bald head and gray hair, to make fat and lose fat, to make them sleep and to keep them awake, to make them drunk and to sober them up, revitalize and devitalize. They take medicine to warm them up and to cool them off, to stay the ravages of

age and to stop the coloring of the yellow leaf; medicine to bleach, medicine to take wrinkles out, medicine to make them tough and medicine to make them tender, medicine to soothe and medicine to stimulate. Six hundred millions of anti-constipation pills are sold yearly in America, though every intelligent physician knows that no drug ever heard of can do anything for the habit except to make it worse. People want love powders and hoodo drops. It is a fad as wide as the horizon of human hope. Rich and poor, wise and foolish, lean and fat, black and white, large and small, sick and healthy, want drugs rubbed in and on them, with needles, injections, by the mouth, by plasters, salves, tablets, pills and tinctures.

Finally, I believe the world will be peopled by a race made up of copper stomachs on stilts, with spoons and troughs where they may stand from cradle to grave and guzzle and swill till kingdom come.

Better that they throw medicine to the dogs and have none of it than to be forever destroying every normal and vital function by medicine prescribed without any definite idea of the indications or their effect.

The strenuous life has filled America with dyspeptics and neuromatics and a vicious idea among mothers to curtail the number of children has filled our land with suffering and incurable women. There is no remedy in the drug store for these people. Remove the cause and the effect will subside. Every day I am asked for medicine for teething babies. Teething has no more to do with making a baby sick than the color of its hair.

People everywhere, when not feeling well, should surround themselves with better sanitary and hygienic conditions, with comforts such as are now within reach of all, cool water, pure water and screens, less meat, more well cooked and wholesome vegetables, a season of rest every year, come what may; less whisky more sleep, fewer crimes against the home, purer lives, less work and more play, and an absolute rejection of the strenuous life.

It is queer how people will accept the

example of any important personage and act upon his advice. Roosevelt tells us to step lively, and immediately every fool gets a move on him, never stopping to question the correctness of his judgment, remembering not that a prize fighter, base ball player, oarsman, football champion, or general athlete seldom lives beyond 40. On the other hand King William, Von Moltke, Bismarck, Gladstone, Franz Joseph, Pope Leo, Queen Victoria, Beaconsfield, Li Hung Chang, the present prime minister of England, Oom Paul, William M. Evarts, Russell Sage, Senator Morrill, and countless others, not one of whom ever did a day's physical labor, all lived to be from 80 to 100 years of age. We must take this story about Gladstone cutting the wood, as we do Washington and his hatchet, *cum grano salis*.

Twenty-seven years of active practice has convinced me that if I had only written prescriptions for those who really needed medicine, and for whom medicine unaided could really have been curative, they could not have been one-tenth of one per cent of the total.

Whisky, Genito-urinary troubles, the inter-marrying of the moral degenerates and the mentally and physically defective, will vindicate by and by, the teaching, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."—Farm and Ranch, Dallas, Texas.

Overcrowding is the motto of the day. The factories are overcrowded. The theaters are overcrowded. The tenements are overcrowded. The only reason why one does not say that the street cars are overcrowded is that they are something worse. All such overcrowdings, however, are sparseness and loneliness compared with the overcrowding of the bar. In 1891 there were 58 law schools, with 6,073 students. Now, according to an estimate made by Professor Huffcutt of Cornell, there are 120 schools, with 14,000 students. Meanwhile the number of full-fledged lawyers in the United States is said by the statisticians to be about 114,000. No other profession, with the exception of teaching and of medicine, is so populous.—Chicago Tribune.

## Our Little Folks.

### HOW TO TELL THE TIME.

(W. W. Whitelock, in Leslie's Monthly for October.)

I've just learned how to tell the time,  
My mother taught me to,  
And if you think you would like to learn,  
I think I might teach you;  
At first, though, it's as hard as fun,  
And makes you twist and turn,  
And mother says there are folks,  
Big folks, that never learn.

"You stand before the clock, just so,  
And start right at the top;  
That is twelve o'clock, and when you  
reach  
The little hand, you stop;  
Now, that is the hour, but you have got  
To watch what you are about,  
Because the hardest part is to come,  
To find the minutes out.

"You go right back again to where  
You started from, and see  
How far the minute hand is away,  
Like this—you are watching me?—  
And when you have found the minute  
hand,  
You multiply by five—  
And then you've got the time of day,  
As sure as you are alive.

"There are folks, I know, who say that  
they  
Don't have to count that way;  
That they can tell by just a glance  
At any time of day;  
But I don't believe any fibs like that,  
Because, if that were true,  
My mother would know it, but she  
showed  
Me like I am showing you."

The reason that people like prize fights  
is because they have been educated to  
worship physical heroes.

### A HOME-MADE CLOCK.

The small boy had sprained his ankle,  
and while he was waiting for it to mend  
the hours passed with terrible slowness.  
An ingenious uncle hit upon a plan for  
amusing the boy, and at the same time  
sparing the mother from constant inter-  
ruptions.

"Please, mamma, what time is it?"  
asked Johnnie.

His mother sighed as she pulled out her  
watch.

"I believe," she said, "this is the twen-  
tieth time you've asked me this morning.  
It's fifteen minutes past 9."

Johnnie began thinking about his  
skates and the perfect ice down on the  
pond, and the situation became intoler-  
able.

"What time is it now, mamma?" he  
asked.

"It is twenty-five minutes past nine,  
Johnnie. And now you must really let  
me sew a little."

Just then Uncle Dick strolled into the  
room.

"Let's make a clock of our own," said  
he, "then you won't have to bother your  
mother all the time. Take this pencil  
and paper." He looked at his watch. "It  
is exactly half-past nine, and the long  
ray from that south window has just  
touched the edge of the rug in front of  
the grate."

That item was written down.

"Now, at a quarter before ten we will  
make another record and so on every fif-  
teen minutes."

Uncle Dick lent Johnnie his watch, and  
Johnnie spent the rest of the day filling  
out his record. As there was a west win-  
dow in the room, as well as a south one,  
the record lasted all day long. This was  
what Johnnie proudly showed his uncle  
in the evening:

3:15 p. m.—Sun reaches southwest leg  
of the center table.



3:30 p. m.—Sun has got to the first knob on the table-leg.

3:45 p. m.—Sun shines on glass paper weight on the table.

4:00 p. m.—Sun is in mamma's eyes, but she dared not pull down the shade for fear I'll begin to ask what time it is."

4:15 p. m.—Sun has climbed up the wall to the picture of Queen Victoria.

4:30 p. m.—Sun has just touched Queen Victoria's nose.

4:45 p. m.—Sun has just reached the picture moulding.

5:00 p. m.—Sun has set.

Luckily the next day and the next were also sunny, and Johnnie scorned to ask what time it was. All he had to do was to observe the position of the sunshine in his room and then consult his record. Not until a rainy day came did he find that his timepiece was not always to be depended upon. By that time the lame ankle was well enough to allow him to hobble down to the parlor, where stood the cuckoo-clock.—Selected.

#### A SPIDER STORY.

One chilly day I was left at home alone, and, after I was tired of reading "Robinson Crusoe," I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with.

Funny playmate, wasn't it?

Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running around to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run around the stick and try the other side; and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he was going to shout for a boat and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put treacle on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went

slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass; and suddenly a thought appears to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and began playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another and turned around two or three times.

He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this: That the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it were strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore.

I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in the woodshed again.—Hearth.

#### QUEER THINGS.

A clock can run, but cannot walk;  
My shoe has a tongue, but cannot talk;  
A comb has teeth, but has no mouth;  
A north wind blows the smoke straight south.

Bottles have necks, but have no heads;  
And pins have heads, but have no necks;  
And needles have to hold their threads  
Right in their eyes—how it must vex;

If I were needle, comb or shoe,  
I never should know what to do;  
My head is really in a whirl,  
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—Bertha E. Bush, in Presbyterian.

Any boy who learns the English language as it is spoken today and becomes acquainted with the nations as they exist now, with enough knowledge of science to be able to appreciate the wonderful things that are happening every day, such a boy will find his time all taken up without exhuming the corrupt influences of ancient history and dead languages.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

The "Mormon Monster," by Edgar E. Folk, A. M., D.D, with an introduction by George A. Lofton, D. D. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago. Price \$2.00. For sale by F. B. Sinix, 314 Keller Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The cover of the book is decorated by an octopus containing in gilt letters "The Mormon Monster." The author has affectionately dedicated this volume "to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity, and who believe in the purity of the Home." The book is endorsed by a number of the leading pastors of Salt Lake City. At the close of the preface the author asks that God's blessings may rest upon the volume. The Reverend gentleman who wrote the introduction cut and slashed the various denominations that do not see as he does. He says: "The demons of Spritualism, "Theosophy, Christion Science, Adventism, Faith Cure, Holiness, Socialism and the like are everywhere posing in the name of Christ and Christianity."

The author of the book spent *nearly two weeks* in Salt Lake City studying the Mormon question, and had read about that peculiar people for five months before writing his book. He has the photograph of John Taylor above the name of Wilford Woodruff, and has associated the photograph of Wilford Woodruff with the name of John Taylor. The vices depicted in the book are common to all Christendom. If the author would look around him he could find them in his own community. As far as we are able to judge the book is a rehash of old statements. From the financial standpoint it may be a success. A book of 372 pages bound in cloth should be very profitable at \$2.00 per copy. But we fail to find anything in the book that would inspire anybody or lead one nearer to true Christmas ideals. It is written in a spirit of antagonism and not one of brotherly love. It belongs to a by-gone age of secterian controversy. There is nothing in its contents that will build

character. It is most suitable for a museum collection and will be an evidence to future generations of the secterian bigotry and bitterness that prevailed at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Vaught's Practical Character Reader, by L. A. Vaught, editor of Human Faculty. Published by the author at 130 Dearborn St., Chicago. Price \$1.00.

This is one of the most original works on character reading that has been written. The numerous illustrations in the book are mainly original with the author. We do not agree with the author in all his deductions but recommend the book to all who desire to know themselves and their fellow beings better. The author says truthfully: "The most marvelous fact in all history and in human life today is the extreme ignorance of the majority of the world's teachers concerning the constitution of human nature."

Again he says: "A human being is a harp of forty-two totally different strings. All of the music and discord of human association is performed on these strings. They are elemental strings. They never wear out. If played upon properly they grow stronger instead of weaker. In this they are unlike the strings of all other musical instruments. Their power is in action.

"These strings can be developed. They are not in an equal degree of strength at birth. If they were, all would naturally be in tune. The majority of the human family are out of tune. These strings are not in harmony; they do not in many cases work in unison. They constitute, however, the most wonderful instrument in existence. We should know them more fully even than we know the strings of any man-made instrument. We should know how to handle them properly."

Any work that will aid in better knowing self should be welcomed. The author of the work before us has had much practical experience in the study of character and should be able to speak with authority.

**BROTHERHOOD.**

(By Edward Markham.)

The crest and crowning of all good,  
 Life's final star, is Brotherhood;  
 For it will bring again to Earth  
 Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;  
 Will send new light on every face,  
 A kingly power upon the race,  
 And till it comes, we men are slaves,  
 And travel downward to the dust of  
 graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the  
 way;  
 Blind creeds and kings have had their  
 day,  
 Our hope is in the aftermath—  
 Our hope is in heroic men,  
 Star-led to build the world again.  
 To this Event the ages ran;  
 Make way for Brotherhood—make  
 way for Man.

**A WRONG NOTION OF PROGRESS.**

Progress is not movement, but improvement. Its measure is not the ground passed over, but what has been gained in passing. There are people who imagine that, so long as they are going from one thing to another, they are progressing; and there is probably no greater hindrance to advancement than the modern habit of dropping the latest method, or idea, or machine, for the next that comes in sight. Many persons who have all the latest methods at their fingers' ends are making no more progress than did the little girl who tried hard to gather a bouquet, but dropped a flower every time she reached out to pluck a new one. True progress consists in bringing forward from yesterday the good of yesterday, and adding to the store the good of today.—Sunday School Times.

The abuse of the billboard has gone to a great length. In a majority of cases that come under my observation the pictures advertising the theatrical shows are, as a rule, artistically abominable and morally offensive. They abound in coarse and

brutal bar room scenes, in representations of murder and theft, in figures of repulsive ugliness and indecency. What a sense of shame and humiliation they create in the mind of every decent man and every modest woman—such outrageous descriptions of the sanctities of human life!—Unity.

**REALISM IN SERMONS.**

At the church of San Carlo, in Naples, last Sunday, a sermon was preached on "Hell." The purpose was to impress the congregation with the horrors of the bad place, and to this end the church was darkened, and at proper points in the sermon men touched off red fire, burned sulphur, rattled chains, howled, and otherwise made the scene as realistic as possible. The ignorant congregation became panic-stricken with fear, and finally made a rush for the doors, many being injured. A police order against such sermons has now been issued.

**THE NEW DAY.**

(By Rev. Edward E. Hale.)

Men will not be content to live every man for himself, nor to die every man for himself. In work, in art, in study, in trade—in all life, indeed—the children of God, called by a Savior's voice, will wish to live in the common cause. They will live for the common wealth—this is the modern phrase. They will bear each other's burdens—this is the phrase of Paul. They will live the life of Love. And it will prove true, as it was promised, that all things are added to the community which thus seeks the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;  
 But we build the ladder by which we  
 rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
 skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by  
 round.

—John Gilbert Holland.

## AN EDUCATION—WHAT KIND?

Everybody is bound to get some kind of an education, either good, bad or indifferent. The only way to prevent a human being from getting an education is to shut him up in a dungeon, where he can neither see nor hear.

If a boy runs on the street, he will get a street education; if he hangs around saloons, he will get a saloon education. One's education comes from his environment, and it is going on all the time, except when he is asleep.—Columbia College Journal.

## SUCKERS.

The suckers do the labor and the fakirs get the pay;  
 The suckers do the voting and the fakirs hold the sway;  
 The suckers raise the crops, and the fakirs fix the price,  
 They gamble on the markets and get the biggest slice;  
 The fakirs take the harvest, the suckers hold the bag;  
 The fakirs dress in broadcloth and the suckers chew the rag;  
 The suckers feed the cow, the fakirs take the milk;  
 The suckers feed the silk worms, the fakirs take the silk;  
 The suckers build the mansions, the fakirs own the same;  
 The suckers make the fortunes, but are not in the game;  
 The suckers furnish wealth with which the fakirs buy;  
 The suckers are bakers, the fakirs eat the pie;  
 The suckers make the fabrics, the fakirs run the mills;  
 The fakirs have the pleasure, the suckers foot the bills;  
 The fakirs have the feasts, the suckers get the crusts;  
 The suckers pay the prices, the fakirs run the trusts;  
 The suckers are the workers;  
 The fakirs are the shirkers;  
 The suckers are the wealth-makers;  
 The fakirs are the wealth takers;

And this is why I say  
 There are on the earth today  
 Just the classes and the masses,  
 And the masses are the prey;  
 Just the ones who do the toil  
 And the ones who take the spoil;  
 And the spoilers do the toilers in the same old way.

—Anonymous.

Wall street arithmetic:

10 mills make one trust,  
 10 trusts make one combine,  
 10 combines make one merger,  
 10 mergers make one magnate,  
 1 magnate makes all the money.  
 —Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Webster—You ought to do something for that cold of yours. A neglected cold often leads to serious consequences.

Poss—This one isn't neglected. Four or five hundred of my friends are looking after it.—Health.

"What profession do you follow?"

"The medical profession."

"Ah, then you are a doctor."

"Oh, no; I'm an undertaker."

Why? If Robert Fitzsimmons had stuck to his legitimate trade of blacksmithing, and had become as celebrated for his ability to hammer iron as he has in pounding his fellow-men, he would never have been wined and dined by members of society. The thin veneer of civilization and refinement is everlastingly peeling off and exposing the native savage underneath. There is something brutal in most men waiting an opportunity to crop out.—Philadelphia North American.

Who knows? Perhaps some life lived simply, holy,

Unknown to fame, and held as valueless;

Working for God in ways obscure and lowly,

May wear the crown, wield the scepter of success.

Mrs. M. C. Allen.

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Child Culture, N. N. Riddell,	}	50c
Educational Problems, J. T. Miller,		
School and Fireside, Maeser,	\$1.50	\$2, \$2.50
A Child of Light, Riddell,	-	2.00
The New Man, Riddell,	-	25c
Human Nature Explained, Riddell,		1.50

Woman and Health, Dr. M. A. Fairchild	2.50
Health in The Household, Dr Dodds	00
Hygienic Medicine, Ross,	00
Vital Science, Robt Walter, M. D.	1 50
A Manual of Mental Science, Fowler,	1 00
The Temperament, Jacques,	1 50

New Physiology, Wells,	3 00
Brain and Mind, Drayton & McNiell,	1 50
The Constitution of Man, Geo. Combe	1 25
Choice of Pursuits, Nelson Sizer,	2 00
Expression, Sir Chas. Bell,	1 00
Life and Works of Horace Man, 5 vols.,	12 50
Hydropathic Encyclopedia, Trall,	4 00
Human Science, Fowler, 33, and	3 75
Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling,	

Wood-Allen,	1 00
The Diet Cure, Nichols, F A S.,	25c and 50c.
The Well Dressed Woman, Mrs Ecob,	1 00
Womanly Beauty, twenty authors,	1 00
Hygienic Treatment of Consumption,	
Holbrook,	2 00
True Manhood, Shepherd, \$1 00. For	
Girls, Shepherd,	1 00
A Plain Talk to Boys, Riddell,	10c



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This article is not an imitation or "similar" to anything already on the market, but is strictly

## **SOMETHING NEW**

for the reason the bitterness that is objectionable in other substitutes for coffee or tea is overcome in this instance, and PIONEER FOOD COFFEE surpasses all previous attempts to combine a DELICIOUS AND PALATABLE BEVERAGE with a highly nutritious food.

There is no CHICORY, PULVERIZED TOAST, etc., in PIONEER FOOD COFFEE.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY PACKAGE to be absolutely free from adulteration, only the admittedly healthful products of nature being used, and its wholesome properties, its flavor, and price, remove the last excuse for using tea and coffee which ruin the digestion and shatter the nerves.

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# THE CHARACTER BUILDER

VOL. III

MARCH, 1903.

No. 11

## A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Beginning with this number, the Character Builder will contain forty-eight pages each month, instead of thirty-two as heretofore. This change is necessary in order to furnish sufficient space for the various departments in the magazine. The subscription price of the Character Builder will remain at 50 cents a year. This sum should always be paid in advance. Each month there is a bill due for paper, typesetting, printing, stitching, trimming, etc. We must pay Uncle Sam in advance for conveying the magazines to you. If you will remit promptly when you are notified that your subscription has expired, the Character Builder will become self-supporting. Fifty cents is a small sum, but when several hundred renew in one month the small sums amount to considerable. The publishers of this magazine have not only given their time freely to make it a success, but have contributed of their means for its support. Its success is now assured, but we desire to see it become a more effective messenger of truth each month. The encouraging letters that come to us continually show that many are as interested in the success of the Character Builder as we are. An effort will be made to keep the magazine at a high standard in order to make it worthy of a place in every home. Each number will contain photographs of children with remarks that will be helpful in child culture. Suggestions on Homemaking will be a permanent feature. The departments for "Boys and Girls" and for "Our Little Ones" will be enlarged. We desire to give the information that is most needed. If any of you have a burning thought on any phase of human culture send it in and it will receive due consideration. We desire to be co-laborers with

you in humanity's cause. Our aim is to do as much good and as little harm as possible. If any mistakes are made we are always desirous of correcting them.

## HUMANE DAY.

In this age of fashions it has become fashionable to set apart one day in the year for instructions on kindness to birds and other lower animals. We are in full sympathy with every effort that is being made to give animals their rights, but have little confidence in a movement that is all talk and no practice. Some of the Sunday school teachers who go before their classes on Humane day and talk very eloquently to their pupils about kindness to animals, wear the skeletons of the most beautiful birds on their hats day after day during the entire winter. Our school teachers are supposed to teach kindness to animals, but some of them are guilty of the same inconsistency. Example is the great teacher. We have too much preaching and not enough practice; too much precept and not enough good example to make the progress in a moral way that is consistent with the rapid intellectual and material progress of our time.

While we are expressing our sympathy for our fellow creatures, the lower animals, let us not forget the sufferings that human beings inflict upon themselves and upon each other. Many persons who are humane in their treatment of cats, dogs and other creatures have so little regard for their own bodies that they reduce the most vital regions to one-half their normal size and encase them in whalebone, bands and belts that are a constant torture and produce some of the most serious diseases that come to the human body. There is evidence on ev-



ery hand of our cruelty to self and others.

In order to bring about normal conditions, every day must be made a Humane day. A person who does not live a Christian life every day of the week fails in his duty to self and toward his fellow creatures. If we teach kindness to animals one day in the year and practice cruelty 365 days each year our progress toward harmony between us and the lower creatures as well as harmony among ourselves will be extremely slow.

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### BLOOD PURIFIERS.

We are approaching the season of the year that brings the richest harvest to patent medicine concerns. There is an old tradition that the blood needs purifying every spring. The common method of purifying it is by filling the body with sarsaparillas and other patent nostrums. It is not astonishing that human beings are the only animals that need such a course of treatment? If we give our domestic animals pure food, pure water, exercise, shelter, etc., their blood remains pure all the year. If we treat our own bodies as rationally as we treat the lower animals, there will be no need of taking any special substance to purify the blood. The sanitariums of America are full of drug-poisoned invalids. We spend \$200,000,000 a year for patent medicines, and some people actually believe they are benefited by them. The best and cheapest blood purifiers are plain, wholesome food, pure, unstimulating drink, pure air, sunshine, cheerfulness, exercise, and any other measure that is health producing.

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### PHYSICAL CULTURE FADS.

In this age of fads we are getting an extra large dose of physical culture fads. Some enthusiasts claim their systems of training to be a pancea for all physical imperfections. In giving an estimate of the most popular systems, Mr. Purinton says in the February number of the *Naturopath*: "You take the systems of four notable apostles of physical culture—Mr. McFadden, Mr. Swoboda, Mr.

Whitehouse and Mr. Van Boeckman. They all depend on individual temperament. Mr. McFadden's system is suited to the vital temperament, and the vital temperament alone. I have known persons of excitable temperament who have been wrecked in their efforts to develop themselves physically. Swoboda is better for the mental, Von Boeckman for the motive, and Whitehouse for the versatile or mixed temperament."

Much that passes for physical culture is unscientific and in some instances; harmful because it is not based upon a knowledge of anatomy, physiology and human nature. In our institutions of learning much that is called physical culture has no great value except for display. Every student should have some physical training adapted to his own constitutional developments. As it now is those who need the exercise least get all of it, and those who are most in need of it get none.

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### PHILANTHROPY.

True philanthropy does not consist in accumulating millions of dollars and then giving one's money to public or private enterprises. There is often an injustice done in such a procedure. Those who have done most to place the fortune into the hands of the individual receive none of it when it is distributed. We recently received a sealed envelope containing a slip of paper announcing a large gift for a Y. M. C. A. building in an eastern city. The donors were among the leading manufacturers of farming implements in America. By charging the farmers much more than the real value for wagons and machinery the manufacturers accumulated a fortune. They are now giving a portion of this fortune to erect a large building that will benefit the people of one city. Of what value will this gift be to the thousands of farmers in the west who, in some instances, deprived their children of the necessities and comforts of life in order to pay an exorbitant price for a wagon or machine that was indispensable? If the manufacturers and dealers

had been satisfied with a reasonable profit they would not have found themselves burdened with such a large sum of money that they must ease their conscience by distributing a portion of it as gifts. There is enough in this world for all and every individual might receive the necessities and comforts of life if we had our fellow-beings' interest in mind as we usually have our own.

The philanthropy that consists in giving surplus money or other property to those who are in need often produces pauperism, and fails to make the free and self-supporting citizens that will support and develop the highest form of government. What we most need is a sympathetic action that will not permit the existence of want and poverty in the midst of luxury and wealth. Among the early Christians there were no rich and no poor, because they all tried to practice the grand principles of Christ's doctrine. The ideal of present day Christians is the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, but the commercial spirit of the times makes our progress in that direction extremely slow.

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#### FATALISM OR RESPONSIBILITY: WHICH?

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It is quite consoling to some people to believe that all deaths and disease are a Divine dispensation rather than a penalty for violating the laws of life. It has become fashionable to give expressions of condolence like the following: "Whereas, God in His allwise providence, has seen fit to call from our midst, etc." Such statements have become so fashionable that some people believe that no one dies before the time that he was destined to die. Such belief is fatal to human progress. If we look at these questions as intelligent people should we will be convinced that much disease and many deaths are the result of either wilfully or ignorantly violating hygienic and sanitary laws. It is natural for people to be well and to live to old age, but our ancestors for many generations have violated the laws of life and we continue

to disregard them, the result is disease and early death. Our Creator is no respecter of persons, whoever violates the laws of life must pay the penalty. Ignorance of natural law does not help one to escape unpunished. Physical weakness is transmitted from generation to generation. Some persons struggle during their entire life to overcome physical defects that they have inherited and are after all this effort not so strong as others who are less careful, but have inherited better bodies. We are informed by Scripture that we would have health, endurance and vitality if we would observe the laws of health. Scientists are agreed that disease is the result of violated law. The eminent sanitarian, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, gave as his opinion that all disease would be banished from the earth by a proper observance of the laws of hygiene and sanitary science. Dr. Maeser in his book, "School and Fireside," says: "Far more infants die or contract diseases leading to imbecility or premature death, than would be the case if proper hygienic precautions were taken." In an eloquent discourse on health the late President George Q. Cannon stated that by living those simple laws a race of people would grow up that would be full of health, vitality and that persons would live "until the wheels of life will stand still in consequence of the gradual decay of the body, not afflicted and brought to graves prematurely by disease engendered by improper feeding and other unhealthy habits." One, whose opinion is regarded more highly than any of the above by most of the readers of the Character Builder, said: "The fathers and mothers have laid the foundation for many diseases, from generation to generation, until the people are reduced to their present condition. The people have laid the foundation for short life through their diet, their rest, their labor, and their doing this, that, and the other in a wrong manner with improper motives and at improper times."

If those who place the responsibility of all deaths and disease upon the Creator were consistent they would lie and suf-

fer in case of disease until God had sufficiently tried or punished them; but they do not do that, they make every possible effort to get back to health. Their acts contradict their statements. Let us be consistent and observe the laws that control our development so that we may decrease disease in our generation, transmit to the next generation health and vitality, thus living the lives that God intended we should.

### THOUGHTS ABOUT DEATH.

If there is ever a time when a person thinks seriously about the problems of life and death, it is when he is deprived of the society of a loved one by what we call death. Since writing the above lines on "Fatalism or Responsibility," death has deprived us for a time of the society of one who is dearest to us. Only those who have had a similar experience know the sorrow of such a parting; but there is a great consolation in the faith expressed in Longfellow's lines:

"The grave is not the goal,  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

There are conditions more to be dreaded than death. If one keeps himself pure and unspotted before the world and spends his life in usefulness, death is not so unpleasant to contemplate. It is a much greater calamity to have the soul stained by sin, vice and crime, than to have a pure soul pass from this life to another. This thought is well expressed in some lines by J. W. F. that appear in the last number of the *White and Blue*:

"When doom shall seize my baby, and its  
blight  
Shall blast that beauteous blossom of my  
love,  
'Twill only nerve me for a braver fight,  
That it may bloom for me in heaven  
above.  
But when my friend shall live and yet be  
lost  
To me; when vice and hate shall cleave  
in twain

The temple wall of trust and love, the  
cost,  
I fear, will never cease to be a pain."

When aged persons die we always think they have completed their term of usefulness upon earth, but when persons pass away early in life it appears to the human mind that they have not passed through the different stages of development that were intended by the Creator. We learn from Scripture and from science that it is within the power of the human family to increase the length of life upon earth. In our struggle toward more ideal conditions we often hope to overcome in a few years the physical weaknesses that have been brought on by violating natural laws for centuries. Dr. O. W. Holmes, in speaking on this subject, said: "There are people who think everything may be done if the doctor—be he educator or physician—be only called in season. No doubt, but in season would often be a hundred or two years before the child was born and people do not usually send so early as that."

Some persons inherit strong bodies that are the result of careful living by their ancestors for generations. It is much easier for such to live long and healthy lives than it is for those who inherit weak constitutions. We all have a duty to humanity which consists in observing every law governing the development of our physical and mental natures. But there is a limit to the possibilities of one generation. Our progress will be governed by the intensity of the effort. If we do all in our power to improve ourselves and those placed in our charge, and then fail to reach our ideals, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty. Under all conditions there is consolation in the following lines by R. A. Naylor:

"There is no death, but what you call  
death is passing  
From one small planet to a larger sphere,  
The infant pupil graduates to college,  
Bearing the essence of his lessons here.  
We see his life's work in its true relations,

Losing no truth, that child is now the  
seer,  
Wasting no time in vain regrets, he  
gladly  
Avails himself of every present aid.  
There is no need for you to feel so sadly;  
Remember how the Gallilean said:  
That in His Father's house are many  
mansions,  
Your child is there, he surely is not dead."

---

FOUR MEN.

---

There was a politician. He was a surpassing knave and an excellent scoundrel. He was the chosen leader of men. In return for his baseness the people paid him gold. Loathing him they heaped honors upon him. In the course of time his reign drew to a close. The state was grateful for his superior service; the city bowed low. Then the Politician laughed gleefully, rubbing his hands. They were very dirty. But his pockets were full.

There was an editor. His service was born of courage. His work was sturdy and true. The public feared him. The public hated him. There were times when the strong man threw himself upon the ground and the earth grew moist with his tears; for there was not one who could understand. His friends cursed him and with threats sought to remove the pen from his hand. But the courageous man said grimly: "The public is a mole, blind from eternal digging in the musty alleys of the earth, deafened by the clamor of self-glorification." The editor turned once more to his desk, smiling with strange tenderness, and again took up his soul's travail.

There was a Reformer whom the people scoffed and spat upon. Breathing their scorn he died. Multitude stood about his gaunt frame. Sneeringly they said: "He would have destroyed our property and our wealth; he would have abolished law and religion. He came to rob us of our liberty, perverting our children with shameful doctrines."

With shrill jibes the vast crowds turned away. In a later day the multitudes again assembled. They reared a massive monument to the memory of the Reformer, treading gently about the desolate grave. With voices heavy with love they called the despised one Messiah.

A Poet came to earth. One night he walked with two rich comrades through the city's slums. Slowly, with bowed head, he led them on through grime and filth and squalor. His friends drew their garments carefully about them. Their brows were heavy with disgust and horror. They fled. In the thickest of the misery, the Poet raised his face, illumined as by a vision. Intense pity and great love swept over him. He wrote strange, grand songs, such as the world had never heard. The powerful refused to listen. They drove him from their midst. But the populace gave him welcome; the street laborer blessed him; the lowly woman prayed for him. The Poet's heart gladdened.—The Whim.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, says the Philosophical Journal, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.

## SUGGESTIONS ON HOME MAKING.

Edited by Mrs. M. K. Miller,  
Instructor in Domestic Arts, L. D. S. University.

A house is built of bricks and stones,  
Of sills and posts and piers;  
But a home is built of loving deeds,  
That stand a thousand years.  
The men of earth build houses—  
Halls and chambers, roofs and domes;  
But the women of earth, 'tis the women,  
Who build the homes.

### WOMAN'S SPHERE.

(Arthur Belleville.)

The discussion called forth by the statement of Professor G. Stanley Hall, made at Detroit, that "the education that woman most needed was for wifedom and motherhood," has only strengthened his position. No thinking husband who has courage to speak as he believes will deny but that it is the line of teaching most needed by the fair sex, and I believe that the better wives and mothers will concur in what he said.

There has been too much talk of woman's rights, and too much of the new woman. What this world wants today is mothers—good, pure-minded mothers. There is no higher position the country, state or people could offer to a lady than that of a good mother, surrounded by happy children of her own flesh and blood. God gave her some things that man can never have. What more can she want. Her place is at home—perhaps a narrow, but a charming circle. In the jarring broils of men she should take no part. Home is her province, and it should be the abode of peace, joy and love, a sanctuary uncontaminated by the world's distempers, unruffled by its storms. Her mission, her sphere, her natural place, and when she leaves it to engage in other vocations, she is no longer the woman of God's creation, and no true woman desires the change any more than a man desires to occupy a woman's place.

Her place is just as important in this

life, and more so, than man's, and more responsible. She has the future generation in her hands. The coming race will be as she makes it. Men of strong, noble character, or of ninies, or degenerates. Nothing is more ridiculous than to see a woman aping a man or a man aping a woman. They are out of joint—there is something wrong.

### WOMAN QUALITIES.

It is time that the coming mother should realize this, women of today have drifted far enough from their homes, and allowed their minds to dwell on the frivolous things of life. The world shows on every hand this to be the case. Visits to the concert gardens, vaudeville theatres and the cafes, late dinners and wine, are destroying their finer sensibilities, and ruining their womanly qualities. What kind of children can we expect from such mothers? Babies with vice imbedded in their very souls. From a rotten tree we get only bad fruit.

Enough of this education that teaches the girl the love of society, theatres, wine, suppers and a desire for public life, to engage in man's occupation. This everlasting striving to occupy a place for which God never intended her, and deserting her own, leaving her children's character to be moulded by hired servants. No doubt in some cases this is better for the children, but it was not intended so, and as long as it continues we can expect nothing but degenerates to be brought into this world.

This is the greatest social evil of the day, and is ruining more men and women than all else put together. Men are fast losing their respect for women, because of this tendency. Every year the bachelor list increases. Man hesitates to embark on the seas of matrimony when he learns the desires and tastes of the society class, and thinks what her children might be.

You say that this is not true, that men seek the society of such women. Perhaps they do for some time, but when he thinks of marriage he looks around, searches for a woman of altogether a different character, and many a man to-day is looking for that kind, and many a man is a bachelor because he did not find her.

The men in the cities seek wives in the country, because they think them more matronly, and will live more for their home life. A house where the husband and wife live for such worldly pleasures is not a home and never will be. Home should be the seat of social amusements for here are to be cherished those delicate feelings which give to society its most attractive charms. Here those benevolent affections are born and grow to spread abroad their tendrils and embrace the whole family of man. The tender dove like affections can only be fostered within the sacred ark of home.

#### WORLDLY MOTHERS.

The worldly mother thinks that the way to teach her daughter to obtain a husband is to give her a musical and literary education, and then to teach her the art of looking beautiful, so as to attract the eye, then the art of flattery, and coquetry, and all frivolous tacts and habits. This is the greatest error that could be made. She is merely the actress to attract and lacks the real qualiteis that men most admire. All men understand that she is false in appearance, false in actions, false in heart. There is something of a higher order in the nature of things that make men at once recognize the spirit of purity and worth that the wholesome girl with natural character possesses, and it attracts the best love that a man has. Its influence is elevating. The first attracts like a flash, but fades as quickly, while the latter lives until eternity. The first when married is ever on the alert for the glance of admiration of the passing man—there is the stumbling block of her character embedded by the teachings of a worldly mother. While the other's thoughts are peaceful and quiet, being

satisfied with life, for she lives for her home alone.

#### SOCIETY.

The childless society woman dresses in her evening gown for the ball, assisted by her maid, and after putting on the powder and rouge, and penciling her eyebrows, drives to the place of festivities, her programme is soon filled, and dance after dance is played. This man smiles pleasantly, that one she wants most is indifferent, disappointed in that one, and flattered by this one. Supper is called, she is refreshed after drinking one or two glasses of champagne and returns with renewed vigor. At last she is at home. It was not what she had expected, she was disappointed, she wants something else, a trip, a summer home, a house party, an automobile, and something she knows not what, searching continually for it and cannot find it, and all the time it is within herself and it right there at home.

Years go by, she fades, her eyes no longer have that brilliancy, her form is not so robust, she is compelled to use more powder and rouge to look young and to drink more wine to be gay, her programme is no longer filled, she resorts to strategy to get what dances she has. Once in a long time some man a little the worse for wine flatters her, calls her a good dancer, and tells her how pretty she is. She knows he lies, but it is like music to a hungry soul.

She grows old and no longer goes out, only now and then to the theatre, and then it is a bore. She indulges in this and then in that, grows more discontented, more dissatisfied, and is thoroughly disgusted with life, frets, stewes and is generally disagreeable to all. Life is a bore, a mockery, a fraud, a blunder, a disappointment, and she hates it all. That is your higher educated, public, society woman, and it is a blessing that they keep so occupied that they do not bring children into this world.

#### MOTHERS.

Oh, what this poor suffering human race wants is mothers, that live as they

were born, in her home, for her home, her first thought here, her last ones there, the pure motherly mother, the light of happiness shining upon her face, the flashes of love from her eyes, the blessing of heaven on her brow. Such is the old-fashioned mother, and thank God many of them live today. As day by day she watches the growth of those infants who nursed on her breast, whom she cared for herself through all their childish ills, whom she started on their way to school, and met at the door upon their return with hearty, happy laugh, and listens to their childlike description of their first experience in the world and as she listens to that "Now I lay me down to sleep"—and the little innocent curly head is in bed—she smiles the sweet smile of contentment and satisfaction and thanks God that she is living. Oh, that makes the heaven on earth.

As the years roll by and the boy grows to be a strong, healthy man, and the girl a mother like herself, old age dims her eyes and she rocks the little grandchildren to sleep, her step grows feeble, and she knows that she is nearing the grave, still that happy face grows brighter, and as she lays down for the last time, and is wrapped in the sweet repose of sleep, the face shows brighter with that heavenly glow, and we know that God's will has been done by one with whom the Almighty is well pleased.—Iconoclast.

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### CHILD TRAINING.

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#### *Tidy and Untidy.*

(By Dame Durden.)

"Where's my cap?" shouted young Untidy, coming into the room and flinging a lot of books on the lounge.

"Well, hunt it up. It's somewhere. Look under the bed," answered his mother.

"Say, ma, why can't I have a place for my things like the Tidy boys? They have nails, boxes, shelves and such places for everything they own."

"Oh, I can't bother! Your things would

never be in their places, anyhow. I have all I can attend to to keep things picked up after you children. There's your cap on the pantry floor. Didn't you know that was no place for it?"

"Nor anywhere else," he grumbled.

The boy's name was Peter, and when he grew to be a man his farm was called "Tumbledown."

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### A MORAL LESSON.

The precocious youngster had arranged another trap for his mother, as youngsters of all kinds have a way of doing without fully appreciating the point they are scoring, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Mamma," said the boy, "did you tell Lizzie to say you were not in when Mrs. Jones called?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

"Is it all right to do that?" persisted the boy.

"It is customary, Willie."

"Well," said the boy, after a thoughtful pause, "how would you like it if God should tell St. Peter to say that to you when you go to heaven?"

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### AN APPEAL.

(By Frances S. Keeler.)

Fellow mortals! do not linger  
Weeping o'er what might have been;  
Progress points with jeweled finger  
To the battles yet to win.

Yes, today life's conflict rages,  
And we need not turn the leaves  
Backward through the book of ages,  
For the lesson that it gives.

There are wrongs that must be righted,  
Even in this land of ours;  
There are other lands benighted,  
Yet to feel Truth's sacred showers.

Let us toil to heal the nations,  
Waiting for the dawning, when  
We shall read in deeds and actions—  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

## Our Little Folks.

### UNDER THE BIG UMBRELLA.

It was 3 o'clock and by half after 3 Jimsy's sister Cicely would come home from the city, and the car-station was a quarter of a mile down the street, and it was raining Niagaras—that was what Jimsy's mother said when she looked out.

It had been clear and sunny when Cicely went away in the morning. She was invited to a lovely birthday luncheon, and she wore her newest things. She didn't think of wearing her overshoes, and she didn't take her mackintosh, nor did she carry an umbrella. For nobody would have thought it could rain.

Now the rain made it so dark that Jimsy's mother had to turn on the electric light in the sewing room. Jimsy had been playing "wild animals" in the dining room with a "cave" made of Ann's shawl and the big umbrella, and it had been growing so dark and gloomy in the cave for the last half hour that he was almost afraid of his own growlings—for Jimsy was the bear in the cave, you know.

Jimsy's mother did not see how Cicely could get home from the car station. Ann could not go to meet her, for she had a big baking of bread on hand. Grandma could not go, for she was too lame. Jimsy's mother could not go, for the dressmaker had come to fit her gown and must leave at four—Jimsy's mother could not possibly go.

There was nobody but little Jimsy, and Grandma said he was too small to carry the big umbrella, for he was not much more than a baby, even if he did wear trousers.

But Jimsy's mother went into the dining room, and said: "Jimsy, you could carry the big umbrella and go to meet sister, couldn't you?"

Jimsy crawled out of his cave, and then jumped for joy, for he never had carried an umbrella all alone, all himself, in all his life.

"My own self?" he shouted, and he

hugged his mother around the knees, and he said: "Mama, I love you more'n our house, and Mrs. Pantan's house, and Anna Blenkinsop's house, and Mr. Tompkins' house, and the Biggs' house, and the church!"

Jimsy always measured his love that way—by bigness of things.

He didn't need his overcoat, because this was a nice warm rain, and his mother drew on his little overshoes and settled his cap close, and tucked Cicely's overshoes under his arm, and she helped him down the front steps and opened the gate for him, and then Jimsy marched away.

It was all dry and safe and delightful under the big umbrella. The drops pattered on it with hundreds of little patters, but not one could fall on Jimsy. You could not see any of the world outside of the big umbrella. You could only hear the rain roaring out there. And the drops on the umbrella-roof sounded exactly like the rain on the tent when Jimsy camped in the mountain once, all safe and warm in the teant-bed, close beside Mama.

Jimsy couldn't see into the yards as he walked by with the umbrella-roof low over his head, but he knew when he came to each one, because he could smell the different flowers. In Mrs. Pantan's yard there was mignonette, and in Anna Blenkinsop's there were sweet peas, all in blossom, and in Mrs. Biggs's there was sweet-brier.

And as Jimsy went along he chanted in a sort of a little tune, "This is Mrs. Pantan's house—this is Mrs. Blenkinsop's—and this is Mrs. Biggs's."

Mrs. Pantan's daughter Mary met Jimsy and she said, "How do you do, cricket?" And John Biggs met him and he said, "Hello, umbrella, where are you going with that boy?" And then his kindergarten teacher met him and she said: "Why, little man!" so sweetly that it almost made Jimsy's heart ache with pleasure. He had only smiled at the others, but to his teacher he said, "I am



going to meet my sister. Mama sent me."

When Cicely stepped off the car she looked frightened at the rain. But in a minute she saw Jimsy waiting, with his happy little face, under the big umbrella, and she cried out, "Oh, you darling little man!"

Jimsy held the umbrella over her while she slipped on the overshoes, and shortened her dress with a pin or two, and then Cicely took hold of the handle, intending to carry it over them both, going home, because, you know, she was twelve years old, and taller than Jimsy.

You wouldn't have thought the tears could reach Jimsy's cheeks so soon! But they did. And his little lip trembled, and he would not let go of the handle, and his voice was full of cry-quivers, as he pleaded with Cicely.

"I am come to meet you, Cicely! Papa carries the 'brella over Mama when he goes to meet her. I can hold it, Cicely! See!"

Then he tried to hold it high, and sweet Cicely laughed, and crept under the umbrella as well as she could, all bent over, as if she were playing dwarf; and Cicely and Jimsy walked home that way.

The rain dripped on the tip of Cicely's loveliest plume and on the hem of her dress, but when they opened the hall door and were safe out of the rain, and Jimsy had closed the umbrella all by himself, she kissed Jimsy on both cheeks, and she said, "Thank you, little man."

And at dinner that evening Cicely said, "Papa, do guess who kindly came to the car to meet me with the umbrella this afternoon!"

And Papa guessed, "Old Mr. Bumbleby—Grandma—Ann—Quong Chung—the minister's son—Mr. Smith the policeman"—until Jimsy could bear it no longer, and clapped his hands and shouted:

"No! no! no! I did! I did!"

"Yes, Papa, it was my brother who came to meet me," said Cicely. And was not Cicely a sweet sister?—Lucia Chase Bell.

### WHY BEN WENT TO THE BABY CLASS.

He did not look in the least like a baby, as he started off to Sunday school in his trim blue suit and white necktie. And he did not feel like a baby, either. Why should he, when he had been going to school for two years and had brought home a good report card every month out of that time?

But there was a mischievous spirit in Ben that morning. He did not sing with the rest of the school, though his teacher found the place in the hymn book for him. He took no part in the opening exercises, and the lesson was hardly begun before he started to whisper a long story to Herbert Joyce.

The patient teacher reproved him gently, and tried to interest him in what she was saying. But Ben would not be interested. He kept on talking, till the other boys could not pay good attention to their lessons, and it seemed as if the hour was likely to be wasted.

Just then the superintendent passed, and the teacher spoke to him. "Mr. Berry, what do you suppose can be the trouble with a boy who will not listen to the lesson and will not let the other boys listen, either?"

The Superintendent looked at Ben. "If a boy acts in that way," he said, after a minute, "I think it must be because he is not quite old enough to have learned how to behave in a class like this. I know a better place for him."

He took the astonished Ben by the hand, and led him down to the baby class, where there were a lot of little fellows in kilts and curls. "I have brought you a new scholar, Miss May," said the Superintendent. "This seems to be just the place for him."

The teacher smiled, as she made room for Ben, but her pleasant welcome could not lift the cloud from his spirits. His cheeks grew red and hot. It was all he could do to keep from crying. He, Ben Henleigh, the best scholar in the whole second grade, put into the same class with little boys, some of whom did not even

go to kindergarten! He did not know how to bear the disgrace of it.

He hated to think of telling his mother what had happened, but he could not keep the uncomfortable secret. Out it came the minute he was in the house. "Just think, mamma! they s'posed I b'longed to the baby class. And I'm seven, and my suit's the eight-year-old size."

Then he cried, and mamma asked some questions. "Which is the thing to be most ashamed of, dear," she asked at length, when she understood it all, "to be thought a little boy who doesn't know just how to behave, or to be thought a big boy who will not do as he knows—a boy who is old enough to understand what is right, and yet chooses to do wrong?"

Ben looked bewildered. For a moment he thought hard.

"I guess it's worse to be big, and to act as if you was so little that you didn't know anything," he admitted at last, in a faint voice. "I never thought of that before."

And, what is better, he never forgot it.—Happy Hours.

### WISDOM IN WIT.

Mrs. Jones—My dear, do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?

Mrs. Jones—Indeed! Do you really think so?

Mr. Jones—I certainly do, otherwise it would have been worn out long ago.—New York Times.

"Johnny," said the teacher, addressing a small pupil, "what are the five senses?"

"Nickels," promptly replied Johnny, with an air of superior knowledge.—Chicago News.

"I don't care to marry—at least not yet," said the flirt.

"Why not?" asked the matron.

"Because as matters are now I have

the attentions of half a dozen men, while if I married I would have the attentions of but one."

"Huh!" exclaimed the matron, "you wouldn't have even that."—Chicago Post.

Her music teacher tells me there is money in her voice."

"I don't doubt it. He's getting it at the rate of \$2.00 a lesson."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What did you say that made the bill collector so mad?"

"I asked him if it wouldn't be a good idea to refer his little bill to the arbitrating judgment of The Hague Tribunal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is being hinted that the next deluge is to take place when the water is squeezed out of the stock of the over-capitalized trusts and other big corporations. In that day there will be a grand scramble into the tree-tops.

Old Lady—Shame! The idea of all you big boys jumping on that poor little lad and robbing him.

Big Boy—We ain't robbing him, lady. We are just playing the powers in Venezuela and he wanted to be Castro.—Chicago News.

"Epictetus said all philosophy lies in two words, 'restrain' and 'abstain.'"

"Well, Epictetus may have had it figured out all right in his day, but in these times philosophy seems to be pretty fully expressed in the two words, 'gain' and 'retain.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

Instructor—Mention some of the by-products of petroleum.

Young Man—Universities.—Chicago Tribune.

"What are the chief products of South America?" asked the school teacher. "Tommy Taddells, you may answer."

"Rubber, coffee, ultimatums and insurrections," replied Tommy.—Judge.

Weaknesses, so called, are nothing more than vice in disguise.

## \*\*\*\*\* Publisher's Page. \*\*\*\*\*

### A BARGAIN FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Every young man should have a copy of "True Manhood." Price, \$1.00.

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During the next 30 days we will send either of the above books postpaid and give a yearly subscription to the Character Builder for \$1.15. If your subscription has expired you may renew and receive the book at that price. For \$2.00 we will send the two books and give a year's subscription to the Character Builder.

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### DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Several hundred subscriptions expired last month. We have notified the subscribers by slip when their subscription was due. Please renew and help in the important work of moral education and health culture. The success of the magazine depends on the subscribers. If you cannot pay immediately, write us and we will make satisfactory arrangements; if the Character Builder is not worth 50 cents a year to you, have it discontinued. For sums less than one dollar, one cent or two-cent postage stamps are acceptable; for larger sums send postoffice order,

or bank checks payable to Human Culture Pub. Co.

### FREE READING MATTER.

Our list of exchanges is growing every day. We will send copies of magazines to any persons who will send stamps to pay postage.

### HUMAN NATURE DEPARTMENT.

In our last number we promised to begin our human nature illustrations in the March number. In the future each number will contain photos and sketches of children, remarks will be made in this department that will be helpful to parents in child culture. This will be one of the most interesting features of the magazine, because there is no work that is more important than the proper training of children and a knowledge of their physical and mental nature is essential to a harmonious training of their powers. If you have a child of remarkable physical or mental development, write to the editor of the Human Nature Department of the Character Builder, Box 41, S. L. C., Utah. If it is of interest to the readers of the magazine, arrangements may be made to have an analysis of its character appear in the Character Builder.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

In our next number we will begin giving a review of the best books on Human Culture.

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The amount of profit-taking which has been indulged in by many great enterprises during the last few years is absolutely unreasonable. At the present time the business of practicing extortion on the householder goes on merrily. The best teachers of socialism are the combines which cause the people to cry out for relief, not those who seek to curb such avarice by law.—Chicago News.

## Human Nature Department

EDITED BY N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F. A. I., P.

### DELINEATION OF ELIZA R. SNOW

(By N. Y. Schofield.)

The qualities of mind and the labors of Eliza R. Snow are so well known, especially in Utah, that no scientific analysis of her character is needed to discover the many admirable traits that distinguished her in life, and which endeared her to the hearts of many people.

We draw attention, however, to this fact, that if the above photograph were submitted to any competent student of human nature totally unacquainted with the history and achievements of "Aunt Eliza," he would undoubtedly detect the physical evidence of that genius and power for which she was remarkable and which will long perpetuate her name.

Look for instance at the remarkable development of the brain in the coronal region. Who can glance at this picture without an exclamation of surprise in noting the wonderful distance between the orifice of the ear and the top head where the hair is parted.

This development is decidedly unusual, and without a doubt the tape measure, if applied to one ear and taken over the head to the other ear, would register at least 15 inches, which fact, considered in connection with the extra intellectual endowments as seen in the middle and upper portion of the forehead, and also the high quality of organization, at once proclaims her the possessor of remarkable spirituality, veneration, ideality and sublimity—some of the chief and essential faculties for the poet and artist.

Poets, we are told, are born—not made, and unquestionably there is much truth in this statement. If it were possible to discover a person whose cranial developments materially differed in the respects mentioned from those of Eliza R. Snow, and if by comparison the in-

tellectual, moral and artistic faculties of that individual were weak and yet capable of displaying any poetic genius worthy of the name, then such a case would really be a serious blow to phrenological science. Indeed, it would be positively fatal, especially if the absence of these talents were accompanied by an inferior "quality of organization. This is mere idle surmising, however, because as a matter of fact, no such instance can be found. The quality and strength of any organ always determines its power, and phrenology determines the function—that is, so far as the mental faculties are concerned.

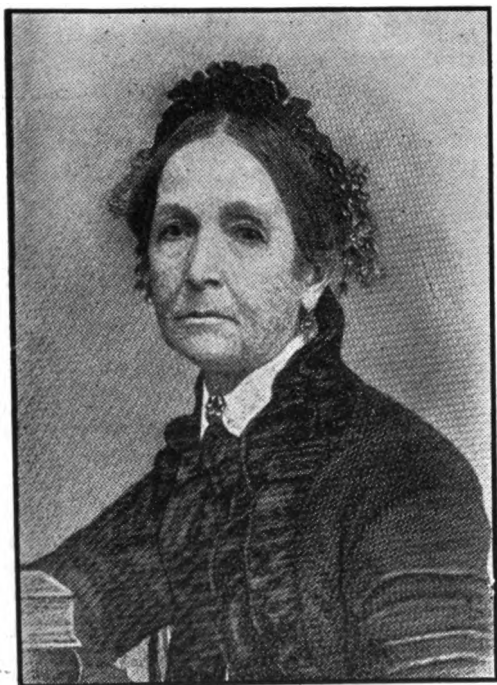
Thus the trained eye can readily detect in Eliza R. Snow the physical medium of inspiration that produced the well known "Invocation" commencing "O My Father," "Bury me quietly," and many other poems of note.

In addition to the immense height of the head showing strong veneration, Hope, spirituality, etc., which are all so beautifully and conspicuously blended in the literary productions of our subject, observe also the remarkable width of the side head about midway where it begins to round off to form the top.

Here we have the organ of Sublimity equally pronounced in its development with those already named, and without which no real poet can be found. It is this which combines with other faculties in giving the property of vastness: producing breadth of mind, depth of soul, and scope in imagination. With large spirituality added to large sublimity, such a person needs no argument to believe in God. He can see Him in a thousand ways and in a thousand things that escape the more worldly minded. Spirituality is the medium through which Faith is exercised. When large, all the mysteries, doubts and fears that usually ob-

scure the realities of a future life, instantly vanish to one thus endowed. What spirituality can see, veneration adores. As the affections unite parents to children, so veneration draws man to his God. The natural function of this organ is to worship, and when, to large spirituality, veneration, hope, conscientiousness and sublimity we add strong reasoning power, is it any wonder Eliza R. Snow should excel as a poet?

Thus we see that the strength and weakness, the faults and virtues, the



likes and dislikes, the entire character in fact is typified and explained by the development of the brain when understood with temperament, quality, education, health, etc.

But now let us look for a moment at our subject again.

Note the fullness of the cheeks just outward from the mouth. This corresponds with the evident width of the head immediately in front of the ears and bespeaks excellent digestive power,

hence the brain is not only large and active, but, what is equally important, it is well nourished. The lungs, however, are not nearly so well developed. The "motive" temperament being comparatively weak there is a corresponding disinclination for physical exercise, especially in the nature of work, and this lady belongs to the class who are enclined to shun extra muscular exertion and who, if compelled to earn their bread by the "sweat of their brow," will see to it that the perspiration is on the inside.

Her mental, vital temperament, organic development and refined, sensitive nature, eminently qualify her for literary and artistic pursuits, but usually where the motive temperament is deficient as in this instance, persons are prone to seek and indulge the comforts and luxuries of life. As the executive faculties appear strong, however, she would therefore exercise considerable energy in all intellectual, moral and religious work.

To describe her in brief and being guided entirely by the photograph I would say this lady has a large, active and fertile brain, highly developed intellectually, morally and artistically.

The forehead being high and broad gives her remarkable intuitive ability, a clear insight into human nature, extra capacity to reason, analyze and compare wonderful descriptive power and make her especially interested in intellectual and moral reform. She appears to have considerable dignity, would work on a high plain, aim to do good; agreeable, earnest and sincere; generally on good terms with herself, but always cautious and thoughtful in deeds and words.

Such persons love retirement and solicitude that they may occasionally commune with nature, but she could not be exclusive or selfish. Her active mind is constantly engaged in planning, devising, executing or creating some scheme intended for the public good. Her weakness would be shown most in the practical, every-day affairs of life, but her good deeds, her good desires and unquestioned ability far over shadows any little failings that could be named.

# A SKETCH OF ELIZA R. SNOW, THE POETESS AND REFORMER.

(By Mrs. Armeda S. Young.)

Aunt Eliza, as she was familiarly called, was loved and respected for her pure and noble character. She always taught by example and precept that her greatest aim in life was the elevation and perfection of humanity. She was a "character builder" in the completest sense of the word. My heart swells with gratitude now when I reflect on my past life and remember the many times this noble woman, by her example and instructions, showed us the beauties of a pure and virtuous life. Never did I see in her actions or heard from her lips anything but that which is noble and inspiring. She was interested in every movement that would result in bettering the conditions of her fellow-beings. The following lines are an evidence of her interest in the principles of healthful living:

"The Lord imparted from above  
The 'Word of Wisdom' for our blessing,  
But shall it unto many prove  
A gift that is not worth possessing?"

"Have we not been divinely taught  
To heed its voice and highly prize it?  
Who, then, shall once indulge the  
thought

It can be better to despise it?

"Has self-denial grown a task?  
Or has that word been vainly spoken?  
Or why, I fain would humbly ask,  
Why is that word so often broken?"

Among her inspiring words to children we find these:

"That the children may live long,  
And be beautiful and strong,  
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,  
Drink no liquor, and they eat  
But a very little meat.  
They are seeking to be great and good  
and wise."

If all children and adults would live up to this good advice there would be more happiness in the world.

Aunt Eliza always taught that our food should be plain and wholesome. She emphasized the need of simplicity and neatness in dress. She showed her disgust for prevailing fashions in the following lines:

"We are the offspring of God. Shall we  
stoop to degrade  
The form which at first in His image was  
made?  
In the likeness of Deity, gracefully  
formed,  
With His own noble attributes richly en-  
dowed,  
For a grand immortality man is designed  
Perfected in body, perfected in mind."

To show the readers of the "Character Builder" the lofty, pure character and noble aims of this pioneer and reformer, I will take you back to her early life and will show you that from youth, during her entire life she was devoted to the advancement of humanity, to the awakening among her fellow-beings, and desire to live purer and loftier lives.

Eliza R. Snow was born in Becket, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Jan. 21, 1804. Her parents were of English descent; their ancestors were among the earliest settlers of New England. While quite young Eliza was employed as secretary in her father's office. She was skilled in various kinds of needlework and other domestic arts. She was awarded prizes at fairs for her superior skill in these arts. When quite young she began writing articles for several magazines. She watched with intense interest the struggle of the Greeks for liberty, and wrote articles concerning it. She was requested to write for publication a requiem for John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, whose death had occurred on the same day in 1826.

In the forties, when the first Relief Society was organized in Illinois, Eliza R. Snow was chosen secretary. She took a leading part in the development of those societies throughout the west. Her

poetry is full of sympathy. Here is an illustration:

"Gather up the sunbeams,  
In this world of ours;  
Ever round your pathway  
Strew the sweetest flowers.  
Cheer the hearts that sorrow.  
Whereso'er they be;  
Words of loving kindness,  
Give them bounteously.  
Seek the poor and lowly,  
Everywhere they're found;  
Gather up the sunbeams,  
Scatter them around."

This noble woman was born a patriot. The warm feelings of patriotism inspired her childish mind and was expressed in her earliest writings. She wrote many poems on historical, religious and political subjects. Some of her writings were deep and philosophical in thought; others simple enough for a child to understand.

Aunt Eliza had great confidence in her sex. She believed that woman has a high destiny. She knew that mothers and sisters have a great influence in moulding the character of the future men. She taught that women should use all her energies in the important work of educating and refining the rising generation by example and precept. She well knew that if wisely educated our daughters would not be found aping the foolish, extravagant and disgusting fashions of the world.

In these lines she described an important part of woman's mission:

"And very soon your blooming daughters will  
Their destined spheres as wives and mothers fill,  
The best, the noblest boon they can receive—  
The richest fortunes you have power to give—  
The best of patrimonies under heaven,  
Is education, timely, wisely given."

Her ideas concerning pre-existence and future life are well expressed in that im-

mortal hymn, "Oh, My Father!" It would be better for humanity if we were guided by her common sense ideas in case of death, expressed in her poem entitled

### "BURY ME QUIETLY WHEN I DIE."

"When my spirit ascends to the world  
above,  
To unite with the choirs in celestial love,  
Let the finger of silence control the bell,  
To restrain the chime of a funeral knell,  
Let no mourning strain—not a sound be heard,

By which a pulse of the heart is stirred—  
No note of sorrow to prompt a sigh;  
Bury me quietly when I die.

"I am aiming to earn a celestial crown—  
To merit a heavenly, pure renown;  
And, whether in grave or in tomb I'm laid,

Beneath the tall oak or the cypress shade;  
Whether at home with dear friends  
around;

Or in distant lands upon strangers' ground—

Under wintry clouds or summer sky;  
Bury me quietly when I die.

"What avail the parade and the splendor  
here,

To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?  
To the heirs of salvation what is it worth,  
In their perishing state, these frail things  
of earth?

What is death to the good but an entrance gate

That is placed on the verge of a rich estate?

Where commissioned escorts are waiting  
by?

Bury me quietly when I die.

"Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,

There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave;

The future is bright, and it beckons me on

Where the noble and pure and the brave  
have gone;

Those who have battled for truth with  
 their mind and might,  
 With their garments clean and their armor bright;  
 They are dwelling with Gold in a world  
 on high:  
 Bury me quietly when I die."

We have not the space here to give the numerous quotations from her writings that would be of interest to the readers of the Character Builder, but desire to give another evidence of her common sense view of life and death by quoting her poem entitled:

"MY EPITAPH."

"'Tis not the tribute of a sigh  
 From sorrow's heaving bosom drawn;  
 Nor tears that flow from pity's eye,  
 To weep for me when I am gone;  
 No costly balm, no rich perfume—  
 No vain sepulchral rite, I claim—  
 No mournful knell—not marble tomb—  
 No sculptur'd stone to tell my name.

"A richer, holier tithe I crave,  
 Than time-proof monumental piers—  
 Than roses planted on my grave,  
 Or willows dripped in dewey tears.  
 The garlands of hypocrisy  
 May be equip'd with many a gem;  
 I prize the heart's sincerity  
 Above a princely diadem.

"In friendship's memory let me live;  
 I know no selfish wish besides,  
 I ask no more; yet, O, forgive  
 This impulse of instinctive pride.  
 The silent pulse of memory  
 That beats to the unuttered tone  
 Of tenderness, is more to me  
 Than the insignia of a stone.

"For friendship holds a secret cord,  
 That with the fibres of my heart  
 Entwines so deep, so close; 'tis hard  
 For death's dissecting hand to part,  
 I feel the low responses roll  
 Like far-off echoes of the night,  
 And whisper softly through my soul,  
 I would not be forgotten quite."

Eliza R. Snow died December 5, 1888, at the age of nearly 84 years. Her long and eventful life was a blessing to humanity and she continues to live in the thoughts of the people.

ISABEL PROCTOR.

*Salt Lake City.*

This young lady, Isabel Proctor, is but three and a half years old, but is one of those bright, nervous, precocious children whose intelligence is considerably in advance of her age.



On this account the efforts of her parents should be to restrain, rather than encourage or force her mental development. Such children need no stimulus to acquire education. The trouble is to hold them in check long enough to allow for their proper physical development which is so important, and which too often proves serious when neglected.

Isabel is naturally quick in thought and movement; always on the alert, eager to



see, anxious to learn, restless and impatient under restraint, and will scarcely find time for sleep until tired nature or a stern father demands it.

She is a keen and persistent observer will be a lover of flowers and will be attracted by anything that is beautiful in nature or art for her ideality is very strong. She also has large order which working with ideality, will make her precise, methodical, dainty and even "fussy," but as she grows older will display excellent taste in dress, in design, in color and artistic arrangement.

She has good constructive talent; will be expert in designing, suggesting, cutting, fitting or in anything requiring artistic taste or mechanical skill. The distance between the eyes shows large form, and she will be remarkable in this respect. Will not soon forget people, places or things once seen, and will instantly detect if the curtain, the rug, table cloth or any article of furniture is not just straight.

Her nature is to be busy. She is "old fashioned," cute, and will both say and do many things very amusing to older people, and in later years will be remarkable for her energy and ambition. The head is not quite as high as it is broad, which shows she has more executive ability and push than religion; though the latter is not weak.

She is strong intellectually and socially; will be loving, proud spirited, independent and industrious, but never really pious. Her refined and sensitive nature will always encline her to aim high. She is a very interesting little girl and with good health, will make a very interesting woman. It is not wise to encourage her smart sayings and talkative disposition too much just now. This has a tendency to keep an excess of blood in the brain when it should be in the body to build it up. Let her have plenty of fresh air, wholesome food, as little excitement as possible, and above all, an abundance of sleep.

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Remember your failures, and avoid similar undertakings.—Success.

### HOW THE DOCTOR WON.

'Tis well that we have some doctors who strive for the betterment of conditions, and emanate from the old lines, to preach and practice Nature's medicine. Here is a story of one and we need more like him. He is the proprietor of a famous health resort. When he receives a patient for treatment he says:

"Now, I want it understood that unless you do exactly as I say, there is no use of you staying."

This rule sometimes requires him to be very harsh, but he never hesitates. He acts on the theory that he can better afford to offend a single patient and lose him than to have that patient go back home and tell his friends Dr. So-and-So had done him no good.

Not long ago a clergyman went to this resort for treatment. The doctor looked him over upon his arrival and said: "While you are here you must take long walks every day." "But I can't take walks," replied the parson. I haven't done any walking in years. My heart won't stand it." They argued the question quite warmly. As the clergyman and the doctor were good friends the latter was more lenient than usual. The next afternoon the physician said to the clergyman: "It's a nice day. I would like you to go horseback riding with me." Riding they went. When they were about eight miles from the sanitarium the physician said to the parson: "Won't you get me that flower by the roadside? I don't like to leave this horse."

As soon as the clergyman was on the ground the doctor galloped off with both horses and the clergyman was compelled to walk back to the sanitarium. Upon his arrival he was very angry and was for packing up and leaving at once. There was no train that night so he was forced to stay a few hours longer.

The next morning he came down radiant and good-natured. "Doctor," said he, "I was pretty sore at you last night, but I forgive you everything. I have had the first good sleep I have enjoyed in months. Hereafter I'll obey your orders implicitly."—Medical Talk.

## Suggestions to Parents.

### FATHERHOOD.

Educators of all times have made much of motherhood—its noble heritage, its infinite possibilities of endowment and training. But the duties of fatherhood have been thought to begin only with the later life of the child, and its influence to act only when the advent of manhood and womanhood tempts the child to rebel against the milder discipline of feminine love and calls for the sterner authority of the masculine temperament. The reason is not far to seek, being bound up with the traditions of an elder civilization, which drew a sharp line of demarcation between the life work of the two parents. To the mother, because she nursed and bore the child, was delegated the whole care and rearing, while the father was left at once to assume the duty of providing nourishment for both and of relieving the mother from all labor to that end.

Quite in the early days, when the infant senses play a part superior to that of the infant mind, the superior physical strength of the father supplies a valuable relief to the overstrung nerves and weaker physique of the mother. In these days the father who has the knack of handling his child without crushing it out of shape or spilling it on the floor can take a valuable share in the duties which are wrongly supposed to be the monopoly, as they are too often the trial and despair, of the long-suffering mother or nurse. By subtle ways unknown to science the high strung vitality of the new-born infant seems to draw solace and repose from the strong arms and generally more equable and less nervous temperament of the father. Later on, when the child begins to realize its separate individuality and passes through that mysterious phase of rapidly alternating moods, when rain and sunshine, dark storms and cloudless skies, chase each other over the childish spirit in be-

wildering confusion, the strength of the man and father may be brought again to the help of the distracted womanliness of the mother. This moody phase is the nursery of discipline. Why is it left so often to the sole dominion of the mother? Because of her superior patience and maternal insight, it may be answered. But patience and insight are not all that is wanted here. A reed shaken by the wind draws less benefit from the sympathetic tendance of the gardner than from the stout stick which he plants beside it for support. So the ideal father does not make the passionate misconduct of daughter or son an excuse for hasty flight to the peace and seclusion of his own room. Rather by the steady glance of his calm eye and the strong tones of his deep voice he strives at once to restore the wavering balance of the child's own self-control and to still the vibrating spirit of the harassed mother; and so, at length retiring to his sanctum, he leaves behind him the sunlit ripples and chastened atmosphere of the seascape when the passing tempest sinks slowly beneath the far-off horizon.

An advancing age brings self-control, the tonic function of the paternal temperament gives place to one of still wider significance and even more lasting import. Now the child, having learned to master his own microcosm, becomes slowly aware of that infinite macrocosm of which he is but a microscopic atom. He stands at the Gate Beautiful of the wondrous city of youth, filled with the stately palaces of the fancy, paved with the checkered mosaic of inexperience, and lit with the peopled sunbeams of imagination. Looking thence, he becomes aware of the vast fields and boundless horizon of time and eternity stretching beyond, disfigured with the mausoleums of ambitions vast as those of Alexander and Napoleon, and adorned with the heritage of conceptions, deep as those of

Newton and Darwin, wide as those of Grotius and Shakespeare, noble as that of Christ. And when, having caught all these through the keen eyes of history, he perceives amid the shifting mists and shadows of the distant horizon unknown possibilities of which he too may claim his part, then the fathers, if he has aught of merit or of power, becomes for the child the link between the known and the unknown. For, as the mother stands to him as the representative of all those possibilities of life and time that cluster about the hearth, so the father stands to him as the interpreter of all that lies beyond in the outer world—all that is rooted in the memory of the dead, all that is hidden beneath the crown of fame, adds that much to the building of immortality and the propagation of worth. This because the mother's activity lies within the home, while the father's lies in the great world without.

Here on the threshold of youth and manhood, at the parting of the ways between intellectual and moral life and death, the father, if he would be true to his fatherhood, must come out of his seclusion and stand beside his child with pointing hand and guiding voice. To the daughter lifting the latch of womanhood he must whisper the distinction between womanishness and womanliness, and point to the many snares which beset her choice of the masculine complement of her femininity, if it should be her lot not to tread the winepress of life alone. To the son stooping to assume of burden of manhood he must whisper the distinction between the delusive softness of mere femininity and the strong tenderness of the cultivated and noble woman, one of which he is likely some day to choose for the completion of his manhood. To both son and daughter he must reveal the matchless worth of intellectual and moral strength as the crowning glory alike of the woman and the man. Not without reason has all time made woman the emblem of sweetness and man the emblem of strength. But the function of the father, as the prime author of that which comes from the union of man and wo-

man, should be to stand for that bond of sweet reasonableness which is the characteristic of true strength and which can alone make marriage the perfect union of two complementary elements of equal worth. So standing and only thus will be at the world the most perfect emblem of true fatherhood.—Selected from "Kindergarten Review."

#### TRAINING FOR MOTHERHOOD.

(By Mrs. Armon Hensley in "Health Culture.")

There is no royal road to motherhood any more than there is a royal road to any other department of life's learning.

The mere fact of maternity teaches a mother nothing; nothing, that is, as to how she shall treat her new born child. Some lessons it does teach her, the great lessons learned some time by all who love, that self-sacrifice and self-forgetting are a part and a welcome part of that love. The mother has learned, if she is a woman of sensibility and spiritual insight, how to suffer and be strong; how to be patient and brave. I am not now, however, considering the value of maternity in the development of a woman's character; I wish to suggest that this act of maternity, great thought it is, does not necessarily teach the subject of it any valuable lessons as to as to the care of her child. Every mother, to be the right kind of a mother—the mother who is to rear strong, healthy, manly and womanly sons and daughters—must realize the necessity of care and study for this, her unique responsibility. As said before many times, the right or wrong feeling of the child determines to a large extent his future weal or woe; if this is true how supremely necessary that the responsible functionary shall know of the laws of dietetics. There is altogether too much of the "hit or miss" element in the feeding of children; too much dependance on the unreliable advice of other women; too much credulous acceptance of the theories of neighbors.

To be wise mothers we must be sure of our ground; must build upon the bed

rock of assured knowledge, both as to the value of different foods and their suitability to our particular type of children.

#### *Individual Study of Children.*

There is nothing more certain, although this fact is usually overlooked by zealous advocates of certain foods, than that personal idiosyncrasy must determine the choice of foods. Mrs. Smith's boy may thrive on oatmeal and be as lusty and energetic as a young Indian; our child, who has, perhaps, a distaste for oatmeal, or who likes it, but is of a different physical type from Mrs. Smith's boy, may be puny and listless under a constant diet of oatmeal. The fact that some other child does well with any particular food has absolutely nothing to do with our own child. The thing to do is to study our own particular children, to have a basic principle founded upon a knowledge of food elements and their relative proportions and values, and then find out which of the bountiful supply of foods provided for us by the Almighty suits the particular case.

#### *Children's Tastes Consulted.*

Mothers sometimes think that the consulting of the tastes of children as to their food is a concession, perhaps a weakness on their part; that children should eat what is set before them, regardless of their own particular preferences; that if food put upon the table is wholesome, that is all that is necessary. As a matter of fact, the question of attractiveness of food has a real influence upon its digestibility, and food eaten with relish will be more sure of speedy assimilation. Needless to say, over-sweet or overseasoned food is excluded from consideration; the mothers who read *Health Culture* will not offer such ineligible dainties to their children. But given food that is in itself wholesome, we may select from that the things that are palatable and attractive.

#### *A Pretty Table.*

Just why it is that food which looks attractive tastes better than that which is slovenly served, I am not prepared to

explain; the fact remains that it is so. It is well to bear this in mind in feeding children. Green food is as necessary to a child's health as it is to a canary's.

#### *Classes in Hygiene.*

If you feel that even the books available for study are not definite or clear enough, the best plan, and a good one under any circumstances, is to form a class in hygiene and dietetics, and invite a good doctor, preferably a lady, to instruct the class. A small fee from each member of such a class would compensate the doctor for her time, and not fall heavily on individual members. Problems often suggest themselves in the home which are not provided for in the books, and which could be brought up at such classes with satisfactory results.

### BE PATIENT WITH THE BOYS.

*By Elbert Hubbard.*

A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between States, write books that will mould characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world. Every man was a boy—it seems strange, but it is really so. Would not you like to turn Time backward, and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots?—the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy, hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out before the glare of the burning logs.

Distinctly and vividly I remember a squat, freckled boy who was born in the "Pach" and used to pick up coal along railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Court of Appeals at Rochester. That boy from the "Pach" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat, one

suspender held his trousers in place, his form was bony and awkward, his bare legs and arms were brown and scratched and briar-scarred. He turned his horse just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half-bashful eyes, and modestly returned my salute. When his back was turned I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him.

Who knows? I may yet go to that boy to borrow money, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unmoved, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and night and death come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff—Destiny waits just around the corner.—Purity Advocate.

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### WILD OATS—A MESSAGE TO YOUNG MEN.

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*By Rev. J. P. Gladstone.*

"Oh, he is only sowing his wild oats!" How often do we hear that remark made about some wild young profligate. The very terms and tone of the speaker imply that the offense is a small one, is only what you might expect from any young man, and is in nowise blame-worthy.

When you know what it really is, you find it to be the ruin of two young persons, perhaps more, body and soul; you find the "wild oats" to be sins for the sake of which the wrath of God comes upon all who are guilty of them.

There is no necessity for these things. The men who have never been guilty of it, and there are thousands of them, say that it is not a necessity. The men who have been guilty of it, but who, by the grace of God, "have escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust," say that it is not a necessity. The millions of pure women—and we expect all women to be pure—say that it is not a necessity.

Have you for one moment pondered

the terrible fact, that, if some men must sin, some father's and mother's child must be ruined for their gratification? And why should any girl, however poor, be offered on that altar? The meanness, the cowardice, the selfishness, the degradation of men who "sow wild oats" ought to be enough to make their conduct appear most hateful, without saying a word about anything else.

Do not suppose that these plain words are evidence of want of sympathy with you, in your temptations and troubles. Joseph in Potiphar's house moves our hearts quite as deeply as Daniel in the lion's den. But if Joseph was kept, and if thousands more have been kept, so may any young man be kept. We do not minimize the danger, but we must glorify the sufficiency of His grace "who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." "If ye, through the spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

The battle of Purity is lost or won in the imagination. The evil pictures which are suggested through our own depravity or by means of the words or deeds of others, or by some sensual engraving or photograph, must be thrust down again as soon as they rise within. All the wickedness in the world is first enacted in the imagination.

There are, no doubt, external things which must be attended to, if the thoughts are to be kept clean. A young man who will not keep his eyes from scenes and pictures of an impure nature cannot expect to have a clean imagination.

Hence, the drawing which appeals to the eye, and the word-painting which appeals to the imagination directly, should be avoided if we even suspect that they are base and debasing.

There are some illustrated papers which are a disgrace to are and a peril to young manhood; their illustrations are obviously intended to suggest evil. "To the pure all things are pure" is the saying often quoted in defense of this abuse of art; but it is written again—"Unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is

nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled."

Books of an evil tendency should never be read. That we have them no one will attempt to deny. Indeed, some books which pass muster in ordinary homes are of very doubtful moral influence, because they contain pictures of characters which are not only bad, but are so drawn as to be calculated to lead others to imitate them.—Purity Advocate.

### THE GOOD EXAMPLE.

There is a great deal of wisdom in the following paragraph, which is quoted from a New York daily paper. Read, mark and inwardly digest it:

"A father or mother kind to animals, considerate of human beings, devoted to learning, modest in self-appreciation, truthful, above all—such is the greatest blessing a child can have. No start in life can do as much good as the good example."

Here is another on the same lines worthy of every parent's consideration. It is as follows:

Show your children how to live, how to tell the truth, how to respect age, and defend weakness; how to love learning and despise the vices. Don't tell them. Show them!

If fathers and mothers are courteous to each other and to all persons dependent on them, they set an example of courteousness that will have power over their children for good, for children are by nature copyists, imitators. They always do as mother does and father does, because they are their models.

### PURITY EDUCATION.

*Rev. John M. Dick.*

I am in hopes that the time is not far distant when proper instruction upon the reproductive nature will be given in all our public schools, as it is given today in some of our best private schools. It is a crime not to teach every boy the prop-

er function of every part of his body. As the boy is early taught the importance of each organ in its relation to all others, and as he is made to understand that the abuse of any interferes with the proper functions of all, he is thus guarded against those temptations that come to all boys. Every boy will quite surely learn concerning the evil habits peculiar to boy life; and unless he is made intelligent by someone who has a pure and holy purpose, he will be taught by those who teach that they may curse. The fact that in every city and town there are those who delight to teach boys impurity makes it imperative that those who are interested in the well-being of boys should bestir themselves to put a positive influence at work.—Purity Advocate.

### SCHOOLED IN CHILDHOOD.

The instinct of activity in the girl is as divine as in the boy; her muscles are as many in number and their law of development and growth is the same. Children may be taught to be polite, courteous, chivalrous, and kindly even in the midst of active childish sports, and the romping little girl is more likely to grow into the well-poised, self-reliant, symmetrically developed woman than the one whose active instincts have been constantly repressed in childhood.

"Comfort one another,  
For the way is often dreary,  
And the feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad;  
There's a heavy burden bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp, close and tender,  
With the sweetest love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken—  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

## Physical and Moral Education.

### THE EPITAPH.

This world has gold and influence,  
 With votaries at her shrine,  
 Who bow down at the throne of might,  
 However stained with crime.  
 They'll grasp the blood-stained hand, if  
     rich,  
 as of a friend and brother;  
 And spurn the man whom truth receives,  
 Whose noble heart and bosom heaves  
 In friendship for another.

It is not gold or influence,  
 Reveal man's native worth,  
 Nor high-flown claims of pedigree,  
 To royal rank and birth;  
 But chastity, adorned with love,  
 Faith, hope and charity,  
 Will give to him a nobler name,  
 And wreath his brow with brighter fame,  
 Through all eternity.

All monuments and tabulars  
 Are things of minor worth;  
 All glittering ores and sparkling gems  
 Are fragments of the earth;  
 And like all things of earthly note,  
 Will pass into decay;  
 But virtue, truth and honesty  
 Are attributes that never die,  
 Or ever fade away.

So with the noble-hearted soul,  
 Who feels too proud to live  
 On others' toil, or ask a boon,  
 He would not freely give.  
 However lowly his estate,  
 A helping hand I'd lend,  
 And ask no pomp or pageant might;  
 If he'd but battle for the right—  
 I'd hail him as a friend.

Give me a body hale and strong,  
 A spirit meek in pride;  
 A bosom friend to share my lot,  
 In whom I can confide,  
 I'd ask no lordling for his gold,

Or wealth to render aid;  
 But heaven to bless me as I try  
 To toil through life, and so enjoy  
 The wealth these hands have made.

The only monument I wish  
 To crown this life's retreat,  
 Is a plain inscription of my name,  
 Placed at my head or feet.  
 This epitaph I fain would have  
 When life hath closed her span;  
 That those who view me as I lay,  
 In truth may be constrained to say:  
 "Here lies an honest man."

R. Alldridge.

### THE VALUE OF PAIN.

Pain is not disease; it is a symptom calling attention to the fact that disease exists. We do not remove the disease by stopping the pain.

Headaches usually arise from disturbances in digestion, due to overeating, eating freely of soft foods; making bad combinations of foods, too much of a variety at meals, etc. Fermentation and decay of foods with the formation of poisons and irritants result. The danger is reported at headquarters. The thing to do is to heed the voice of the faithful sentinel, assist Nature to get rid of the impurities generated; either by washing out the stomach, drinking freely of water, fasting for a day, by vigorous exercise or eliminative baths. Recognize in the pain the voice of a friend calling attention to the fact that we have done wrong, and resolve never to violate the laws of health on this point again. In a day or so the transgressor would feel well and would be able to keep from getting into the same or a worse condition by avoiding the causes.

This is not the way these symptoms are usually treated. Pain is looked upon as an enemy, not as the voice of a friend. The sick one goes to a physician and de-

mands something that will stupefy or paralyze the nerves—the pain must stop at once. He is given an opiate, the pain stops; the food still keeps on decaying in the stomach; he imagines he is well. The disease still exists; the symptom alone has been removed. The faithful sentinel has been knocked down. The means of telegraphic communications to headquarters has been severed. The enemy has his own way and is able to go ahead undisturbed in his destructive work. The watchers are asleep under an anaesthetic or opiate. The enemy enters the camp. Poisons that are generated in the stomach through errors in diet, overwork and irritate the liver, the lungs and kidneys, through which they are eliminated, and finally result in Bright's disease; or, the lungs being weakened, are not able to resist the germs of the disease that are inhaled. He falls a victim to tuberculosis and is now in a serious, if not an incurable, condition.

The only safe way is to study the human body and become familiar with the laws upon which health, happiness and life depend. Prevent pains, woe and sickness by avoiding their causes.—Life and Health.

#### *CARE OF THE MOUTH.*

Perhaps no part of the body is so often neglected as the mouth; especially is this noticeable in the case of children. A mother who will religiously bathe her child and keep its body sweet and clean will often fail to clean its mouth. A newborn infant should have its mouth washed after each feeding; a soft cloth wet in a weak solution of boracic acid should be used for this purpose. If this were always done, we should rarely find a case of infantile sore mouth.

After the teeth come and the mouth is large enough, a small, soft brush should be used; the teeth and mouth should be thoroughly cleansed at least twice daily.

In illness, where sordes and mucus accumulate rapidly, and where the tongue and lips are parched and stiff, attention is needed every hour. The mouth should

be kept moist, and the same treatment carried out through the night as through the day. Boracic acid solution, listerine, lemon juice, glycerine and distilled water are all refreshing and soften the tissues. Where the lips are chapped or fissures appear, a lubricant of cold cream or sterilized vaseline should be applied. Where the gums are spongy or soft and bleed rapidly a few drops of tincture of myrrh added to pure water will help to harden them. Small squares of old linen of soft gauze should be used instead of a brush where one is ill or weak. These should be immediately burned after use.

Every part of the mouth should be cleansed; behind the wisdom teeth, the roof of the mouth and under the tongue. Lemon juice and water will remove the fur from a thickly coated tongue. Where the teeth are sensitive, the water should be slightly warm.—Southern California Practitioner.

#### *COLLEGIATE CURVED SPINE.*

Dr. Jay W. Seaver, a director and physical examiner of the Yale university gymnasium, has submitted a report on the general physical condition of college students. The investigations covered in the report relate to eighteen American colleges, one of these being Yale. In the five years during which these investigations have been carried on, nearly 21,000 students were examined. It was found that 5.6 per cent of these were pronounced cases of scoliosis, or curvature of the spine.

The results of these investigations have led Dr. Seaver to conclude that scoliosis is the most common physical deformity to be found among the educated young men of America. It seems startling to think that the only conveniences afforded in American colleges require about one in eighteen of all their attendants to sacrifice their goodly forms while securing an education. It is said that there is a prescribed course of treatment which, if carefully followed, cures or modifies the trouble in some cases. But there is not much consolation in this thought. One



has no positive assurance that he will be fully relieved of his difficulty, even after following the prescribed treatment; he only has a possible chance of restoration.

It can not be denied that it is far better to avoid the necessity for treatment of spinal curvature. There should, therefore, be taught in every school the habit of correct positions in which to sit at study. These positions should be insisted on as an essential part of the curriculum, if need be. Then, too, every school should so vary its exercises that no pupil would be permitted to remain in a single position, otherwise than a correct one, long enough to form bad habits of posture.

This could be easily carried out by having certain hours of each day devoted to industrial pursuits under the eye of competent leaders and instructors. This would be far better than the violent, and sometimes dangerous, exercise of football games, and others of like nature, in which many of the animal passions are called into exercise in an effort to win a game.—Pacific Health Journal.

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### THE SPIRIT OF UNIVERSAL LOVE

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Sometimes we call it good will, sometimes kindness, sometimes philanthropy, sometimes attraction, and sometimes love. Whatever our name it is the one constructive force of the Universe. It holds atom to atom, cell to cell, heart to heart and world to sun. It is everywhere manifest, everywhere operative. It is shown in the sunshine that warms into life the myriad forms of each planet. It is shown by the rain that falls upon the thirsty lips of the leaves. It is shown by the cosmic force that holds the clustered stars in space and impels them forward in perfect harmony and order. It is shown by the mother that lends her substance to the little ones and thus furnishes a gateway for a soul to enter into life. It is shown by the martyr who gives his life that the race may be quickened and the truth made plain.

We are coming more and more to see

that the way of love is the way of life, and that he who denies good will to any being in that far limits his own happiness. It is our privilege to give out kindness as the sun gives out light. It is our privilege to carry with us an atmosphere of blessing and health. It is our privilege to make life a song, to radiate good cheer. As these things flow out from us so will they flow back to us. As we give, we shall receive.

All through the ages men have had but a partial conception of life. They have looked at a segment of the circle, not the full rounded orb. They have limited themselves by their own attitudes. They have cut off their power of coming to the universal—God—by hating and excluding a part of that universal. They have failed to see that they could not arrive at the fullness of life until they were reconciled to every being who shared that life. They tried to be at peace with God while at war with their neighbors. They forgot first to be reconciled to their brothers before bringing their gifts to the altar.

The light grows. Our conceptions broaden. A large segment of the circle appears. We begin to see that to hate is simply to limit ourselves. God does not exclude us, but we exclude God when we exclude his creatures. He is love, universal love, and we can only come to Him by entering into the spirit of the universal love which He is. To shut our hearts against any is to shut our hearts against Him. "As ye have done it even unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Those who sin are like children. In any real sense the sin hurts only themselves, but they do not see, they do not understand. If we hate them for it we do them no good and hurt ourselves. It is not ours to censure and exclude, but rather to help them unfold and grow into something better. A flower will not blossom in the darkness, but in the sunlight. So a soul will not open unto hatred, but rather unto love. When our child commits a fault we love it into doing better. So we should make our attitude to the

little, growing souls that stumble and fall along the way of life.

This is the heart of the gospel taught by Jesus. Underneath every sentence of it is the spirit of love. The religion of the Jews had been one of strife and struggle, of stern justice, of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. That religion stoned the malefactor and went forth with the sword to slay those whom it considered the enemies of the true God. It regarded the children of Israel as the chosen people and excluded all others. It was a fierce, a warlike faith, that sought to limit the father to a faction.

The Nazarene brought an utterly new faith. It judged not. It resisted not. It excluded not. Like the sunshine, it flowed out alike to all, Gentile as well as Jew, sinner as well as saint. It laid aside the battle flag and raised instead the banner of peace. It was no longer the avenging angel, white and stern and terrible as it was the angel with the shining eyes and the smiling face, that came not to condemn, but to lift up.

From that day a new word was on the lips and in the hearts of men. That word was love. Long it had struggled for expression, but the utterance was faint and broken. Now had come a full and adequate voice that sang forth the song with sweetness and glory and power and the music that fell from those divine lips has charmed the world into some semblance of harmony and good will.

We are just coming to understand the spirit behind that song we are beginning to see the wisdom of that doctrine of non-resistance; we are learning that the universal love which he incarnated is the way, the truth and the life. We catch a glimmer of a wisdom that is higher than our wisdom, a simple faith that goes deeper into the mysteries of things than the plummet of all the boasted knowledge of man and a fountain within the soul whose shining and singing waters bubble forth with a joy that is always sweet and new."—Denver News.

## SMALLPOX; ITS NATURE, PREVENTION AND CURE.

(Editorial by W. R. C. Latson, M. D., in "Health-Culture.")

"From smallpox and love but few are exempt," was an adage during the middle ages. For more than a thousand years smallpox, or variola, has been considered one of the most deadly of diseases. At the present time many cases are reported in various quarters, and active measures for its prevention are going forward.

In view of the general apprehension that prevails regarding smallpox, a few words regarding the nature of this disorder and rational methods for its prevention and cure will not be amiss at this juncture.

Smallpox is defined by the orthodox medical works as "an acute contagious, epidemic disease, characterized by an eruption that makes its appearance first as a papule, then develops into a utricle, and finally becomes pustular, with the formation of a crust." This is more definitive than practical. It would be, perhaps, more satisfactory to state in plain English that smallpox is a complication of symptoms resulting from the following conditions: First—Retained waste matters; second, lowered vital resistance; third, certain atmospheric influences; and that all three of these are, to a large extent, interactive and interdependent.

Retention in the system of poisonous waste matters is due to one or more of several causes. Among these may be mentioned over feeding and other errors of diet, lack of fluids in the body, insufficient activity of the skin, lungs, bowels and kidneys, deficient exercise, confinement, pernicious mental state, such as fear or worry, overwork and so on.

Lowered vital resistance merely means that the functions of the body, digestion, assimilation, respiration, circulation and elimination, do not act with that energy and unanimity which are essential to a proper sustenance of the body as a whole.

Climatic and atmospheric influences, impurities of air and water, are important mainly through their effect in interfering with the action of the eliminating organs. The drinking of impure water will not cleanse the system; nor can the lungs or skin excrete their poisonous matters in air that is warm, heavy and damp, or otherwise impure. There is evidence that seems to show that impurities in food, air and water, climatic and other influences affecting communities—that these and similar influences affecting the bodily functions, and not contagion, may be accountable for the “epidemic” nature of smallpox and other disorders. However this may be, there is no question but that, deeply, the cause of smallpox may be found in some combination of retained waste, lowered vitality and atmospheric influence.

#### *The Prevention of Smallpox.*

Among the methods of prevention employed against smallpox the one most frequently employed is vaccination. The advocates of vaccination make the sweeping claim that vaccination is an absolute preventive of smallpox, and that proper vaccination, in itself, is entirely free from danger. They admit, however, that there is danger of evil results from the use of “impure” or defective vaccine, careless or uncleanly manipulation, etc., etc. The opponents of this procedure claim that there is absolutely no logical or scientific basis for the theory upon which vaccination is based, and that vaccination does not prevent smallpox, since vaccinated people frequently die of that disease. It is further claimed by the opponents of vaccination that the introduction into the blood of the product of a loathsome disease is unphysiological, unwarranted, inhuman and dangerous to health and even to life. Referring to published statistics the anti-vaccinationists deny the authenticity of these relating to the alleged immunity of vaccinated persons, and claim that the decrease of smallpox has been due to better sanitation, and that in this decrease smallpox has not kept pace with other disorders of the same class.

Whether or not vaccination is a pre-

ventive measure against smallpox is a question upon which authorities differ. It will be granted, however, even by the most ardent devotees of vaccination, that it is not the only condition which confers immunity—that some people are immune without being vaccinated with cowpox virus.

In discussing the subject at this time we shall not, therefore, consider the question of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, but will take up those conditions, outside of vaccination, which would command immunity from that disease.

#### *Conditions of Immunity.*

Now how can a person render himself immune against smallpox? In answer, it may be said that the conditions commanding immunity against smallpox are those which will protect the individual against all other diseases. He can render himself practically immune to smallpox as to other diseases by taking measures to prevent the retention and accumulation of the body waste and by maintaining the vital force at the highest possible point.

The important practical question is: By what methods can this be accomplished? In the first place, proper diet. Let the food be plain and simple, not excessive in quantity or variety, and let the meals be separated by an interval of at least five hours. In many, if not in all cases, two meals are preferable to three, as thousands of intelligent people all over the country can testify. Pastries, rich gravies, sauces, condiments and stimulants should be avoided. Alcohol is especially pernicious.

As to fluids, the safest and best is water, and the safest and best water is distilled water. This may be taken freely on rising or retiring and between the meals. At meal time and for a half hour preceding and two hours after the meal little or no fluid should be taken.

Care of the excretions is of equal importance with diet. The proper action of skin, lungs, bowels and kidneys is essential to health, and unless there be some gross violation as to diet, such active elimination constitutes practical immu-

nity against the so-called epidemic and contagious diseases.

Free water drinking is the most important influence in regulating the action of the kidneys, bowels and skin, also, to a less extent, of the lungs. The proper action of the bowels may be ensured by enemas of hot or warm water whenever necessary. In fact, under any circumstances, a weekly enema is a valuable prophylactic measure.

The importance of the skin as an organ of depuration and respiration is not generally understood. A daily bath, warm, followed by a cold sponging, a weekly or semi-weekly sweat or Turkish bath, massage and vigorous friction with flesh brush or Turkish towel—these are among the most practical and simple measures by which the skin may be kept in order.

The action of the lungs in taking in oxygen and in carrying their gaseous poisons may be assured by proper ventilation, by free exercise in the open air, and by systematic breathing exercises, such as described from time to time in *Health Culture*.

It is safe to say that in the vast majority of cases one who lives according to the spirit of the above directions will be immune against smallpox or any similar disorder.

#### *Treatment of Smallpox.*

Where the disease is present the treatment should be governed by the same principles. Total abstinence from food throughout the five, six or more days of the acute stage, daily color flushings of tepid or cool water, free drinking of cold water, treatment of the skin several times daily by cool sponge baths, to control temperature and to maintain the activity of the skin functions. Add to this proper ventilation and freedom from worry and panic, and we are in possession of a curative armamentarium which robs small pox of its terrors, and registers another triumph for common sense over empiricism, blind routine and pseudo science.

#### *AROUND THE STOCK EXCHANGE*

(By Edward Markham.)

I see a hell of faces surge and whirl  
Like a maelstrom in the ocean—faces—  
lean

And fleshless as the talons of a hawk—  
Hot faces like the faces of the wolves  
That track the traveler fleeing through  
the night—

Grim faces shrunken up and fallen in,  
Deep-ploughed like weather-eaten bark of  
oak—

Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,  
Grown suddenly old upon the brink of  
earth.

Is this a whirl of madmen ravening  
And blowing bubbles in their merriment?  
Is Babel come again with shrieking crew  
To eat the dust and drink the roaring  
wind?

And all for what? A handful of bright  
sand

To buy a shroud with and a length of  
earth?

#### *THERAPEUTICS ATTACKED.*

H. O. Houghton, president of the Maryland Anti-Vivisection society, Baltimore, has just issued for free distribution a powerful argument against vivisection, knife surgery in general, and the serum treatment, including vaccination. The argument is that nature, if intelligently assisted, will do all and more than cutting or inoculation with disease germs can do. It is stated that wild animals die only of old age or accidents, whereas among the human family only nine persons in a million die of old age. Wild animals live in a natural state and have nothing to fear from germs.

Human beings eat grossly and live in such a way that the poisonous waste products are not eliminated from their system. Then instead of looking to the cause, and removing it, the victims begin to "doctor." If our habits were cleanly, in a broad sense, we would not suffer from germs any more than the wild animals, says this essay.—Pathfinder.

### THE CORSETED GIRL.

The corseted girl is not a healthy girl. It is impossible for her to be so. The stiff, unwieldy shackles she wears press the internal organs out of position and hinder them in their work. They can not perform their normal functions. Of course, the stomach, liver, lungs and pelvic organs do the best they can to adjust themselves to this barbarous treatment, but they will never be the healthy, active organs they might have been. Nature has been outraged and the penalty can not be set aside. The result is weakened digestion, diminished lung power, and impoverished blood.

A girl of unusual vitality will sometimes seemingly escape injury, but it is only for a time. Sooner or later her health will become impaired. She will fade early. She will lose her symmetrical form, her lustrous eye, her rosy cheeks. These evils, to be sure, may not appear immediately, but in time they will come as surely as night follows day, and oftentimes they swiftly come.

I remember a girl who once visited an older sister of mine. Every time this girl dressed she hooked her corset at the front, and then some one had to pull the corset strings until she was squeezed in tight enough to permit her skirt bands to meet. She would put her hands on the sides of her waist, hold her breath, and press inward until the corset was laced. I used to stand by and look on in childish wonder, unconsciously holding my breath, while this performance was going on, and when it was over I would draw a long, deep breath. She said she sometimes slept in her corset so that her waist wouldn't grow. This girl, died a few years after of consumption.

Not long since, a girl who had never acquired the corset habit, was visiting a friend in the city. They were invited to a dance. The friend told the girl that she could not possibly think of permitting her to go to a dance corsetless. So the girl was rushed off to the store to buy a corset. "For what," said the friend, "would a young man think if he should

put his hand on your waist and you should not have a corset on? He would be shocked." Shocked, forsooth! What normal young man, I wonder, would not rather, in the mazes of the waltz, hold the supple, natural body of the girl herself than the hard, rigid shell in which she usually incases herself.

Much of the tight-lacing is due to an erroneous idea that a waspish waist is beautiful. A woman will sacrifice anything for beauty—even her common sense sometimes. But what artist would consent to use as a model one of the present day fashion plate ladies? Not one, unless, indeed, the figure could be so draped as to hide its deformity.

I have often heard girls say, "I can't go without a corset. When I take it off I just feel like I am falling to pieces." What an illy-constructed creature it is that requires a prop to hold her together! But the trouble is she has braced herself so long with a corset, leaving her waist muscles unused, that they have become flabby and weak, and cannot support the weight they were intended to bear. Take off the corset and bring back the muscles to their normal use.

This, perhaps, cannot be done all at once, but gradually by leaving the corset off a part of each day it can finally be dispensed with altogether.

The corseted girl cannot breathe deeply, which is one of the great essentials to health. Let her try to breathe diaphragmatically. As her abdomen rises it is met by that unyielding sentry, the stiff, straight front corset, which seems to say, so far shalt thou come and no further." And the abdomen is forced back. The corseted girl knows nothing of the delightful freedom of an unencumbered body and the stimulating effect of deep breathing.

When she removes her corset at night there are deep red lines on her body telling of undue pressure. What a shame to corrode and despoil with marks and creases the soft, firm flesh of the human body.

Far better would it be if the corseted girl would lay aside this instrument of

torture, this destroyer of health and beauty, and learn to breathe deeply, train the muscles to support the body, and give the vital organs a chance to perform unimpeded their normal functions.

Then instead of presenting the appearance of an unwieldy, ungraceful lamp-post she will acquire that suppleness of muscle, litheness of form, grace of bearing, pliancy of figure, and general wholesomeness that stamp healthy, superb womanhood.—Medical Talk.

### ONE REASON WHY WOMEN ARE NERVOUS.

Often I have said that women were angels. And by this I have intended to indicate specifically that, considering all the disadvantages under which conventional society places them, they show a spirit so kind and do a work so great that it is a source of continual wonder to me that they can so well acquit themselves. For example, take the kind of dress against which a woman must contend in all that she does at home or abroad. Put this dress on a man and let him enter the battle thus swathed and bound; what would be the consequences? Dress the young man in skirts and bands as he enters college. What would be the effect upon him? It is an unceasing wonder to me that girls in our colleges do so much remarkable mental work, often distancing the young men when in competition with them, in a dress which, if put on a man, would drive him into insanity or imbecility. For modify it as you will, wholly apart from conventional prejudice, no man could or would put on a woman's garments and assume to be healthy or vigorous in mind and body. How do women do it? How do they go up and down stairs in dresses, how walk, how play without complete nervous and muscular break down? Only because they have qualities so wonderful and endurance and patience so great that it may be called superhuman or at least supermasculine. Years ago I remember that I used to hear a very gifted physician lecture on health, one of whose dicta was that a skirt strik-

ing against the knees of the wearer, would, on necessity, create nervousness, whether the garment was heavy or light. At that time much less was known than now of the effects of reflex nervous action. He had in mind more than we would, the direct effects of the obstacle. But if he were speaking now, in the light of later knowledge, he could truthfully lay double emphasis on the fact which he had observed. And when there is added to this irritating impediment, the weight of heavy skirts, the strong resistance of the wind as the wearer faces it, the weight on the waist, the interference with free motion of the legs, and the tightness of dress waists which makes a natural swing of the arms impossible, there are in a woman's dress enough obstacles, not one of them necessary to her good health and sound nervous conditions, to make it no less than wonderful that she lives and moves at all. Still she lives, and works, and she is generally kind, sweet tempered, industrious, intellectual, practical, despite all her disadvantages. What wonder that a man to whom such dress would be no less than a perpetual imprisonment and punishment, should think that the woman who wears all this and do all this, are angelic? It is no figure of speech to say that they are manifestly superior to man in the basis of their physical life and in their power to do and suffer. If she should have his chance to grow, to act, to be natural and normal, he would have to be much more of a man than he is now to compete with her in their common field. But not her patience, her endurance or her heroism can prevent her paying a heavy penalty for these violations of nature. And this she does. Oliver Wendell Holmes won his way to a permanent place in my heart when, out of his knowledge and experience as a physician, thinking of what women suffer, he once said, with a profound pathos: "O, those poor women!" The man who does not suffer with and for women as they live in pain and die in weakness on account of the foolish styles which we impose on them, has not yet earned humanity.

But dress only indicates one of the

causes of strain upon women. If you add wifehood, motherhood, housekeeping, and a few other things out of the many which she is expected to do patiently and well, she has need of a perfectly healthy nervous system that her ordinary occupations may be met in a way to reduce to its lowest terms the worry attendant upon the strains of her life. No man has any right to find fault with a woman for being nervous so long as she dresses as now she thinks and he thinks she must, and spends so much time in the house attending to the household duties rather than in the open air.

It is common matter of observation among good women that they are over-conscientious about their tempers. How many times I have seen a good woman who wished to realize an ideal life according to the highest Christian standards halting before what she called her "temper" and regretting that she could not control it. When an attempt is made to elevate a church to the highest plane of spiritual life, I have many times noticed that among the best of the women there was a strong sense of their deficiency on account of their confession that they could not control their tempers. On many such occasions and to many such women it has been my privilege to say: "You have no bad temper and deserve no censure from yourself or any other person. You are simply nervously tired out. The irritation of which you are conscious has in it no immediate moral character at all. From that point of your character, you are blameless. If you were in a restful condition of health and nerve you would have none of this hastiness to which you affix blame." Nor do I blame them though they are wearing a dress which causes this supersensitiveness, because, first, I do not try to help people by blaming them, and, secondly, I recognize the fact that if they should try to wear a sensible dress they would be so abused and criticised by those of their own and of the opposite sex whose ignorance is the cause of their cruelty that the effort to escape from bondage in one direction would be met by severer strain

from another direction. If a woman should put on a dress which was healthful and beautiful by true artistic standards and go to college or to church or into the street she would be likely to be hooted and jeered at and made down sick by marks of disfavor on the part of those who are almost degenerates in their prejudice against nature as God made it. I cannot at this time take up phases of this important subject which lead out from these basal reflections, though I would consider myself as doing one of the most useful and fruitful acts of my life if I could abate the dreadful consequences to woman of what she needlessly suffers.

Two or three years ago I had strong hopes that the bicycle as then used by women would lead to a better dress and better conditions of life. But prudery and custom got the better of common sense and the laws of God in nature. And instead of seeing women riding with freedom and ease, we now see them pedalling along in skirts which as the wind blows against them and under them complicate this beautiful and healthful exercise with conditions which make it as unhealthful as it is unbeautiful. I do not hesitate to say that till men and women have enough sense and reverence for God to honor the human form as does art, so as to rid ourselves of garments whose chief design seems to be at once to conceal and to deform the body, we may not look for the health or happiness to which both men and women are entitled by their heavenly birthright.—Health Culture.

#### DRUGS VERSUS NATURE.

Of late years there has been a growing and alarming sale of drugs to cure the fancied and real ills that flesh is heir to. Most of these drugs are sold under the title of harmless(?) patent medicines, but a drug is a drug, and its influence for bad or good, on the system, will be felt, whether it is given singly or in combination with others, as is the case in the patent medicine. It takes a very good physician to judiciously administer remedies, because all drugs have a weakening

influence of some kind, either upon the disease, or else upon the human body, if taken inadvertently. This is not said in order to prejudice the mind of any one against drugs altogether, but simply against their abuse or ill-advised use.

Besides the injurious effects of ill-directed drugs, there is the danger of intemperance lurking in the frequent use of patent medicines, since they contain so much alcohol, which may constitute 75 per cent or more of their bulk. This is no small matter, when we remember that the slumbering appetite for liquor, inherited from parents or past generations, may be awakened in a child, and lead that child into misery and degradation.

All drugs have some effect upon certain organs of the body, for instance, belladonna upon the eye and the throat, sulphur upon the lungs and the blood. While the accidental taking of most drugs is not necessarily dangerous, their habitual taking will always result in weakening the very organs they have an affinity for.

A. A. RAMSEYER.

#### KAISER'S SPORTING RECORD.

Berlin, Oct. 28.—It is announced in the papers here that the Kaiser has completed his thirtieth year as a hunter and sportsman. An elaborate list is given of his thirty years' "bag." It seems that his Majesty has killed an aggregate of 47,443 animals. Of these 18,891 were pheasants, 27,881 hares, 2,507 wild pigs, 1,627 rabbits, over 4,500 deer of all sorts, including 3 reindeer and 7 elk, 121 chamois, several hundred of various birds, as grouse, bustards, ducks, etc., 1 marten, 1 whale, and 1 pike. The list closes with "473 various other animals," as to which no details are given, and about which some reasonable curiosity is felt.—London Chronicle.

How proud the Kaiser must feel when he ponders the havoc he has wrought among the harmless denizens of his forests. How his manly bosom must swell when he thinks of the fearless way in which he bowled over the unsuspecting animals. Safe in his cover, unseen by his

victims, he merely pressed the trigger and sent the death-dealing missile towards the living target. A truly great achievement this. No wonder the Germans admire their strenuous and fearless ruler. Time was when kings could kill off their personal enemies with impunity, and oriental potentates still do this. But in Europe times have changed and a ruler's powers have been somewhat circumscribed. William has a passion for killing, and since he cannot kill his fellow men, he murders the harmless animals in his forests. This desire to go out and kill something is quite common among so-called Christian gentlemen, and it is a very sad and distressing phenomenon. Mankind seems to be torn by two fierce desires, to create and to destroy, and at times the one has the mastery and then again the other. The desire to kill is not unlike the desire to bluster, to scold, to swear and to punish. It is probably latent in every human breast, and is aroused often in some individuals and never in others. But it ought to be held in check, just as other ignoble cravings are held in check. The man who cannot lay a restraining hand on his passion for killing is sadly lacking in one of the main attributes of a Christian gentleman, and is hardly fit to hold the destinies of a great nation in his hand.—The Whim.

#### A TRUE PROPHECY.

"In ten years all your antitoxin syringes will be in the ash barrel and you will be ashamed that you were ever guilty of using antitoxin for diphtheria."

The above expression was used but a few months ago by a gentleman enjoying a large private practice and holding a responsible position as chief of a hospital ward in this city.—Philadelphia Medical Journal, October 25, 1902.

A German professor has counted twenty-four million bacteria in a pound of cherries. Is it any wonder that a small boy doesn't feel exactly comfortable after annexing a peck, more or less, of this succulent but germiferous fruit?



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### *TOM'S MISERABLE LUCK.*

(By James C. Purdy.)

"I don't know how it is our Tom always has such miserable luck. I'm sure no boy tries harder for a chance to work and no boy is more capable than he is, but things always seem to go against him somehow."

Indeed, there seemed to be some ground for Mrs. Gill's complaint. Tom certainly did have a great many falls in his wrestle with the world. He was bright and active, not vicious and lazy. He found plenty of opportunities to work but the opportunities did not last.

"Tom hasn't got influence," his mother would sigh in explanation. "It takes influence to push a boy on, and how's a poor boy to get any influence?"

When Tom was discharged from the Electrical Works, he assumed that his place was wanted for the son of some stockholder. The manager's explanation was different, but Tom's mother believed Tom.

As winter approached, the need at home was more urgent than ever, for the mother herself had fallen down the cellar stairs, and was woefully lame in consequence.

"I ought to have remembered that broken step," she said, dolefully. "Tom was going to fix it when it first got broke, but he kept putting it off, somehow."

Under pressure of necessity, Tom announced himself as an odd jobber. He was handy and apt at many things; he could put an electric bell in order, rig up an electric gas-lighting attachment, put a new washer on a leaky spigot, contrive a kitchen shelf, mend a broken bracket, replace a shattered window pane. All these things he undertook to do now, as well as to manage the furnace fires in people's cellars.

Mrs. Bryd gave him his first trial. She was not rich, she did not even keep a

servant, but her word of commendation went far with the many rich people among her friends. Being interested in Tom's mother, she gave the boy two or three small jobs to do, and he did them well.

"You might try him," she said to her friends, "but don't promise any steady work till we see how he holds out. For he has had an unbroken run of what his mother calls 'miserable luck.' Perhaps his luck has changed now."

So Tom was given a good many jobs. Presently winter was close at hand, and furnace fires must be started.

"Build mine at once," Mrs. Boyd said to Tom. "I will tell you exactly how I wish it managed." And she concluded: "I take you on trial for two weeks. It depends on yourself whether the trial shall last longer than that."

Then she was reminded that some boy had broken a pane of glass in the cellar window facing north.

"Put a whole pane of glass in there," she said, "before the first freeze. It won't do to have that water pipe frozen."

"I'll put it in tomorrow morning," said Tom.

"Very well, I'll trust you for that."

The wild weather lasted nearly a fortnight after this, and furnace fires were kept as low as possible. Tom had several of them to attend to, but not quite as many as at first. Already his miserable luck had caught up with him again. Several of his new employers had dispensed with him. Mr. Crane told him bluntly that, since he had "skipped" a day, he need not come back to finish weather-stripping the windows. When he went to lay Mrs. Wilson's vestibule oilcloth, he found it already in place. It was discouraging, but still Tom did not give up.

The disappointment at Judge Grey's came near making him do that, ~~however~~. He was called there to put an electric

bell in order, and to put new wires to the gas-lighting attachment. He soon had the bell working perfectly, but when he went back, three days later, with the wire for the other job, he found that a regular electrician had been called in his stead, and that the work was already done. Why? Certainly no electrician in the city could do that job better than Tom Gill could do it; and just because he had put off doing it for a couple of days!

The cold weather came suddenly. People woke in the night shivering for more blankets, and the next morning all ponds were covered with ice. Then the wind rose, and came in an Arctic gale straight from the north. It blew so all day and all night, and before the second morning dawned the cold was bitter.

That second morning Tom was a full half-hour late in getting to Mrs. Byrd's. he was in the kitchen to receive him, and he noticed a certain unusual graciousness in her manner.

"I ain't just on the minute this morning," he said, with his pleasant laugh. "Bed felt so good, I lay a little too long."

"Just a little," said Mrs. Byrd, smoothly. "Now that you mention it, I think you have been a little late every morning; a half hour or so."

Tom gave her an apprehensive look. "Well, you see, those warm mornings I thought it wouldn't make any difference. You see —"

"But isn't a bargain a bargain?" she asked, calmly. "You know you agreed to be here every morning at half-past six, and don't you think I had a right to expect you at that time? I may be wrong, but it seems to me it was none of your business what the weather was."

"Oh, well, if you look at it that way—"

"And another thing," she interrupted him, in the same even tone. "Yesterday morning you left the furnace with only a little coal in it, saying you would come back after breakfast. I am afraid your mother was worse, or you certainly would have come, especially as it was such a cold day."

"N-no, m'am, mother wasn't any worse, but—I'll tell you. One of our

neighbors came in and wanted me to put up her stove—just a thank-you job—and I thought just for once maybe it wouldn't be any hardship for you to put on a shovelful or two, till—"

"No hardship at all, I assure you, for I didn't do it. I was out most of the day and all the evening. Didn't you find the fire rather low when you came in the evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I coaxed it up as well as I could, and I thought it would be—"

"I imagined so, for the house seemed cold to me when I came in. Don't you think it is a little below normal this morning, even?"

She led him into the dining room; it was as cold as a sawmill. "Perhaps it would be as well to go down now and see what can be done to improve matters," she said, and with the same dangerous sweetness of manner she opened the cellar door and followed close behind him down the stairs.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

At the foot of the stairway Tom stopped, pale, speechless, overwhelmed. The cellar was flooded with water, and a small cataract was still pouring into it. The water pipe had burst.

Mrs. Byrd, close beside him, uttered a cry of fresh dismay. Bad as the situation had been fifteen minutes earlier, it was worse now. Her voice roused Tom from his stupor, and he splashed away through the water to the cut-off, turned it, and so stopped the rush. Then he waded to the furnace; it was fireless, and had been so since the night before. There, staring him out of countenance, was the vacant space into which he had promised to put a pane two weeks ago.

"I—I thought a few more days would not matter—and I wasn't expecting the freeze yet, and anyhow I put a board against it last night. It must have blown in," he muttered, trying to excuse himself.

"And you are the one that never went back on a bargain!"

Some of Mrs. Byrd's friends had never seen her angry, but she had her full share of human nature, and now she was fair-

ly ablaze with wrath and scorn. Her tone and the look she gave Tom made him burn with shame. There could be no possible doubt about her opinion of him, and for the first time in his life he felt that it was the opinion he deserved.

"Never went back on a bargain!" she repeated. "You never did anything else! I knew your record, but I thought you might have learned a lesson at last, so I gave you one more chance; and this is the use you have made of it! You have cheated every friend I recommended you to. Even patient Judge Grey could not put up with your dilly-dallying! You are an out-and-out swindler from first to last!"

"No, ma'am, I ain't. Excuse me, but I ain't!" He came and looked straight into her angry eyes. There was a new sort of dignity in his respectful tone and in his pale face. "I was, but my luck's changed, and I ain't now."

"Go! I have no patience for any more experiments. Go!"

He went meekly up the stairs. She followed him slowly, with the uncomfortable feeling every sensible person has after a fit of anger; she had said more than she had meant to say, although no more than the occasion called for.

When she reached the kitchen Tom was at the door ready to go out. He faced her, and in a businesslike tone said the most unexpected thing possible: "What plumber shall I go for? That pipe must be fixed right away."

"What have you to do with that? Don't you understand? You are discharged."

"No, ma'am, I ain't. Excuse me, but really I ain't. You see, it's just this way. I've got to keep on working for you, and for all the folks that dropped me, so as to make up for the way I've been doing. Understand? I ain't asking pay from you or from them; only to make it up to you. I can see now that I'm in debt, and I want to pay up, that's all. And I want to prove that my luck's changed."

She wavered an instant, then laughed in spite of herself. "I really believe your

luck has changed! It used to be that you wouldn't stay in a situation, and now you won't stay out of one! Well, run off and get Brown, the plumber, here as soon as you can. Then come back and build that furnace fire. The house is as cold as a barn, and I want by breakfast."

He went and came. And all winter he kept coming and going, not only to that house, but to one after another of the houses that had dispensed with him. His employers wondered if the reform would last; but long before spring all were convinced that his luck had changed indeed. Before another winter came he was back in the electrical works, and there he has stayed ever since.—Youth's Companion.

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### MOHAMMED AND THE MOHAMMEDANS.

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(By W. J. Sloan.)

(Continued From February Number.)

The Koran is the same to his followers as the Bible is to Christians. Except to those who believe in it and to students of the theology it seems a strange jumble of uninteresting matter. Several translations of it have been made. The best of these is, perhaps, the one by George Sale. This can be purchased at most book stores at little cost. Its principal doctrines are: Absolute unity and supremacy of God; the existence of angels and genii. Michael is the angel of power; Azriel, the angel of death; Israfeel, the angel of the resurrection. Satan plays an important part, according to its teachings. The most dangerous belief they have is predestination. By believing that a person was predestined to do all that he does in life and has no power to change his acts they stop all progress. They believe that prophets existed before Mohammed's time, among whom are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Jesus.

The Mohammedans believe in fasting, alms giving and in a yearly visit to their holy city, Mecca. Wine and all kinds of strong drink and gambling are forbidden. They believe God to be the father of all,

but the Koran teaches no Brotherhood of Mankind. It teaches all good Mohammedans to hate non-believers and make war on them. This is wrong because it is the duty of all to love everybody and hate nobody. All Mohammedans do not believe the same. They have many different explanations of the Koran. There are nearly as many sects among them as there are among Christians. They observe Friday as the Sabbath. They are very devoted to the outward forms of their religion. One writer said: "I have seen a congregation of at least two thousand souls assembled in the Mosque of St. Sophia, with silence so profound, that until I entered the body of the building I was unaware that it contained a single worshiper." Many Christians might learn a valuable lesson from these less civilized people.

In sickness help is never asked for in vain. Even in time of plague or contagious disease, such as cholera, smallpox, etc., the Turk seems perfectly fearless. He remains by the bedside of the sick person and ministers to his wants until he recovers or death releases him. Five times a day the hour of prayer is proclaimed in these words, "There is no God but God. Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayers." No matter where he may be or who may be present, when the hour of prayer comes he falls on his knees with his face toward the city of Mecca and utters his prayers. When Mohammedans sit down to a meal they ask for a blessing on the food and when they have finished the meal they give thanks for what they have eaten.

There is much in the Mohammedan religion that we could not accept but they have many truths that influence their lives for good. The founder of this religion was a pure minded man and has helped millions of people to live a better life than they might have lived if he had not established this religion. The man and the religion were helpful in the world's progress, but the religion will probably not influence people as much in the future as it has in the past.

From our study of these religions we

learn that all of them have some truths. It is our duty to gather truths from all sources and to let them influence our lives in such a way as to come nearer each day to the perfect life that our Creator intended us to live.

### CHARITY THAT AVAILETH NOT.

(By Elliott Flower.)

(Continued From February Number.)

Probably for the first time in its history, the cloak was worn at breakfast, and surely it never was present at a scantier meal. Afterwards, the girl pleaded for one more hour of luxury. It was so hard to give it up, and an hour is only a short time! The mother hesitated, but finally granted this favor, and the girl was on the street with it before the mother knew what had happened. That was unwise. The cloak might get dirty, and certainly would create a sensation, if not trouble. As a matter of fact, it did both. The girl was proud of her possession, her companions were envious and suspicious, and the policeman on the beat was puzzled. The girl paraded, her companions carried the news, and the policeman came.

"My mother's going to mend it for a lady," explained the girl. It is very easy to re-tell a successful lie.

"Well, your mother will get into trouble if she lets you wear it," returned the policeman.

"She doesn't know it," said the girl, with unblushing effrontery, for the consciences of these waifs are not developed as they should be.

She promised to return home with it immediately, and she did. There was nothing else to do. It was hard that she could not wear her own garment, but it was evident that she could not. The kindness of the kind lady had made nothing but trouble for her.

It took the girl twenty minutes to do up the cloak in a newspaper. Perhaps it would be better to say that it took her twenty minutes to do it up finally, for twice she unwrapped it to take one more longing look. One does not say fare-

well to the most cherished possession without some hesitation. But finally it was done, and after some loitering the store was reached.

"We don't buy second-hand goods," said the merchant.

"But this is almost new, and it's something fine," urged the girl; "you never had anything so fine in your store."

The merchant undid the package and spread the garment out on the counter.

"I should think not," he commented; "it's an opera wrap."

"I told you so," said the girl, with gratification; "how much is it worth?"

"Nothing to me," answered the merchant; "my customers don't go to the opera, do they?"

"But maybe they would if they had a cloak like this," persisted the girl, anxiously, not losing hope. "Wouldn't it jest look fine in the window?"

"Well, I don't want it, anyway," said the merchant, decisively: "I couldn't sell it in a million years, and I wouldn't buy it from you if I could. I don't know where you got it. Maybe I ought to call the police, anyhow."

The girl argued no more, and he let her go. He was suspicious, but it was less trouble to be suspicious than it was to verify or disprove his suspicions. Besides, it was no concern of his where she got the cloak.

With the pawnbroker in the next block it was different, however. He didn't want the cloak, but the recovery of stolen goods was more in his line. He was always ready to assist in returning to its rightful owner anything that could be easily traced; anything else he was quite as ready to buy or accept as collateral for a small loan.

"Stolen," said the pawnbroker, promptly.

"No, it isn't," replied the girl, indignantly.

"The police sent out a description of it this morning," asserted the pawnbroker.

"Naw, they didn't," retorted the girl. These waifs are very careless, abrupt, and inelegant in their conversation.

The cloak lay on the counter, the

pawnbroker was behind it, and the girl was in front. If the pawnbroker had been wise, he would have made sure of the cloak first. As it was, he started for the girl, who grabbed the cloak and easily beat him to the door. Being alone in the shop, he dared not follow.

"I don't see," said the girl, later, to her mother, "what's the use of a thing you can't wear and can't eat and can't sell."

The mother sighed and replied that there are many things in this world that it is difficult to understand. She might have added that the charity of unthinking people is prominent among these mysterious things, but she did not go deep enough for that. It was not her nature to give methodical consideration to a subject.

The girl made the best of the situation until one day she saw the generous young woman and followed her to her home. The next day she went back with a bundle.

"What do you want?" demanded the young woman, in surprise, as she noted the appearance of her caller.

"Please, ma'am," said the girl, "you gave me a fine coat one night, and—"

"Oh, you're the waif, are you?" interrupted the young woman. "And you've hunted me up and want something more? Well, I was a fool to give you the wrap, but—"

"I know it, ma'am," exclaimed the girl, with simple directness.

"Oh, you know it!"

"Yes, ma'am; so I've brought it back. I cannot keep it, so I've brought it back."

Amazement was pictured on the face of the young woman.

"Brought it back!" she repeated. "Of all things this is the most extraordinary."

The girl put the bundle on the table and spoke rapidly, almost passionately.

"I wanted to keep it," she said. "I jest loved it, and it was the warmest thing I ever had. But when I wore it they tried to arrest me, and when I tried to sell it they said I stole it. It's no use to me, and if it's really mine,—"

"Of course it's yours."

"—I'd like to sell it back to you for a dollar."

The young woman was looking at the girl thoughtfully, pityingly, but presently she turned her eyes to the wrap, which she had unrolled.

"I guess somebody must have worn it," she remarked, with a laugh; "it certainly has that appearance."

"I wore it nights," admitted the girl.

"When you went out after dark?"

"When I was in bed. It was warm and soft, and I liked it, and I couldn't wear it any other time. Isn't it worth a dollar to get it back? Seems like it ought to be worth something to somebody."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the young woman pushed the garment away and left the room.

"Mother," she said to the elderly woman she found in the library, "the waif, that I gave my old wrap to the night Harry made me so angry, is here."

"Well?" returned the elderly woman, inquiringly.

"I'm going to order the carriage and go to her home with her," asserted the young woman; "perhaps I can be of some real help."

"I should think you had given her enough already," suggested the elderly woman.

"I have given, as I always have given, —from my purse, but nothing from my time or my thoughts," was the reply. "I have given, but I have not helped. What I have done has been for my conscience rather than for the object of my charity; and something more than that is due. Oh, it's useless to argue! I'm going with the girl to see, not so much what I can give as what I can do."—Success.

### HE ..ANSWERED ADVERTISEMENTS.

A man who answered advertisements in cheap "story papers" has had some interesting experiences, says an exchange. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. Sure enough he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it." Later on he sent 50 2-cent stamps to find out

how to raise turnips successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull." Being young, he wished to marry, and sent 34 1-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." It was a little rough, but he was a patient man, and thought he would yet succeed. Next advertisement he answered read, "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them and he would see his money doubled. Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and he got a package of needles. He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "How to get rich." "Work like the devil and never spent a cent." And that stopped him, but his brother wrote to find out how to write a letter without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card to "Fish for suckers as we do."

### MODERN FOOTBALL.

The applicant for a place on the college football team was put through a long and rigid examination. Following are the questions asked by the captain and the answers of the applicant:

Q. Age? A. Nineteen. Q. Weight? A. Hundred and sixty-four. Q. Knuckles hard? A. I can crack a boiler plate with 'em. Q. Good biter? A. Bite an iron spike in two. Q. Good kicker? A. Kick a man's lung out. Q. What would you do if you were running toward the enemy's goal with the ball and their crack player tackled you? A. I would throw the ball to my support, after which I would tackle the tackle.

Q. Please explain.

A. I would place my right arm under his chin and my left over knees, then I would bend him back over my right knee until his spine cracked, after which I would jump up and down on him with my spikes. Q. How would you amuse him while doing this? A. I would permit him to chew my thumb. Q. Suppose

you found yourself the under man in the pile-up? A. I would eat my way out. Q. How would you tackle a heavyweight tackletackle? A. I would first butt a hole through his vitals, and before he recovered from the shock I would pick him up and throw him over the grand stand pat. Q. What are the three cardinal indispenables in a football game? A. A doctor, an ambulance and a hospital. Q. Anything else? A. A funeral. Q. You cherish no personal ill-feeling against the members of opposite teams? A. Not in the least. Q. I understand that you know nothing of the technical points of the game? A. That is true. Q. You will do; please sign here.—Boston Post.

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### APLOGIZING.

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An apology must not come too easily. I have a friend who apologises at the lease provocation. "Oh, yes! to be sure. You are quite right. I'm awfully sorry," and in five minutes she will be doing the same thing and rattling off the same formula. An over-issue of paper dollars; they become quite valueless. The superficial readiness to forgive comes under the same category. I once read a letter in which the writer apparently inflicted an injury upon his correspondent. He closed it glibly as follows: "I know you will resent this, but I forgive you freely beforehand!" Of course this coin was counterfeit on its face. Forgiveness and apology, from sinned-against and sinning, must stand for positive sympathy with the other party, or they really become affronts. Forgiveness is a sort of self-blame too; you blame yourself for not having forgiven before, and it is the lack of universal sympathy which lies at the root of both transgressions. You find yourself out of tune like a violin and you proceed to screw yourself up to the proper pitch.—The Whim.

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### AN ALLEGORY.

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*Edwin Markham.*

There is flying through the world the story of a builder, a foolish eye-servant,

a poor rogue. He and his little ones were wretched and roofless, whereupon a certain good Samaritan said in his heart, "I will surprise this man with the gift of a comfortable home." So, without telling his purpose, he hired the builder at fair wages to build a house on a sunny hill and then went on business to a far city.

The builder was left at work with no watchman but his own honor. "Ha!" said he to his heart. "I can cheat this man. I can skim the material and scamp the work." So he went on, spinning out the time, putting in poor service, poor nails, poor timbers.

When the Samaritan returned the builder said: "That is a fine house I built you on the hill." "Good," was the reply; "go move your folks into it at once, for the house is yours. Here is the deed."

The man was thunderstruck. He saw that instead of cheating his friend for a year, he had been industriously cheating himself. "If I had only known it was my house I was building!" he kept muttering to himself.

But in a deep sense we are always building our own houses. Each one dwells in the heaven or hell of his own making.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,  
One thing holds sure and fast.  
That into this fateful heap of days and deeds

The soul of man is cast.

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### CONUNDRUMS.

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What is the difference between an honest laundress and a dishonest one? One irons your clothes, and the other steals them.

Why is a shoemaker like a true lover? Because he is faithful to the last.

Why are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

Why are postage stamps like bad scholars? Because you lick them and put them in a corner.

---

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

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## **DELICIOUS & NOURISHING & ECONOMICAL PIONEER FOOD COFFEE**

is a combination of Figs, Nuts, UTAH BARLEY, etc., scientifically blended to duplicate the flavor of Mocha and Java Coffee, besides preserving the nutritious qualities of the fruit and grain. The formula was prepared by a graduate of the Sanitarium Cooking School of Battle Creek, Mich., who is now a university instructor in domestic science.

This article is not an imitation or "similar" to anything already on the market, but is strictly

## **SOMETHING NEW**

for the reason the bitterness that is objectionable in other substitutes for coffee or tea is overcome in this instance, and PIONEER FOOD COFFEE surpasses all previous attempts to combine a DELICIOUS AND PALATABLE BEVERAGE with a highly nutritious food.

There is no CHICORY, PULVERIZED TOAST, etc., in PIONEER FOOD COFFEE.

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Invalids Require it  
Healthy People Like it  
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It Makes Rich Arterial Blood  
It is Easily Digested.  
It is Palatable and Rich Flavor  
It is Clean and Unadulterated  
It "Keeps Money at Home"  
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**SALT LAKE CITY,**

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# THE CHARACTER BUILDER

VOL. III

APRIL, 1903.

No. 12

*VOLUME 3; NUMBER, 12.*

*CAUSES OF SOCIAL IMPURITY.*

This number completes volume three of our magazine. It is now seven months since the change was made from Zion's Young People to the Character Builder, from a children's magazine to a family magazine. The change was not made without some hesitation but there was need for a magazine on health culture, moral training and human nature. These subjects afforded an unoccupied field for development. We have had no reason to regret the change as the circulation has increased one thousand and we have been enabled to enlarge the magazine sixteen pages during the past few months. It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that a forty-eight page, monthly magazine at a subscription price of 50 cents a year will not prove a great financial enterprise. If we succeed in awakening an interest in the important problems of life and help some in their struggle toward a more perfect life our greatest ambition will be gratified. We desire to co-operate with you in improving the physical, moral, spiritual, and social conditions of our fellow beings. All who take an active part in this great work will not fail to improve themselves.

We hope to make some improvements each month and are determined to select that which will be of permanent value to our readers. With this number a large percent of the subscriptions expire. We will notify all and ask that they be renewed immediately. If any of our readers have any stories on moral education or other topics treated in the Character Builder we shall be pleased to receive them. We take this opportunity to thank all who have aided the magazine during its three years of babyhood. It is continually growing stronger. We hope it will pass safely through the periods of childhood and youth, and will always be ready to serve humanity.

Our slow progress in moral improvement is due to the fact that the causes which produce social impurity have not been removed. The efforts have been directed mainly to cure while the causes have been ignored. The minds of young people are poisoned by the impure conversations that are indulged in by some in every city, town and hamlet in our country. Girls are, perhaps, not subjected to this evil as much as are the boys, but we say without fear of successful contradiction that it is impossible for a boy to grow up in this country and associate with other boys and with men without having his mind corrupted by obscene language. It has been stated that a civilized person is a being who is ashamed of his body. Mental unchastity is one of the greatest evils and the chief cause of sexual vices and crimes. To the pure in mind all things are pure. The reason why common physiology cannot be taught to boys and girls in their teens without bringing the blush to the face of some and the snicker to the countenance of others is due to the fact that their minds have been poisoned by the obscene conversation, the erotic novel or the picture that has produced the impure thought.

Few parents instruct their sons and daughters in the vital principles of personal purity and heredity as a result this training comes from a negative source. Bad heredity often starts the boy or girl in the wrong direction, but those of good parentage, and home training often fall victims to the obscenity of the foul-mouthed. When the impure thought is once lodged in the mind a long, earnest effort is required to dislodge it. It can be crowded out by the pure thought. Early in life boys and girls should have indelibly impressed upon their minds the fact that their thoughts are impressed

upon the countenance and there declare the life that the individual leads, and the seeds he has sown.

"We are sowing, daily sowing,  
Countless seeds of good and ill,  
By a whisper sow we blessings,  
By a breath we scatter strife;  
In our thoughts and looks and actions  
Lie the seeds of death and life."

Or as Longfellow so beautifully expresses it:

"All are architects of fate  
Building in these walls of time  
Our todays and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build."

If the influence of thought over the body were fully understood, greater care would be exercised in selecting the thoughts we entertain. The thought is the source of the word and the act. If we think right we are quite sure to talk and act right. Our thoughts are greatly influenced by the food and drink we take into the system. Stimulants and narcotics are a cause of social impurity. Plain, unstimulating food and drink are essential to pure thinking. In studying the results of impure thoughts and acts one is impressed by the truth of the following lines:

The human face I love to view,  
And trace the passions of the soul;  
On it the spirit writes anew  
Each changing thought as on a scroll.  
There the heart its evil doings tells,  
And there its nobler deeds will speak—  
Just as the ringing of the bells  
Proclaim a knell or wedding feast.  
How beautiful love's features are,  
Enthroned on Virtue's radiant face—  
Just like some jewels, bright and rare,  
Worn by the fairest of our race.  
But vice and hatred how they mar  
The countenance and form of man  
And from the heavenly land will bar  
The face that has not God-in-man."

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#### CRIMINAL ADVERTISING.

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There is an extensive business or traffic carried on in our country that cannot be termed by any milder term than criminal. Every year medical sharks distrib-

ute millions of booklets among the young men of America in which are described at great length the imaginary and real effects of sexual abuses. These imposters promise to diagnose the disease of their victims and give them advice free, but before the credulous victims escape from their dishonest captors they are usually robbed of more money than a reputable physician would have charged them for his services. The medical quacks leave their victims in a worse condition that they found them, and the suggestions through which the credulous are captured are positively harmful. Every victim should be taught that he can regain his health and vitality by removing the cause of the weakness and observing the laws of nature. Instead of receiving such common sense instruction they are cheated into the belief that some drug will restore them to a normal condition.

This dangerous traffic is given a degree of respectability by being advertised in our daily papers. One paper that is quite extensively circulated in the west had thirteen advertisements in one issue in which the advertisers claimed to restore lost manhood. The electric belts that are offered free through our daily papers are little better except that they are less harmful. They are a kind of mental therapeutics. At the present time some of our leading papers are devoting nearly a quarter page to advertising an electric belt. "For weak men." At the end of the advertisement these words appear, "Write today and I will send the appliance absolutely free of cost. Don't send any money." Those who are simple enough to send for the belt receive it in connection with a drug. The belt is free, but the drug costs from \$5 to \$35, although it is a chemical compound that costs the "Professor" who sent it about five cents. These goods are sent C. O. D. and the simpleton who hoped to get something for nothing does not get his belt without paying for the drug. These unscrupulous quacks know they are deceiving the people and the papers that help them impose upon the people know they are not telling the truth. This is

a business that is conducted for the money that it brings the papers and the advertisers, there is no thought of benefiting humanity. A careful study of prevailing conditions will convince anyone that this traffic is positively harmful. All who have the welfare of humanity at heart should combine to stamp out such criminal practice. Papers that have any regard for human bodies and souls will not sell their space for the purpose of advertising unprincipled fakers and quacks.

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**HOW CAN THE PEOPLE BE PROTECTED FROM QUACKERY AND INCOMPETENT DOCTORS.**

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One of the most perplexing questions confronting the people is how to rid the country of quacks and imposters. An earnest effort has been made to remedy the evil, so far as medicine is concerned, by legislation. This has resulted in compelling practitioners to acquire a certain amount of technical knowledge and skill in certain branches. But this procedure has not reduced quackery nor even criminal practice. Persons who are licensed to practice have often been accused of performing criminal operations and are in some instances found guilty of such charges. Examinations are not always a sure test of one's ability. In medicine, as in education, some who receive low marks are far more successful in practice than some of those who receive high marks in examination. This test, however, seems to be the most successful that has thus far been tried. If all institutions that pretend to give a medical training were conscientious in their work the certificate of graduation should be enough to entitle the graduate to practice in any part of the country, under present conditions this would not be safe. Some who have graduated from supposedly reputable medical colleges, with honors have failed in the state examinations. There have been too many "medical diploma mills" during the past century. The most respectable institutions have not been

free from this evil. Concerning the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, Dr. John Hughes Bennett says on page 17 of his "Clinical Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine." "I must not overlook the circumstance, that it has already become necessary to repeal an important clause in the medical act, in consequence of an occurrence which was not anticipated. This consisted in the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh selling its licenses to the surgeons, apothecaries, and druggists of England, without examination, for the sum of £10 (\$50); while many of the purchasers, to the astonishment of the profession, assumed in consequence the university title of Doctor of Medicine, which the college in question had taken no steps to prevent."

Less than two years ago word came from the American consul in Germany that American diplomas had been sold to Germans who desired to practice dentistry. On investigation it was found that the State Board of Examiners in a leading state had sold 400 diplomas to Europeans. During recent years several medical diploma mills have been discovered in this country. After the country was flooded by their diplomas the managers were caught and prosecuted. While an effort has been made to raise the standard of the medical profession the country has been flooded by patent and proprietary drugs of all kinds. According to the estimate of Dr. Jacobi the people of the United States used last year \$2,000,000 worth of patent medicine, or a sum equal to nearly twelve dollars for each of the eighteen million children of school age. One company boasted that they spent \$800,000 in one year to advertise one medicine. Some of these quack medicines that sell at one dollar a bottle are made at five cents or less a bottle, the other ninety-five cents is divided between the newspapers and the manufacturers. It is astonishing that we Americans, who claim to be so clever, are so easily duped. If a patent medicine fakir travels through the country many people will leave their work in the busiest season in order to be

charmed by the oily tongue of the vender. Ignorance of the laws of the body and mind makes it possible for such quacks to get wealthy. Regular physicians stand helplessly by and cannot save the people from this imposition because the moment they make an effort they are accused of jealousy. Those who have such credulous confidence in these worthless, and in many instances harmful compounds, must be educated and converted to better methods. Thousands of persons have become chronic invalids through the use of drugs. The sanitariums of America are full of such. They return to normal conditions by discontinuing the use of drugs and receiving treatment by rational methods, such as massage, hydrotheaphy, electrotherapy, scientific diet, osteopathy, and other measures that bring about harmony in the mind and body.

It should be a duty of all physicians to so educate the people and treat their ailments that quackery could not exist. Surgeons do not need to compete with quackery because surgery is a science. If medical quackery were abolished much less surgical practice would be necessary. Dr. Benjamin Rush informs in his *Medical Inquiries* that a century ago Bergen, Norway, with 30,000 inhabitants had only one physician. He guarded the health of the people and attended them in sickness. He was paid by the city and had nothing to fear in guarding the people's interest. In a city of double the population of Bergen we have 123 physicians and all are kept employed. If our physicians were paid for keeping the people well a more effectual effort would be made to put down quackery and they would be looked upon by the people as great public benefactors. Quackery will not be abolished by such medical legislation as we have had, but must be overcome by education.

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#### BIBLIOMANIA.

Mr. Goodwin, a confidential clerk of a banking house in Philadelphia recently committed suicide to escape punishment

for taking about \$80,000 that did not belong to him. The cause of the default was his passion for rare books. The president of the bank said: "Goodwin was a lover of rare editions and expensive bindings. His early embezzlements went to gratify this taste." This unfortunate fellow was not the only bibliomaniac in the country. Many buy expensive books and place them on their shelves as mere ornaments. They make no other use of them. This is especially true of expensively bound subscription books. Usually these books are so general in the character of their contents that they strike everywhere and hit nowhere. They are usually nicely bound and attractive to the eye, but are like duds and dudines, the great effort is to make the external attractive, internally there is little of value.

We are in favor of books and believe every home should have a good library, but there is no use in buying fancy editions that are used as mere ornaments. That is a kind of excentricity that is endured only because it is fashionable. Buckram bound books are becoming fashionable. They are durable, neat, and are within the reach of people of limited means. There is no need of a person becoming a defaulter to the extent of \$80,000 or any other sum in order to purchase a library that will present to him the best thought of the greatest minds of the past.

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#### LABOR SAVING MACHINERY.

The stone cutters of Salt Lake City are at present opposing the use of a machine that is being set up at the Federal building. This machine will do the work of many men and it is to be regretted that such labor saving machinery cannot be utilized to benefit the laborer as well as the capitalist. Under prevailing conditions mechanics seem to be justified in their opposition to the introduction of such machinery. John Stuart Mill in his "Political Economy" book 5, chapter 6, says: "Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have

lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny, which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish. Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall be under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight, can the conquests made from the powers of nature by the intellect and energy of scientific discoverers, become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and elevating the universal lot."

If the labor saved by machinery could be utilized for the improvement of physical and mental conditions there should be no opposition to any machine that will reduce hand labor, but when the energy saved is a gain to the rich only the laborer can hardly be blamed for opposing that which robs him and his family of daily bread.

In some instances one person can do as much by machinery as several hundred can by hand but the laborer has not had his time correspondingly reduced. This is especially true of the farmer. In many instances he is kept on the physical plane; eat, sleep, work. Some of them do not read a paper, magazine or book during the entire summer and when winter comes they have no desire to read. In the mad rush for wealth some are slaves from choice and others from necessity. Some forget they have a mind to develop and others have no leisure time to gratify their desire to develop the mental powers. There are those who would idle away their time if they had no work to do, and in such instances there is an educational work needed to show them that life consists of more than getting food, clothing and shelter. Life must not be swallowed up in making a living, but on the other hand the person who does not give due consideration to the source from which physical neces-

sities come will suffer. We welcome labor saving machines but hope the day will soon come when they will prove a benefit to the entire human family and not to a fraction only.

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### IGNORANCE.

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Ancient wisdom tells us that "My people perish for lack of knowledge." Later we are told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." If this be so, then let us have it more abundantly, and make the learning healthwise so contagious that everybody will be glad to catch it and keep pace with the times, if not ahead of them. The contagion of health is what we need to dilute and completely dissipate the contagion of disease.

A correspondent truly says: "People die because they do not know enough to live, and they are sick because they do not know enough to be well." If this be so, then it is only ignorance that ails us. But, as John in "Black Beauty" exclaims: "Only ignorance! Only ignorance! How can you talk about only ignorance? Don't you know that it is the worst thing in the world, next to wickedness—and which does the most mischief, Heaven only knows. If people can say, 'Oh! I did not know, I did not mean any harm,' they think it is all right. I suppose Martha Mulwash did not mean to kill that baby, when she dosed it with Dalby and soothing syrups; but she did kill it, and was tried for manslaughter." And so, from the ancient sage down to the modern boy, rings and echoes far and near, "Ignorance is the worst thing in the world."—Selected.

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Some of the Massachusetts cities in which Socialist sentiment is strong are urging laws on the state legislature authorizing them to establish a municipal system of insurance. The idea is that if the municipality insured the buildings in this territory the profits now made by the private insurance companies would be saved—either to the advantage of the city or of the premium payers.



## THE CHARACTER BUILDER

### SUGGESTIONS ON HOME MAKING.

Edited by Mrs. M. K. Miller,  
Instructor in Domestic Arts, L. D. S. University.

#### MENTAL INFLUENCES.

Think health, and health will find you,  
As certain as the day,  
And pain will lag behind you,  
And lose you on the way.

Think love and love will meet you,  
And go wh'er you go,  
And fate can no more treat you  
Like some malicious foe.

Think joy, and joy will hear you,  
For thoughts are always heard;  
And it shall nestle near you,  
Like some contented bird.

Whate'er your sad condition —  
Whate'er your woes or pains—  
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition  
As surely as God reigns.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

#### WOMAN'S MISSION.

(Edith I. Lamoreaux.)

"Oh, woman, woman, know thyself,  
And know thy mission too.  
Thou comest from thy Maker's hands,  
A mighty work to do."  
—Eliza R. Snow.

With the advent from girlhood to womanhood, life presents various phases to each of us, modified by our surroundings and our personal peculiarities. To some ambition, with its worldly praise, is the only end in view. To others the social sphere, with its parties, dress, and flirtation is all there is in life. The more thoughtful, however, are confronted at this important period by the seriousness of the event, and to such these questions often come: "Who am I, and what am I here for?" They are not able of themselves to answer these problems; their course in life is usually marked by the impressions made at this age. With the

advance of civilization a new era has dawned for woman, in which she is being better understood and appreciated.

The result of this awakening remains largely with woman, whether she shall grasp the opportunities as they are presented to her, and make of herself the womanly woman she should be, instead of seeking new fields in which to air her privileges.

For with all this advancement her mission is the same as in the morn'g of creation. When our first parents were placed on earth, to Eve was given one of our Father's divinest gifts—the bringing into this world and the rearing of spirits direct from heaven.

And when, too, she was given to Adam to be a helpmeet and a comfort, with that divine injunction from God's holy lips—to multiply and replenish the earth, think of the joy that must have filled her soul. How that joy must have increased, when, with its entrance into this world, her first born cried unto her for love, for help, and for motherly care.

Thus began her mission in life, to guide its little feet aright, to soothe its aches and pains, and listen to its innocent prattle.

Oh, girls, think of the responsibility that comes with the unfolding of the germs of intelligence within such a being, and yet how few of us realize the weight of this responsibility until it forces itself upon us.

That we were prepared and inspired for our mission in life by the spark of divinity within us, in our pre-existent state, manifests itself early in the child.

Who has not seen the baby girl lovingly caress her dolls, or any substitute she can find, nursing them back from sickness to health, or rocking them to sleep with all the fond tenderness of a mother.

So, too, as she grows older do we see her influence for good manifest itself

among the sterner sex. Though we, as observers, cannot always account for her natural control over her brother in their childish play, and he wonders why it is that "sister is so good," the answer is a simple one.

It is because God has planted within her soul the seeds of refinement and culture, which, if allowed to properly grow, will make of her a mighty power in his hands in pruning the twigs of man's moral nature which seem prone to grow in the wrong direction.

Though weaker physically, we see again her greater strength and self-control in hours of trial and suffering.

Washington Irving says: "As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak and been lifted by it into sunshine will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart."

That woman's power and influence has long been decreasing is apparent, if we but look at the conditions of the world today. Do you wonder why?

It is because she has neglected to fulfill that divine command given in Eden. In her eagerness for the pleasures of this world she has forgotten to obey the laws of nature and the promises made in heaven. In too many instances, when spirits are born to earth full of inherent weaknesses of foolish parents they are unwelcome. How many of them, if they live, have the moral courage to add one iota to the betterment of mankind, but, on the other hand, fill the earth with misery and sin, till today some nations are tottering morally. Though the condition in the world is so terrible, we need not look far to see some of this sin and misery creeping into Zion, even at our very doors.

Ah, when will return that happy time when man shall live an hundred years, and walk and talk with God? The key is obedience to His first law. With it woman's influence will return and that desire to prepare her body and soul for the rearing of those choice spirits reserved to come forth in latter days. One of our leaders has said the day will come, when to renew the strength of our nation and eventually of the world, they will turn their eyes toward those sons and daughters, born of mothers who, realizing their true mission in life, seek for light and inspiration from God, and whose bodies are pure and strong as were those mothers of old.

Let us see to it, girls, that we are among those who are worthy to be the mothers of such sons, who, when we are old, shall rise up and call us blessed.

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#### DANGERS OF PIANO PRACTICE.

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Speaking of the hygiene of childhood recalls another matter in which parents through ignorance and false ideals of education, limit the health and real development of the child. This is by protracted piano practice; after five or six hours at school, and with perhaps one or more of study before bedtime, the growing girl or boy is forced to sit in a position which is itself unhygienic, and go through a monotonous repetition of uninteresting exercises or selections. This occurs at a time when the development of both mind and body demands "free exercise," that is, play.

Piano practice, through the close attention and the routine drudgery necessitated, wearies and depresses the mind. Through this mental depression, as well as through the muscular strain, the unhygienic pose, and the close confinement the effect on the general health is most pernicious. Piano practice has made thousands of invalids. Nor is it children alone that suffer. Many young women, whose ambition to become brilliant pianists has led them to practice assiduously several hours each day, have paid for their proficiency by losing their graceful,

girlish carriage, their roundness of countenance, and their rosy cheeks. Three hours a day at a keyboard of the piano (and the clavier or dummy keyboard is still more trying) means a draft upon the vital force which only the most powerful can stand—which no one, howsoever powerful, should attempt. For, to any one who values health, piano virtuosity costs more than it is worth.

All that has been said of the piano applies with equal force to the violin. Here the bodily pose is even more cramped and fatiguing, while the strain upon the nervous vitality, through close attention to monotonous detail and confinement, is equally great.

Play the piano or the violin if you will, but play them easily. Don't drudge. Remember that "the first wealth is health," and beware lest you become one of the pallid victims of the keyboard.—Health Culture.

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#### IMPURE MEAT.

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Truth desires to direct the attention of the health authorities of this city and state to a condition of affairs which should be stopped at once. It is nothing less than the collection of "swill" from the several restaurants and feeding it to hogs, which are afterwards butchered and sold to the citizens. Owners of hogs come to town at stated intervals and collect this offal and take it home with them for food for their porkers. As a rule, especially in the summer time, this matter is well advanced in decay, is filled with maggots and fit for nothing save the crematory. To feed that stuff to animals designed for human consumption is nothing short of crime, and the authorities should see to it that it is discontinued once and forever. Because an animal fed on such stuff is diseased and liable to spread the disease in all its horrid varieties to those who eat the flesh. A well known restaurant keeper, in a conversation with a representative of this paper, stated that it was a convenience to the restaurant man to have these "pork growers" come and haul the stuff away,

"but really," he said, "it is a crime against humanity. It is for that reason alone that I never buy for sale in my house, or for my own consumption, Utah pork. It cannot be healthy, and must, on the other hand, be positively unhealthy. The city authorities are careful as to the food given cattle, both dairy and beef, but when it comes to pork all bets are off. I have seen hauled away from the rear of my place offal and garbage for hog feed that words cannot describe. To say that the feeding of that stuff is not a menace to the people who eat the pork, is equivalent to declaring that a man can live in a putrid swamp and never have malaria."

It is lamentable that such a condition should be permitted to continue for a day after notice has been given. There is no need of a farmer feeding his hogs such stuff. The hog is a great deal cleaner animal than he is given credit for being, and if given a chance will keep clean and neat. If allowed plenty of pure water, alfalfa, corn and other decent food, there is no reason why Utah should not raise good pork, but this offal fed, garbage fattened truck should be quarantined and tabooed. Let the board of health investigate and take action.—Truth.

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#### CAUSES OF STOMACH DISORDERS.

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By A. M. Winegar, M. D.

Hasty eating, one of the most common of dietary errors, is responsible for much of the trouble we have with the stomach, and I believe is the forerunner of a large number of other troubles. There are many wrong things in the manner of our eating which cause us a great deal of trouble. In the first place, when we eat rapidly we do not masticate the food properly. Mastication being the only act in the digestive process over which we have control, we should masticate the food thoroughly, and so give the remainder of the digestive apparatus a chance to do its work properly.

When we fail to masticate the food thoroughly, we do not secrete enough

saliva for good digestion. When we have not sufficient saliva mixed with the food, it necessitates drinking at meals. If we would eat more slowly, we would have no occasion to take liquid with our foods.

It may seem difficult for some to adopt a dry diet. When we recommend a dry diet, the answer is sometimes given: "I cannot swallow it. I cannot get it down. It chokes me." This is because they eat too fast. We had a patient some years ago who was placed on a dry diet, and for the first three days it almost choked him, but after that time he had no more difficulty; in fact, he said he had more saliva than he needed, and had no desire to drink at meals.

When the salivary glands are stimulated with dry food they begin to act in a perfectly normal manner, but if we take liquid with meals this checks the flow of saliva and dilutes and weakens the digestive juices.

Milk should not be taken as a drink, but should be eaten with something hard that requires mastication. Fruit juice should be taken the same way, otherwise it acts much the same as water. It dilutes the digestive fluids and weakens them.

We should drink more than we do ordinarily; for every one requires one and one-half quarts during the twenty-four hours, but of course aside from meals. Liquid should not be taken for two hours after a meal. Those who have slow digestion would be better off if they waited three hours after meals. In drinking water take it far enough in advance of the meal so it will have time to absorb before the meal. Some people can take water half an hour before meals, provided it is taken a sufficient length of time before or after meals not to interfere with digestion.

Taking improper food is a very common error. In fact, I think we are all guilty on this point, because we do take things that are not the best for us, especially when the table is spread with so many articles of food. Many of them have little or no food value; and the presence of pepper, spice, mustard, and vine-

gar makes them objectionable. We can not call condiments foods. There is no necessity for our taking pepper in our foods. The real purpose of eating is to strengthen and nourish the body. And if we desire to nourish the body, we must take food containing nourishing properties. Pepper and mustard act on the mucous membrane of the stomach much the same way as on the delicate membrane of the eye, producing congestion and perhaps inflammation. They contain no nourishment and are really harmful. We cannot allow a mustard plaster to remain on the surface of the body longer than twenty minutes or half an hour. We can judge from this what would result if we should put a mustard plaster inside the stomach, as the stomach walls are more sensitive than the skin.

The same thing may be said of vinegar. It acts as an irritant to the stomach. It is highly acid, and thus interferes with starch digestion.

Free fats, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are objectionable, particularly when cooked in foods. The cooking of the fat renders it indigestible and irritating to the stomach. Butter or foods of that sort taken in their natural state are not so harmful as when heated.

The drinks that are usually taken, such as tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate, are objectionable because of their liquid form, and also because they contain stimulants. The fact that it makes us feel good does not prove that such things are good for us. There are many drugs that would make us feel good if we took them, and yet they might be really harmful. The same can be said with regard to coffee and tea. Coffee contains a strong drug called caffeine. The thein in tea is much the same as caffeine in coffee. Cocoa and chocolate contain the same drug. These drinks are probably more objectionable, from the fact that people use large quantities of sugar and cream or milk and sugar, which are not good combinations.

One of our greatest difficulties is that we do not masticate the food that we do take. We should chew the food until

it is thoroughly dissolved. If the stomach should be emptied of its contents we would notice that the food was in chunks, the fruit and the different foods quite easily discerned; whereas, had the food been properly masticated, it would appear as one homogeneous mass.

However many meals a day we may take, there should be a regular time for taking them. It is true there are certain conditions to be considered. Those following certain professions often have to take their meals at irregular hours. There is perhaps no class of which this can be said more truly than that of physicians. If we form the habit of taking our meals regularly the stomach will accustom itself to this time, and when the meal hour draws near we will feel hungry. I think for most people two meals are better than three, for the simple reason that people with slow digestion can not possibly manage more.

Over-eating is another cause of stomach disorder. Hasty eating or failure to masticate the food properly is responsible for over-eating. If we eat very slowly we will rarely over-eat. When we bolt our food we do not feel satisfied, and in this way we are liable to over-eat when we are living on the most wholesome diet. A good plan for those who have a tendency to over-eat is to make a selection of the food that would be best and place it around the plate before beginning the meal. In this way they would know just how much they were eating.

The manner of serving foods in courses is not the best, as it has a tendency to establish the habit of over-eating. We do not know just how much will be served in the courses, and we eat freely of that which is served, and the courses keep coming, and we keep eating. If we adopt the plan of selecting what we are going to eat and eat that, we will be much better off. Of course if we are invited out to a meal we can not regulate those things; but we can eat sparingly of the courses as they come. We can eat slowly, and thus avoid one of the errors first mentioned, and at the same time dispose of less food. We used to have

a custom among our workers for the purpose of forming the habit of eating slowly, and that was to chew each mouthful of food thirty times. Of course it would seem irksome, but it is a good practice. If we endeavored to carry out this plan, we would find that after about a dozen movements of the jaw we would be ready to swallow the food. Those who will try this plan will find that they will be forced to masticate their food quite thoroughly, and in this way the habit of over-eating will be avoided.—Pacific Health Journal.

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### A PLEA FOR INSTRUCTION IN HYGIENE.

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In a few brief words, I wish to call to the attention of our educators of our youth the necessity for a more conscientious study in our public schools of anatomy, physiology and hygiene, together with their various laws. This fundamental branch of education is slighted, neglected and cast aside by many of our teachers to make way for mineralogy, zoology, biology and many practically useless sister sciences.

The knowledge of the human body, its structure, the functions of its numerous parts, and of those things which are beneficial or injurious to it; this is the knowledge that should be instilled into one during the period of youth. As a result of this each youth will be able at some favorable opportunity later on in life to promote the health and welfare of himself and his fellow-men. For by means of this knowledge one becomes qualified not only to avert sickness and diseases, but even premature death from overtaxing himself or his neighbor.—N. D. Brecht, Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

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### SALT AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

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It has long been suspected that salt used in excess might be a cause of nephritis. The kidneys are taxed to eliminate a portion of it, and the strain, if kept up a long time, is more than they are able to

bear. Some studies recently made seem to confirm this opinion. That is to say, too large an amount of common salt in our food acts as an irritant and may be one of the factors in causing inflammation of the kidneys. Those who take this condiment in large quantities should bear this in mind and take less of it. The salt habit is so strong in many persons that they can enjoy no food not highly seasoned with it. This is certainly an hygienic error. With a well-chosen diet no great amount of salt is required, and the natural flavor of many things is lost when much of it is added.—Health Culture.

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### AMERICANS ARE FAST.

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*Bishop Leonard Says That Because of It They Are Not What They Should Be.*

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Bishop Leonard preached yesterday on the fast life led by the American people, and in the course of his remarks on this topic before a St. Mark's audience, he said:

"Physically, we are not what we should be. We are occupied in pursuits and under conditions not favorable to the most vigorous health. Late hours, dinners and dissipations will tell upon the race in weakly bodies and feeble minds. Indulgence, not self-denial, is the watchword of the day, and the result is apparent. Excess is written everywhere. Granted that we are more intelligent than ever. Shall it not also be granted that we are more self-indulgent and ease-loving than ever? Every year the amount of money spent in harmful indulgences grows larger, and people are working harder to keep up to the mark. God only knows what the end will be! Health, happiness and usefulness are the three things most to be desired, and the keystone of the arch formed by these qualities is self-control, that which lies at the base of all true character, giving it that sort of backbone which will make itself felt all through life.

"Indeed, may I not say without subjecting myself to the charge of pessi-

mism that today there is but little real childhood. How often mothers are heard to wish they might keep their little one's children for some years to come, and in the next moment set out to force them to maturity. We make men and women of boys of 15 and girls of 12.

"Everyone will assent to the proposition that the weal of the next generation depends upon the well trained children of this generation, and then it does seem as though we refuse in every way to protect them. And not only so, but we older people set them vicious examples. As you walk our streets with eyes wide open do you not behold much that is dangerous? Do not the children see the same things? Young girls on the streets in the crowds are dressed in loud and gaudy manner, with painted cheeks, and eyes glaring in every direction; often talking in a boisterous manner, and that, too, at late hours of the night, sometimes alone on the street cars. What do these things mean? Is the power of prophesy needed to determine what the terrible results will be? Boys are too early allowed to go to work. Who has not seen messenger boys go into saloons, puffing industriously at cigarettes, giving expression to words shocking to sensitive ears? What will be the result? I am of the opinion that it would be cheaper for the state, and certainly far better, in the long run, to take care at public expense of all children under 16 years of age, who, by the exigencies of their conditions, need to work for their own support."—Deseret News.

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The trouble with Americans is that they make their money feverishly and spend it, too often, like barbarians. Wives and daughters are decked out like princesses, surrounded by every extravagant luxury and sent out to compete in the social race at break-neck paces. The contest is always keen, while the ever alert newspapers furnish an expectant public with every detail of the whirligig of folly. Certain of the very rich set a pace which the less rich strive to keep up with.—Mrs. Lemoyne in Boston Ideas.

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**Publisher's Page.**  
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## **The CHARACTER BUILDER**

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Health, Human Nature and Personal Purity.

Published by the Human Culture Publishing Co.,  
 Salt Lake City, Utah.

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N. Y. SCHOFFELD.....	Associate Editors
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valuable truths are expressed in plain and choice language. The author has devoted his life to uplifting humanity and has not received his knowledge of life's science second hand. We refer our readers to the full page advertisement of the book that appears in the Character Builder, and assure you that it is reliable and up to date. It should be read by every parent and prospective parent.

### **A WORTHY INSTITUTION.**

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the American University of Harriman which appears in this number of the Character Builder. It is a desirable institution, as its aim is to develop manhood and womanhood. It is founded upon the grand principles that characterized Antioch College under the management of America's greatest educator, Horace Mann.

Miss Francis E. Willard said: "You are at liberty to quote me in favor of the American University of Harriman. It has my hearty endorsement. This school should be made an object lesson."

Dr. I. K. Funk, Editor is chief of the Standard Dictionary, said: "I am sure that the Christian and patriotic people of the United States should give strong and cordial recognition to the embodiment of their ideas thus represented, and prompt and liberal support to this institution."

Persons desiring to take Post Graduate work will find it to their advantage to pursue the complete courses offered at this institution.

Those whose subscription to the Character Builder has expired will be notified. Please renew at once. The price is 50 cents in advance. If you want the paper stopped you must notify the publishers and pay up all arrears. We desire to have all continue their subscriptions. Write us if you cannot pay immediately.

## Human Nature Department.

EDITED BY N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F. A. I. P.

*Delineation of Orson F. Whitney.*

(By N. Y. Schofield.)

We have much pleasure in presenting to readers of the Character Builder this month the photograph, delineation and sketch of Orson F. Whitney.

It is rare a more striking and interesting subject can be found, therefore we invite a close scrutiny of the methods employed to determine from an examination of the physical organization, the quality, quantity, strength, weakness, direction and also the nature of those various organs that mould, create and fix the character.

In measuring the head and noting the fullness thereof, one is reminded that this is an age of syndicates, monopolies, trusts, etc., for here is a veritable colony of distinct mental faculties that, in size, culture and prominence seem to have combined for the purpose of intimidating the average man by their secret power and silent boldness.

Certainly, in delineating this head, if one had the tact and wisdom to confine his observations to the frontal lobe and "perfecting group" of organs, he could make almost any prediction with reasonable safety; but outside this area there would be more or less danger, for although the brain in bulk is extra large, it is not of uniform strength.

Actual measurement shows it is nearly 23½ inches in circumference, 14¼ inches from the orifice of the ear over the head to the other ear, and 6 inches in diameter. The weight of the body—180 pounds—is nicely proportioned to these figures, thus establishing harmony and balance between body and mind, but the second measurement, though actually large, is relatively small. To correspond with the 23½ inches, this should be at least 15 inches, hence the disparity points to a

relative weakness in the coronal portion of the brain, and further inspection discloses that in the region of the crown also there is a distinct falling away.

We shall refer to this again, but now, having laid the foundation for our structures, it is important in reading character always to bear in mind the modifying effect of Quality, Temperament, Education, Health, etc., and right here we strike perhaps the most important consideration in our subject, viz—his "Quality."

This is not expressed by the size of any single organ, but by the texture and flexibility of the hair; smoothness and fineness of the skin; lustre and expression of the eye; delicacy and color of the lips; tone of voice, and in a score of ways familiar to the practiced eye. Apart, therefore, from all consideration of cranial development, and by reason of his Quality alone we know nature never intended Mr. Whitney or his type to become a conspicuous factor in the petty details and monotonous routine of commercial life. Buying and selling, bartering and competing is not his forte; and though possessing many splendid business qualities, yet he has other endowments of a still higher order, and while he recognizes the utility, necessity and advantage of conditions that exist which to him are distasteful, he is personally opposed to the shackles that bind one either to the drudgery of business or to the slavish pursuit of worldly pleasure.

Such men, though always respected, are rarely fully appreciated, because rarely understood. The fact is their ideals are too high and thoughts too deep for the average busy crowd, and—

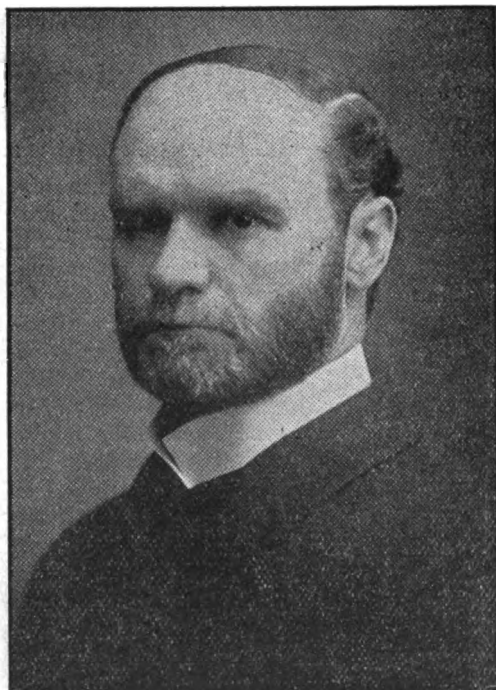
"Oft-times a secret something  
Whispers—You're a stranger here."

The word "quality" here referred to and as applied to individuals, is analogous



to the word "breed" in cattle, and the extra quality in the present instance is intensified by the "Perfecting" group of organs already mentioned, and found in the middle side-head where the hair is parted.

Of course if we examine this head as the skeptic examines his Bible—to find flaws, certainly we can do so. It may be necessary to refer to a few, but now, keeping in mind the various measurements before given, the distinct mental-motive temperament, the high "quality"



of organization, the unmistakable evidence of culture, etc., we would say to Mr. Whitney:

You have a wiry, but not a robust constitution; a large, active brain that, with your temperate habits, is well nourished; otherwise you have no excess of vitality.

The intellectual faculties are wonderfully developed, which, with your strong ideality and sublimity, gives a distinct literary cast to your mind.

You are keen in perception, poetic in

temperament, profound in reason, serious in purpose, deep in reflection, sensitive in feeling, intense in desire, lofty in ambition, agreeable in style, modest in bearing, mirthful in disposition, clean in conversation, proud in spirit, bold in conviction, earnest in effort, systematic in method, kind in motive, cautious in speech and broad in opinion.

It is seldom we find all the organs classified in the intellectual group so highly and harmoniously developed in one man, but a glance at the high, broad and symmetrical forehead proves the statement.

The heavy dome-like appearance above the eyes shows powerful percepts, the function of which is to unite man to the material things of life; to gather and retain facts; to collect data; to observe, weigh, discriminate, measure, classify and store useful information; and you are, therefore, a natural historian.

These organs are practical in character. They give a thirst for useful knowledge; the power to absorb and utilize it; a strong, retentive memory, and combining with large causality and comparison, give literary talents of a high order; the ability and inclination to delve beneath the surface; to originate, analyze and dissect; while the strong artistic endowments already emphasized, give poetic embellishment to the endless thoughts that constantly crowd such an active mind.

Your dominating sublimity enters into and will color every phase of life. It intensifies and quickens your veneration. You believe in God, both by intuition and reason; naturally revere sacred things and your admiration for the grand and sublime in nature transcends the powers of adequate expression. Though social in nature and prizing the company of congenial friends, yet solitude has no terrors for you. Occasionally you enjoy it. The dense forest, the rugged mountain, the turbulent ocean, the angry elements, the open grave, extent of space and the thought of eternity—all these are springs of thought and meditation, all will reflect the image of God.

The height of the upper portion of the

forehead near where the hair begins, measuring from the opening of the ear to this point, shows strong "Human nature," which gives you a clear, intuitive insight into the motives and natures of men; while the prominence of the middle forehead where it begins to round off enables you to appreciate the witty and humorous side of life. Next to this, however, and equally strong in development, is Ideality, which imparts polish, grace, refinement and a love of the beautiful; therefore mirthfulness will never be allowed to descend to the gross, vulgar and immoral.

The religious group of organs in an average (22-inch) head would be counted extra large, but in your case, though good, are not developed to the point of piety. Looking backward we find cautiousness and approbateness need restraining. They are too active for your personal interests and peace of mind. The former often causes you to waver, hesitate and procrastinate; and with only average self-esteem, are very apt to stand in your own light, to encourage groundless fears and lose what you otherwise might gain.

Approbateness, while it gives ambition, the desire to excel, etc., it does not give the necessary self-reliance, but, on the contrary, exposes you to many stings and wounds that are none the less real because concealed. Sometimes one's weakness comes from strength. Many people will misjudge you and mistake the dignified bearing which results from Quality, Ideality and Approbateness, to be self-esteem. As a matter of fact, you are unfortunately comparatively weak in this respect. While your anxiety and misgivings may not be apparent to others, you are painfully aware of them yourself, and should cultivate more stoic reserve and quiet, determined independence. You are inclined to shun rather than seek responsibility, to discount your own powers and criticise too severely your own efforts.

Scientifically, you possess in a high degree all the literary talents of the author and speaker—especially the former.

Put a hopple on caution by all means. It worries you too much. With your splendid mental and physical machinery you should, and no doubt will, succeed in proportion as you are tried.

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ORSON F. WHITNEY.

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By John Nicholson.

Bishop Orson F. Whitney is the son of Horace K. Whitney, the eldest living issue of his marriage with Helen Mar Kimball. He is, therefore, on the paternal side, grandson of Newel K. Whitney, who died Presiding Bishop of the Church, and bears the same relation to Heber C. Kimball, one of its original Twelve Apostles, and at the time of his death first counselor to President Brigham Young in the First Presidency. Orson's father was one of the Pioneer Band of July, 1847. He himself was born at Salt Lake City, Sunday, July 1, 1855.

From the first he gave evidence of unusual mental power, particularly in the line of memory. This fact is shown by his distinct recollection of incidents connected with "the move"—the general exodus of the Saints to the south just before Johnston's army passed through Salt Lake City in the spring of 1858. The boy was not then three years old. He still retains this precious gift, which in him is almost phenomenal. It is comparatively easy for him to recall, after the lapse of many years, the details and even the language of anything he has heard or read that has interested him.

He was educated in the common schools of his native city, and in the Deseret University, and manifested at an early day a decided leaning toward literature, music and the drama. At school he began with the first reader, and when asked by his teacher where he had learned his letters, naively replied, "I never did learn 'em—I always knew 'em." Later, one of his common juvenile feats was to scan once a long paragraph in his book, and then, looking away, repeat the lines word for word, to the amazement of his fellow pupils. According to one of his teachers, he also showed as a child

rare powers of concentration, it being his habit to fasten his mind upon his book and remain absorbed in study, while his boy friends were playing, whispering and laughing on either side of him.

At the age of thirteen his scholastic training was interrupted by his first departure from home, when he accepted employment from his uncle, David P. Kimball, a sub-contractor in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad, in eastern Utah. For two months he carried drinking water for the graders, and then for another month drove team—a pair of blind mules attached to a scraper—to manage which required all the patience and physical strength he could muster. He was of slender built, but healthy, active and full of nervous energy. To say that he was not in love with railroad work puts it mildly; but it paid well, and he tolerated it, and even enjoyed it at first for its novelty. Many of his associates were low and vulgar, but he was untainted by contact with them, their practices but intensifying his determination to maintain the purity of his life.

Another suspension of his school career (and it may be added of his practice of baseball and other field sports of which he had become fond), came with his employment as an express driver for Z. C. M. I., and subsequently as a clerk in a music store; though the latter gave him opportunities, much appreciated by him and his friends, for the cultivation of the divine art. He learned both flute and guitar without any teacher. He was a good singer, and might have become a noted one with proper cultivation. He was likewise an expert whistler. By this time also he had become quite an elocutionist, and had been rated the best declaimer in the University. He took his final year at school in the winter of 1873-4, when he made a very creditable record, one that would have graduated him with honor had graduations been in vogue at that period in the institution. He was a perfect grammarian, and though in rhetoric self-taught, in other lines leading up to literature he was well advanced. He was the main founder of the Wasatch

Literary Association, of which he was the first president, and was also connected with the Delta Phi and Zeta Gamma debating societies. Strange to say, however, he took but a subordinate interest in writing at this period, and no interest at all in oratory, except to admire it in others—his superiors in that art, where he thought himself deficient—but most of whom he was destined in the future to leave far behind. He could not occupy five minutes extemporaneously, and was regarded as anything but a fluent speaker or a skilled debater. He could write well, but no better than a dozen others of his class, and not so well as some whom he has since surpassed in that direction. He was bent upon adopting the stage as a profession, and in everything that tended to qualify him as an actor—elocution, gesture, music and other adjuncts of the dramatic art—he took special delight, and advanced himself by hard study and persistent practice to a marked degree of efficiency.

It was in 1872 that he appeared for the first time upon the boards of the Salt Lake Theatre, though he had been an amateur "barn-stormer" from childhood. This time he took a leading part in a play dramatized from a dime novel by one of his associates. So pronounced was the hit he made that he was offered at once by the manager, Mr. James Harris, a permanent place in the Theatre stock company. Out of regard for his parents, who were opposed to his dramatic aspirations, he declined this tempting offer, and for a time held his theatrical ambitions in abeyance. Upon leaving school in 1874, he taught music for a while, and a year later spent the winter clerking for a mercantile firm in Bingham Canyon. Returning home, he was on the point of leaving for the east and taking to the dramatic stage, when he was turned from his purpose by a call to the mission field in October, 1876. He was then in his twenty-second year.

Promptly setting aside his previous intentions, he accepted the call, much to the joy of his parents and the wisest of his friends, and although not at that time

fully grounded in the faith of the Gospel, he obediently went forth upon his mission. He first labored in Luzern and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania, the latter part of the time in company with Elder A. M. Musser. For some months he did not give the whole force of his mind to missionary work, not being thoroughly converted, and, therefore, unable to manifest the zeal of a devotee. He wrote several letters to the Salt Lake Herald chiefly of a descriptive character, the result of his observations and experiences in the east, and couched in his usual graphic style. He was fast falling in love with this line of work, almost to the neglect of his missionary labors, when suddenly the entire current of his thoughts, efforts and desires underwent a remarkable change, due in part to a vivid and most impressive dream, the portrayal of which by himself forms a striking pen-picture of pathos and beauty. Limited space forbids its introduction here, and it could not be synopsized without depreciating its force and effect. From the date of this manifestation of divine love he was a changed man. He determined to place all other considerations subordinate to his missionary duties, and he faithfully carried out his resolve.

In the spring of 1877 he went alone to northern Ohio, where he spent a year preaching and studying the Gospel, which now became his chief source of delight. He baptized a number of converts, witnessed in repeated instances the manifestations of the gifts of the Spirit, and obtained a deep and lasting testimony of the Truth. In Ohio he resumed his correspondence to the Herald, his letters being decidedly popular with the readers of that journal, and at the request of President Brigham Young, he also contributed signed articles to the *Deseret News*. He visited various cities and towns, among them Kirtland, his father's birthplace, and formerly the headquarters of the Church. His non-Mormon relatives still residing in that vicinity received him with great kindness and hospitality, and when he left parted from him with unfeigned regret. Honorably released from his mis-

sion, he reached home early in April, 1878.

Some weeks later he found employment in the business department of the *Deseret News* office, but soon drifted into the editorial department, succeeding, in August, the city editor, John Nicholson, who had been called on a mission to Europe. Meantime he was made bishop of the Eighteenth ward, the successor to Lorenzo D. Young in that position. He was ordained a High Priest and to the Bishopric by President Daniel H. Wells, July 14, 1878; Robert Patrick and William B. Barton being set apart as his counselors. Under their administration the ward has prospered until it has become one of the most populous and progressive wards in the Salt Lake Stake.

On December 18, 1879, Bishop Whitney married, his wife being Miss Zina B. Smoot, daughter of President A. O. Smoot of Utah Stake. In February, 1880, he was elected to the city council, to represent the Fourth Precinct of Salt Lake City. In April of the same year the Home Dramatic Club was organized, with him as its president. The performances of this talented organization were confined mostly to the Salt Lake Theatre. Mr. Whitney played leading parts, mostly of the sternly heroic order, for which he was best adapted. Though humorous to a high degree, and even comic at times, it was in sedately solemn and tragic roles that he excelled. He was deservedly popular with the club and with the public, and exhibited excellent dramatic ability. He found, however, that his connection with the stage interfered with his religious duties, and so severed his relations with the club in October, 1883.

Two years prior to that time he was called on a mission to Europe, to labor in the editorial department of the *Millennial Star*. Leaving home, wife and child, on the 24th of October, he landed at Liverpool on the 10th of November, 1881. In order to give him an acquaintance with the British mission, before beginning his editorial duties, he was assigned for a season to the London Conference as a Traveling Elder. He labored diligently

in that great city, made many friends and met with much success, developing rapidly as a speaker and a writer. He furnished many articles and letters to the Star and top papers and magazines in Utah. After his call to Liverpool he continued in the ministry, besides carrying on his regular work upon the Star and the Journal of Discourses. Early in 1883 the president of the mission, John Henry Smith, discovering that the Bishop's health was failing, with a view to its improvement gave him a roving commission, to travel in any part of Great Britain, and to begin by presiding temporarily over the London Conference. While there he received the sad news of the death of his second child, a boy, born after his departure from home. Soon afterwards he was honorably released, and having made hasty trips to Scotland and France (he had previously visited Wales and various parts of England) he sailed from Liverpool in the latter part of June, and arrived home on the 7th of July.

In October of that year he returned to his former position on the Deseret News, but in December, 1884, severed his connection with the pioneer journal to accept an appointment to the office of City Treasurer, made vacant by the death of Paul A. Schettler. At the next election he was placed upon the People's ticket and elected to the same position, to which he was regularly re-elected until 1890, when he declined renomination. He was minute clerk and subsequently chief clerk of the House of Representatives during the twenty-eighth session of the Territorial legislature; and for about the same period that he was treasurer of Salt Lake City, was Chancellor of the University of Deseret, succeeding George Q. Cannon in that position.

His first book, the "Life of Heber C. Kimball," was published in 1888; his "Poetical Writings" in 1889; and the first volume of his History of Utah in 1892. Upon the fourth volume—the biographical part of this extensive work—he is engaged at the present time. He has also written "Later Leaves from the Life of Lorenzo Snow," a biography yet in manu-

script, and has contributed numerous articles to local and outside papers and magazines. All his writings are of a high class and are most deservedly popular. He has also delivered many lectures in various parts. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1895, and made a noted speech in support of woman suffrage during the great debate on that question. He was a professor in the Brigham Young College at Logan in 1896-7, a State Senator from 1898 to 1902, and since the beginning of 1899 has been an assistant to the Church Historian. He is the father of ten living children. His first wife died in May, 1900. His present wife, Mrs. May Wells Whitney, is a daughter of the late General Daniel H. Wells.

It will be seen that in his life experience Bishop Whitney has passed through a great variety of processes, and in the bulk of them has shown adaptability and skill. There are exceptions to this, however. For instance, none of his close and observing friends would commit the error of placing him in the front rank as a workman on railroad construction. The man of mind who has a disposition to soar, has, as a rule, a correspondingly small inclination to dig in the ground. Neither are such occupations as express driver and salesman apt to be congenial to his tastes. It is doubtful that the Bishop flourished in such employments, but he showed sturdy manhood by engaging in them. His ability in those lines which require the exercise of broad intelligence and forceful characteristics is strikingly pronounced, and his versatility is equal to his ability.

As an exponent of the drama he excelled—his impersonations being lifelike, and the realism of his acting intensified by a resonant voice and a natural and dignified bearing. As a journalist he showed much capacity, yet his preference was always toward the more thoughtful lines of literature, in which he conspicuously shines. He has demonstrated excellent fitness for public office, in which he has had considerable experience; and the same can be said of his administration as

a Church official, evidenced by the satisfactory condition of the Ward over which he, with his counselors, presides.

Bishop Whitney is popularly and deservedly rated as occupying a position in the front rank of the orators of the state. In the exercise of this gift he is clear, forcible, dignified and convincing to a degree reached by few. In literature, especially in poesy, he shines with rare lustre. There is one gem in his poetical volume for which the present writer has a special admiration, and yet it is unpretentious in character. A number of persons, all of critical and some of poetic ability, were asked which of the poems in the book was his or her favorite, and several promptly answered, "The Mountain and the Vale." That piece alone is sufficient to stamp Bishop Whitney as a genuine poet. But all his previous efforts go down before his latest production, "Elias—An Epic of the Ages." It is lofty, massive, grand. It exhibits fertility of thought, expansive research and wonderful constructive ability. It is doubtful if the great theme—Eternal Truth—has ever before been treated so extensively in a poetic way and from a poetic standpoint. Up to date it is the crowning effort of the author's genius.

In disposition the Bishop is serious, with a tinge of melancholy in his nature. It is mixed with mirthfulness, however, and this quality, with his pronounced spirituality, has enabled him to conquer the tendency to despond. Like all poets, he is keenly sensitive, and has an ardent temperament. He is genial and unruffled, as a rule, but if provoked too far, still has the temper of a volcano. At the same time he is patient, and would rather suffer wrong than do wrong. He knows when he is imposed upon, and though not slow to anger at such times, he is just as quick to forgive, and readily regains himself under all circumstances. There is nothing of the gloater in his nature; he sympathizes with a fallen opponent, and his feelings invariably go out to "the under dog in the fight." He is magnanimous, and loves to be just, even to an enemy. It is not difficult for him to return good for

evil, and he is as ready to ask forgiveness as he is to grant it. As conscientious as he is sensitive, if ever he wounds a persons' feelings and learns of it, he suffers more than the one he wrongs. Though poetic, he is far from impractical, and his decisions in the Bishop's court have, with but one exception, been sustained by the High Council. He reveres authority, but despises arrogance and tyranny; loves comfort, but cares nothing for wealth; and would lay his all upon the altar for the sake of a religious conviction. He is liberal in his views, charitable to other men and theirs, and his private life is above reproach.

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#### NANIE AND LILIAN SWENSEN.

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##### *Salt Lake City.*

The eldest of these little maidens, Nanie Swensen, is between 6 and 7 years old. At the time this picture was taken she had a Mental Vital temperament which accounts for her activity and good appearance. The Mental temperament always gives fineness and delicacy to the features, while the Vital imparts plumpness, health, color, etc. The motive temperament is comparatively weak; too much so, in fact, hence Nanie is lacking in her physical organization and character those qualities of hardness, endurance, stability and thoroughness that are very desirable.

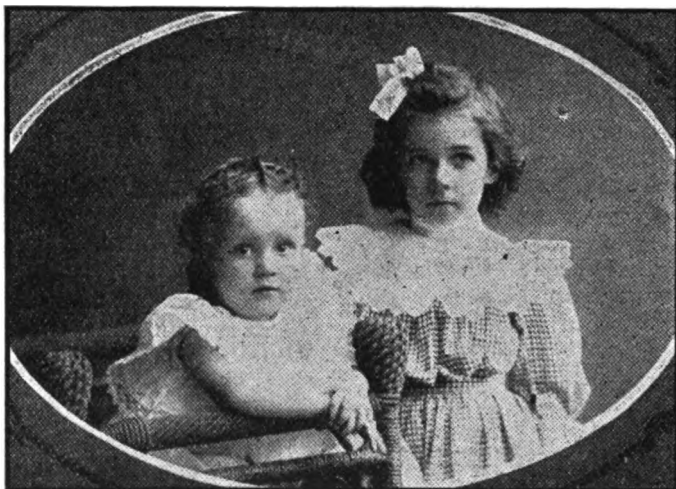
She is small-boned, delicately organized, sensitive, acute and high keyed. Her mental operations are rapid; will think quickly, more lightly and feel keenly. She has more mental energy than vital strength; and more vital strength than motive power. Her diet should consist chiefly of foods that make bone and muscles and the mind as much as possible should be relieved from strain. Children with a strong mental temperament always require plenty of sleep, and Nanie is no exception. Her intellectual, moral and social faculties are good, thus insuring uniform strength of mind, but while in the main there is a nice blending of the various organs that go to make up a useful life, yet the brain is relatively too

large for the weight of the body, and on this account her health and happiness will largely depend upon mental conditions. A large, healthy and strong body is but little effected through the mind, as it is the physical, not the mental, part of their organization that is the governing power. But with Nanie and her type it is different. She is more than ordinarily subject to impressions and outward influences; will experience extremes of feeling, being sometimes very mirthful, other times the reverse.

Excitement or fright should be avoided as far as possible, because her active caution and sensitive nature render her

sunshine. The sincere, innocent, upward expression of the eye denotes large spirituality, veneration, etc., and corresponds to the splendid development of the moral faculties, and the natural purity of her mind. She is not viscious, spiteful or difficult to manage if reason and affection are employed. She is naturally sympathetic, generous and friendly. No doubt in school she will excel many who are older, for she has a very retentive memory and active mind.

Lillian—The younger of the two here shown is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years old. With her twin sister she was exceedingly sick when about a year old. Of the two Lillian ap-



liable to injury from this cause. She has a trusting, confiding, affectionate disposition, is very susceptible to either praise or censure, and should be governed entirely by love. Her nature calls for it. Even the thought of physical punishment would be worse than the pain it inflicted.

While she has more than average self-esteem that gives confidence and the desire to assume responsibility, yet she is fearful of mystery, suspense or danger, and apt to worry over imaginary ills.

Large mirthfulness, however, soon comes to the rescue, and like an April day, will change rapidly from shadow to

peared to be the worst and less likely to live, but the results terminated reversely, her sister passing away, while Lillian after a desperate struggle survived. As will be seen by glancing at the photograph she is now out of danger—for the present, at least. Lillian has much more vitality than her older sister, but is not so fine in quality. As she differs in temperament so also she differs in disposition, feelings, desires, habits, etc. She has more recuperative power than Nanie; more impulse, more "ginger," more passion and persistence; but has less patience, dignity and refinement. Observe the difference in the depth and size of

the chin. Of course there is no brain-matter in anybody's chin, nose, etc. The size and shape of the features means nothing except as they indicate and correspond to certain cranial developments; and in this instance we find the large chin conforms to the brain which shows large vitativeness, amativeness, destructiveness and alimentiveness.

These organs are the foundation of the vital temperament and mean that Lillian has great tenacity of life, extra power to resist disease; is passionate in desire, excitable in disposition, demonstrative in manner, quick to offend and quick to forgive, and eager for the good things of life. Her digestion is excellent, but her appetite needs restraining.

She is apt to eat too much for her good, will be especially fond of liquid food, and like Nanie requires more bone-making material. Lillian has an unusually large brain. Her reasoning and intuitive power is remarkable, and she lacks nothing in the way of combative force. Though hasty in temper she will never harbor revenge, for her nature is warm and affectionate and her generosity will be counted a fault.

#### PRACTICAL EDUCATION NEEDED.

We sympathize heartily with the disgust excited in one of our contemporaries by the typical case in modern education which it has just raked up. A girl of fourteen is carrying on as many studies as she has years to her credit; and her marks, on a scale of 100, show her perfect in grammar, 99 in physiology, 98 in civics and algebra, 97 in physics, and 96 in literature. Yet in a recent letter she writes: "There has been two boats ashore. Papa took sister and I with him."

Could anything speak louder for the parrot character of the teaching which has placed her in the 100 per cent rank? If we took a boy, of whom we intended to make a carpenter, brought him up in a gymnasium, and at maturity put a saw and plane into his hands and bade him

go forth and earn his own living, our neighbors would think us crazy. Yet that is in effect what we are doing every day with thousands and thousands of school children. We swell their memories artificially, as in the hypothetical instance we swelled the boy's muscles; then we throw them into the world and tell them to make their own fortunes, though we have not taught them how to use a single reasoning faculty.—*Washington Post*.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE MISLEADING

President Wilson of Princeton recently observed: "I am much mistaken if the scientific spirit of the age is not doing us a great disservice; working in us a certain great degeneracy. Science has bred in us a spirit of experiment and a contempt for the past; it has driven mystery out of the universe; it has made malleable stuff out of the hard world and laid it out in its elements upon the table of every class room."

Prof. W. S. Franklin, of Lehigh, in commenting further on this subject at the recent convention of scientists in Washington, said that there was a very unsatisfactory tendency nowadays to let speculation run riot in the scientific realm, uncontrolled by known physical limitations. He proceeded: "The extent to which some of our elementary text books in physics indulge in weak phases of speculation is very surprising to me, for, in this connection, it is absolutely out of place and entirely misleading."—*Pathfinder*.

The Christ of the twentieth century is not exactly the same as the sectarian Christ of the nineteenth, or the dogmatic Christ of the seventeenth, or the officered Christ of the thirteenth, or the metaphysical Christ of the fourth, or even the Christ after the flesh which Paul had already outgrown in the first. The Christ of the twentieth century is pre-eminently the social Christ, and as such is greater than all that has gone before.—President William DeWitt Hyde.



## Suggestions to Parents.

### THE STUDY OF LIFE.

By Mrs. Almon Hensley.

If our children are to be what we would have them, with sound physical bodies, with agile and receptive minds, with high moral ideals, we need deeper study than that of hygiene and feeding, important and necessary as these are. A mother to be duly qualified for her great duties should know something of the fundamental principles underlying human life.

It was with this fact in the minds of some of the thinking women of New York City that the "Society for the Study of Life" was formed. At its meetings are discussed the questions of heredity, of pre-natal culture, of wise procreation. And it would be well if mothers in other places, either as a committee in their mothers' clubs or an independent organization met at short intervals for the earnest study of these deeply interesting and valuable truths.

One of the most fascinating studies is that of heredity—the inheritance of the child, physical and moral; the traits that he is likely to show, given a certain combination of gifts or weaknesses in his parents.

#### HEREDITY.

There are those who profess to disbelieve in heredity; I say "profess" because the most casual student, if such a term may be employed, must realize very speedily the truth of this universal law. When you admit that you expect your child to resemble its father or its grandfather, you admit the fact of heredity.

Do you ever fear, before the birth of your child, that it may be a little Chinese baby? Of course you do not. Why? Because you recognize the law of race heredity; as you recognize the law of family heredity when you expected likenesses to its grandparents in your baby.

A lady who belonged to the Christian

Science persuasion told me one day that "We of the New Thought do not believe in heredity; all these conditions are brought about by mental concepts; you think likenesses into your children; you expect them and so they come." I did not argue the point, as there is a certain quality of mind that precludes argument.

The lady was a great lover of cats and had the house full of beautiful Angoras. "This is the mother of all these cats," she said. But some of them have this father," pointing to a lovely big fellow, "and some are the children of this one," pointing to another. "Beauty" has always been a very timid, frightened fellow, but the other is ready for anything; full of life and fun. 'Beauty's' kittens, too, are very timid and frightened—have the same wild ways; while the others are just like ordinary kittens. Funny, isn't it?

I thought it was very funny, but I was thinking of the peculiar attitude of the lady's mind rather than of the kittens.

At this stage of the world's scientific knowledge, it is an uneducated mind or a superstitious one that refuses to accept the facts of heredity, which are everywhere about us.

#### OUR FAULTS IN OUR CHILDREN.

How often are we abashed to find a hidden weakness of our own, known, perhaps, only to ourselves and our Creator, showing itself in our little child. What is this that we have done? A defect in our own character, which, mark you, if we had manfully fought against and eradicated from our own character would not have been transmitted to our child, has, through our supineness, carelessness or ignorance of law, been handed on to another generation. Physical strength or disabilities follow the same law, and if we have eradicated from our system certain physical weaknesses or defects, studied our bodies and dealt with them so rationally, so carefully, so persistently that the evil has been overcome, we may

set our minds at rest regarding the inheritance of that tendency in our offspring. I do not wish to seem to imply that the mother is responsible for all the heredity of her child. Far from it. Her husband has an equal share in the responsibility, and the heredity may hark back to the grandparents by what is known as atavism. For this reason, it is well, before marriage, to inquire into the family history of the man of our choice.

A very interesting story in Conan Doyle's "Round the Red Lamp" illustrates with vivid directness how a young man's happiness was ruined and his life forfeited through the evil life of a grandfather, who was then "a bag of bones in a coffin."

#### ANTE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

Until quite recently it was common to look upon all stories of pre-natal impress or influence with a smile as at an old wife's tale; indeed, there are still some physicians who refuse to accept the theory that the mental conditions of the mother exercise any direct or indirect influence on the child. Many of our most thoughtful scientists, however, have accepted the theory of pre-natal influences as a factor in the study of conditions. Personally I hold to the belief that through the mental exercise of the expectant mother, untoward hereditary traits can be modified and certain definite habits of thought be induced in the offspring. In one case where there had been no artist in the family, but when the pregnant woman decided upon art as a career for her child, she studied art diligently throughout her pregnancy, and though she had no especial gift that way, she conscientiously drew and painted under a good master, with the result that her boy was an artist of considerable ability.

Another woman, whose family and whose husband's family were also dark, desired intensely to have a fair child. She placed pictures of fair women and children about her rooms and gazed upon them frequently, especially upon that of a beautiful, golden-haired girl of one of her friends; with the result that in time

she was delivered of a blue-eyed, blond-haired daughter.

We have all heard of instances of fright during pregnancy which have resulted in some malformation of the child. Such cases are, happily, rare. Nature is kind, and unless the woman be of a peculiarly nervous temperament and unusually alive to suggestive impressions, she is unlikely to be effected to such a degree as to alter the shape or functions of the carefully guarded embryo.

It is well for the prospective mother to know that it is during the last few months of pregnancy that the brain of the child is influenced; it is then that she should especially care for her own brain and concentrate on some useful line of work. Too often the last few months are spent in the reading of light literature, while reclining upon the sofa. An out-of-door life up to the very last is essential to the physical well-being of mother and child, and concentration of mind upon some useful or important work will greatly aid the child in his mental soundness and activity.

#### LET THE YOUNG KNOW.

In our progressive social life of today we have come to the realization that ignorance on the part of our young women as to their most important future work in life is not conducive to race improvement. A woman cannot change herself, her desires, her mode of thinking in the short space of nine months, much as she may desire to do so in her anxiety for the welfare of her child. A bad tempered woman will hardly become equable and gentle, a gossiping and frivolous one become altruistic and large-minded. All this has to be done earlier. And so, we of the Society for the Study of Life claim that from the age of puberty the young girls should be instructed fully in these matters, should be made aware of their responsibilities in the future, should be encouraged to govern their lives accordingly. And we strongly advise the admitting of girls to the discussions that take place at meetings called for the purpose of considering the questions above referred to. Ignorance is

not innocence, and to expect a young woman to successfully perform her unique task without previous instruction, is (as Mrs. Gilman puts it), like sending as soldiers men who have received no instructions in warfare or military discipline until they are upon the battlefield.

#### SCIENTIFIC MOTHERHOOD.

We have made great strides in our scientific research in the last fifty years; we are amazed when we consider our harvest of knowledge, our electrical discoveries, our telephones, our Atlantic cable, our noiseless carriages, our kinetoscopes, our wireless telegraphy. And the same spirit of progress is teaching us that haphazard motherhood is a thing of the past.

We want schools for motherhood or, better still, for parenthood; and they are on the way. Meanwhile, our young mothers are studying, are organizing for study and research, and the outcome will be a finer and better equipped race of men, a wiser and more rational social life.

—Health Culture.

#### NEGLECT OF FATHERS.

The following selections are from the "Purity Advocate."

Every man ought to know that boys are exposed to certain forms of danger that can only be avoided by being forewarned and no one so well as the father can give the boys this warning.

In an experience of twenty years we have found only three fathers that had warned their sons of the dangers they might inflict on themselves, and only one who had given the second warning.

Under these circumstances is it any wonder that boys bring trouble and disease upon themselves? The only wonder is that more of it does not occur. Every State in the Union could dispense with one-half of its lunatic asylums if fathers did their duty to their sons. There are certain subjects that must be explained to boys before they are twelve years old, and there is no reason why they should not be told when they are five. The other warning should be given before the boy is fourteen years old; if you neglect

it you may regret it all your life and your son all his life, and yet further generations to come.—C. W. Fowler, Superintendent of Kentucky Military Institute, Lyndon, Ky.

#### THE CRUSADE AGAINST IGNORANCE.

The great enemy that we must conquer is Ignorance. It will, indeed, require a crusade—a movement in which hundreds of thousands of earnest souls move in unison as one man—to dispel the enemy. He holds possession of the strong citadel of indifference within which are the parents' hearts, ready to repel any movement to release them from their bondage. They are loyal to their commander, Ignorance, and he uses every precaution for the retention of his possessions. He fortifies his stronghold with a wall of false modesty and digs about it a ditch of procrastination. He tells these parent hearts not to speak to their children about the importance of their bodily dwelling, that they should learn the functions of their private natures from other lips. And these loving hearts heed the words of Ignorance and believe him right, but they do not see the van of another army in the distance, coming over the hill of Time, the army of Satan. They do not realize that this oncoming host will soon be victors over the lives of the children and will carry them away captives for life. They do not know that after the enemy has vanished with his spoil that then their stronghold will fall, that Ignorance will be dispelled, and that their hearts will lie broken, bruised and bleeding on the battlefield of Time.—Charles L. Playmate.

#### RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTHOOD.

If fathers and mothers will guard the purity of their children, they will increase the virtue of the nation.

Heredity is the most direct and powerful force in shaping the character of every child for good or evil.

If physical defects are inherited, why

not habits? Children are born with appetites transmitted by their fathers, why not passions as well?

Here lies the secret of many an impure life. The impurity of parents taints their children. The wild and uncontrollable passion of many a child was its birthright. The only way to guard the chastity of the unborn is by being chaste yourself.

Let chastity and self-control be the ideal of parenthood, and childhood will soon emerge from this dark valley of the shadow of impurity.—Rev. A. J. Wheeler.

### EARLY MARRIAGES.

Many well-meaning people recommend early marriages as a check to the social evil, but surely no right-thinking person can believe that marriage ever yet changed impurity into purity. Marriage is not in itself a necessarily pure estate, but is pure or impure exactly as the contracting parties are pure or impure.—Margaret M. L. Densmore.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

The Doctor's Plain Talk to Young Women, Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene of the Sexual System and the Relation of this System to Health, Beauty and Popularity, is the title of a recent work by V. P. English, M. D. Price \$1.00. For sale by Ohio State Publishing company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. English has written a number of books explaining the laws controlling the human body and mind. They are all written in choice but plain language and are full of valuable information. If Plain Talk to Young Women were read by every young woman in the country and its precepts put into practice, more rapid progress would be made in physical and moral regeneration.

Spiritual and Material Attraction by Eugene Del Mar, Denver, Colorado.

Price, 75 cents. This book was written for people who think. It is of value to anyone who is interested in the problems of life. The author is editor of the "Common Sense Advocate." An article of his and a biographical sketch appeared in February "Mind." His book shows deep thought and extensive research. While we do not agree with all the conclusions expressed in the book, we are in full sympathy with the inspiring thoughts contained in it. We recommend it to all students of the Science of Life.

Tocology for Mothers A Medical Guide to the Care of Their Health and the Management of Children, by Albert Westland, M. A., M. D., C. M. American edition prepared by E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., 330 pages; price \$1.00. Murray Hill Publishing company, New York In this book Dr. Foote devotes several pages to the subject of vaccination, pointing out its dangers and showing the blood poisoning process in its true light. The book is devoted to general suggestions on health and disease.

Dr. Foote's Home Cyclopedia of Popular Medical, Social and Sexual Science, by E. B. Foote, M. D., 1248 pages. Standard edition, \$3.00. Murray Hill Publishing company, N. Y. L. N. Fowler & Co., London. This is a new edition of Dr. Foote's popular work, Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense. It is claimed that more than a million copies of former editions were sold. It has been revised and brought up to date. It is certainly a twentieth century book. It advocates reforms that will be realized during the present century. It tells the truth about vaccination and other medical fallacies. The basic scientific truths explained in this book should be taught to every boy and girl and should be familiar to every man, woman and child throughout the world. It is as interesting as a novel and might well displace the trashy books found in some homes. Its truths are dangerous to credulity and superstition.

It is easy for him who has no pain to talk about patience.

## Physical and Moral Education.

### BIOGRAPHY OF A FOOL.

He didn't have time to chew  
The food that he had to eat,  
But he washed it into his throat  
As if time were a thing to beat.  
At breakfast and lunch and dinner  
'Twas a bite and a gulp and a go—  
Oh! the crowd is so terribly eager  
And a man has to hurry so!

A bite and a gulp and away  
To the books and the ticker. A bite  
And a drink and a smoke and a seat  
At a café table half of the night;  
A pressure, a click and a pallor,  
A cloth covered box and a song;  
A weary old fellow at forty.  
Who is deaf to the noise of the throng.

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

### BREATHING.

(By W. L. Secor, M. S., D. Sc., Professor of Science in Vernon Academy, Ohio.)

This is an age of reforms. The shelves of our groceries are lined with "Health Foods." Our magazines are filled with advertisements of "Health Shoes," "Health Underwear," etc. These are all indications of steps in the right direction, but there is one reform which is needed more than any of the others, and that is "Breathing Reform."

A man may eat the best of food and plenty of it, but if he does not breathe enough good, pure air to vitalize the system, it will do him very little good.

It is not the quantity nor the quality of food eaten that determines how much strength the body will receive from it. It is not even the quantity digested that determines this question, but it is the quantity that is actually transformed into living tissue, and this depends largely upon how much oxygen is taken into the lungs.

Oxygen is the great destroyer, yet it is only by dying that we live. Oxygen destroys the old worn-out tissue and makes room for the new vitalized tissue.

It is our privilege to have newer bodies than we have, if we would breathe more our tissue would undergo change more rapidly and new, vitalized tissue would take the place of that which is sluggish and half dead.

Why is that dread disease consumption so rapidly increasing the number of its victims? Some eminent physicians claim that meat-eating is the cause. I believe that meat-eating has much to do with it by lowering the vitality of the system, but I also believe that it is chiefly due to the fact that we do not breathe enough.

Instead of expanding our lungs and giving them good, vigorous exercise, we are satisfied with just enough air to keep us partly alive. Why not breathe more and live more?

If we should tie up an arm and not use it for any length of time, the muscles would become diseased and wither away. Is it strange then, that the lungs should become diseased by not having proper exercise?

This is an age of rapid advancement in medical practice. "Preventive Medicine" is the study of the day. There are two schools of Preventive Medicine—one made up of those who are giving their lives to the hunting of a serum that will prevent this disease or that one. They are martyrs to the goddess—Serumtherapy. The members of the other school are working just as diligently as their brethren and spending just as much energy studying the other end of the question of prevention, the cause, which is by far the most scientific way, for, if we remove the cause, we prevent the effect.

Let us look at disease from the right end for "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Partial breathing is

not the cause of consumption alone, but by lowering the vitality of the system it has an influence upon every disease.

Proper breathing will do much toward hastening recovery from many diseases, and in some cases, as dyspepsia, nervousness and others, it aids nature so much that it is sometimes credited with their cure.

Let us begin to breathe more completely and thus live more completely.

When you rise in the morning, stand erect with shoulders back and take three good, full breaths, so that you can feel the expansion well down in the abdomen, and while the lungs are full of air give the chest gentle percussion to expand every tiny air sac and prepare them for their day's duties.

Then, during the day, stop and think often of how you are breathing—are you humped over with chest contracted, getting only a very small quantity of air at a breath? If so, straighten up and take half a dozen good, deep inhalations. You will be amply repaid for the effort, if you will continue the practice faithfully.

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#### WATER AND DISEASE.\*

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(By David H. Reeder, M. D., Ph. D.,  
Home Health Club Practical Hygienic Lectures.)

I will not undertake to bring before the readers of Sanitary Home the treatment of some diseases by water. Nature has generously supplied us with a very important factor in the treatment of disease—water.

One of the first things to be understood and remembered, when considering the subject of water in the cure of disease, is that a very large percentage of the human body is water, fully 70 per cent., in fact; and if all the water was evaporated from your body there would be left only a small bundle of crumbling bones and dry dust.

The famous Dr. Salsbury frequently made the statement that if he were to be deprived of all means of cure except one

he would choose hot water, thus proving his right to be called a wise physician. Perhaps, if he had simply said "water," and then reserved the right of using it in any desired way, his choice would have been even more commendable, as there are cases in which a treatment directly opposite to that of hot water is required, and cold water is the most potent remedy that can be obtained.

While an impure water supply is probably the most prolific source of disease, yet there are few things which more strikingly show the comparative insignificance of the dangers of infection. The most notable examples of this kind are found when one or two members of a family are taken with gastritis, or typhoid, on account of the contaminated water, while the rest of the family partake freely of impure water with impunity, but that there is much less danger from infectious diseases than from the condition of the system, which may be made to prevent the ever-present disease germs from becoming malignant.

General unsanitary conditions, sewer gas, poorly ventilated and sunless bed-chambers, unwholesome food, over-eating, lack of food or exercise, exhaustion, any many other things, most of them readily overcome, are what put the system in a condition to become an easy prey to diseases like measles, typhoid and scarlet fevers, chicken pox, smallpox, etc., any one of which may be easily prevented by the most simple methods, and, if they do not obtain a foothold, may be almost as easily cured.

In a community, as in a family, which is visited by an epidemic of gastric fever, one of the first things the modern sensible physician will examine is the water supply. Invariably it is found to be heavily impregnated with impurities, which undoubtedly precipitate the fever; but here again, as in the family, only a portion of the community partaking of this foul water are affected by it. Examination into the facts of all cases will show that there was a strong predisposing cause in the person of each fever-stricken patient.

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It is the same in cases of scarlet fever. A large number of persons breathe the fever infected air, but only a few are injuriously affected. In cases of smallpox, this condition is even more noticeable, perhaps for the reason that this same disease is, in most case, due to the condition of the skin on the outside of the body. (I speak thus of the skin because the continuation of this covering of the body, which may be seen by examining the inside of the mouth and throat, is of a different character, and is called in simple terms, the mucous membrane. Of the condition of this, I shall have more to say.) It is a common saying that if a negro gets within sight of a case of smallpox, he is sure to become infected. While this may be true of the average southern or plantation darkey, I would undertake to prevent a single case of smallpox in a whole regiment of negroes which was surrounded by it, if I may be plentifully supplied with pure water, soap, acetic acid, and wholesome food.

If a person is chemically clean and reasonably well cared for in other respects, there is no possible danger of infection from this dread disease. A thorough sponging of the entire body twice per week, in times of epidemic, and daily, after exposure, with diluted acetic acid, or permanganate of potassium (1-1,500) will render a person immune; and a thorough cleansing of the body with soap and water before each application will greatly add to the security and comfort.

Some seem to be possessed of skin that rejects all such diseases, and they can obtain no foothold. Such persons may do with impunity things which would be certain to bring on a fatal illness in one not so constituted or fortified against the contagion.

There is a vital process at work in our bodies, when in perfect health, which separates that which, as food or drink, is fitted to nourish and rebuild the constantly dying tissues from that which is fitted only to injure it. This process is powerful in some cases and weak in others. Where it is powerful, almost everything that would be injurious is rejected,

and almost anything that ought to be assimilated is readily accepted.

In the case of weak vitality and low degree of force, that which is poisonous is accepted almost as readily as that which is healthful. But it is seen that this weakness of vital force cannot pass by infection or contagion from one person to another. This question, then, of the vital force, is more important than that of infection. For I do assert without fear of successful contradiction, that a person will not take a disease of any kind unless the predisposing cause is already in the system.

Apparent health, stoutness, or an excess of fatty growth, may sometimes be the hiding place of the very elements necessary to the successful attack of disease germs. In order to be at all times certain that we are immune, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of diet and hygiene as we have of the care of our houses or cooking. In fact, until such knowledge becomes general, the scourge of contagious diseases will continue to act as a taskmaster to bring us to health.

I have heard intelligent people say they would rather be sick once in a while than to observe all of the rules and regulations regarding health that are commonly taught. If it were necessary to be continuously taking precautions and testing this or that and debating with all comers, as I have known people to do, the propriety of certain foods, then I think the propriety of these remarks would be excusable; and yet, these same people do most loudly bewail their fate when sickness does come, and really believe every one is to blame but themselves.

Knowledge of nature's laws once gained becomes a permanent possession, and is an aid to right living, a stepping-stone to security, which gives peace, health and happiness. It does not become necessary to question all of your acts, because you know beforehand the propriety of each, and what the result will be. What at first may be a slight task becomes a fixed habit, and is unconsciously adhered

to. Habits may be good or bad; either kind may be easily acquired.

Now, to return to the question of water, which, in the forthcoming articles, will play such an important part in the cure of disease. The purest that can be obtained is not too good if you wish to keep the system free from the impurities which furnish the principal basis for disease. An all-wise Creator furnishes to the forms of life which he has created, that are unable to move about and select that which is best, the very purest form of water known, which is distilled water. His sun causes steam to rise from the foul and polluted streams and rivers; the ponds, lakes and seas. In this stream there are no impurities, all of such material is left behind, and the foul gases which rise with it are quickly dissipated. Up goes the pure distilled water until it strikes the cold upper air, and is condensed in the clouds and poured out upon the thirsty vegetation, causing it to brighten and grow, making all nature seem glad.

Those who absorb this pure water into their systems through the rich, ripe, luscious fruits and juicy vegetables, are wise. Not all vegetable growths are good for man, and not all foods contain sufficient water for the needs of the body; therefore, man must drink the water direct or press it from the fruit. As a sufficiency cannot be secured for all in the latter way, we must drink pure water. It does not always rain when we are thirsty, and we have not, like the plant, the ability to draw our supply from the soil, as they do. We naturally turn to the reservoirs, ponds, lakes, streams, etc., and soon, to our dismay, we find the supply has been polluted. We then take a lesson from the plant, and dig in the earth. At first we get a clear and wholesome drink; but soon nature's filter is clogged, and, instead of a reservoir for pure water, the average well becomes a cesspool. The mineral elements of the earth, which are foreign to our bodies, and work us harm, accumulate undetected, and the water is pronounced "hard." A limy deposit is found in the teakettle,

interfering with the circulation and causing wrinkles, stiff joints, rheumatism, decrepitude and old age.

When man has observed all of this, that quality which the Creator implanted within him, and which gives him dominion over all other forms of created life, asserts itself, and again he studies the forces about him. This time he is more successful than when he sought to obtain his water supply from the same source as did vegetation, and he now either secures the pure, distilled water from the clouds in the form of double filtered rain water, or he distills it himself in a simple and economical way in his own kitchen, or purchases it pure and sparkling from a distilling or ice manufacturing company.

This he keeps bottled ready for use as needed; and it has proven not only in theory but in fact, to be one of the wisest steps in the direction of health that has been taken for many years.

Why this is so, and why it is better than the rain water; also some of its uses in preventing contagion and curing disease, will be given in our future lessons, which will be given in Sanitary Home.

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### THE GREATER INTEMPERANCE.

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We talk about temperance as though abstinence from alcohol were the fulfillment of the law, but there is a greater temperance yet to come, more in accordance with the dictates of an enlightened reason. There is more than one kind of intemperance. The sin of over-eating produces as much trouble to the community as that which comes from the use of alcoholic drinks, and perhaps more. The use of tobacco is the occasion of harm only second to that of alcohol. The evil wrought by the excessive use of coffee is by no means one of the minor ones. It has been stated that the baneful effects of the coffee habit in Brazil are equal to those of the beer habit among the Germans. The use of opium and other narcotics is another fruitful source of injury to the community. The evils of over-work and worry do not fall far behind.



In fact, we exhaust ourselves every way; in our work and in our play; in eating and drinking; and even in those athletic efforts that are supposed to be hygienic and recuperative. They are all made too intense, and therefore we do not live either comfortable or with that fullness and richness of life which we might. Furthermore, these very excesses are the occasion of much of the demand for alcohol, to drown the nervous rebellion that would otherwise shield us from the result of our own foolishness. In confirmation of this, look at the immense amount of disease that runs riot through the land. Charles II. Shepard, M. D.

### MIND BUILDING.

Anybody may go into the business of building his own mind. The thinking organ undergoes perpetual changes in cell-structure, and is never finished. Even in old age it is not too late. Let the esoteric mind-builder systematically devote an hour each day to calling up pleasant ideas and memories. Let him summon those finer feelings of benevolence and unselfishness which are called up only now and then. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these psychic gymnastics, giving them sixty or ninety minutes per diem.

At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts.

It will have been registered in the cell-structure of his brain. Cells useful for good thinking will have been well developed, while others productive of evil will have shrunk. Morally speaking, the man will be a great improvement on his former self.

PROF. ELMER GATES.

### DOSING THE BABY.

Do not dose baby with paregoric or gin every time he has colic. Your own physician does not give you laudanum every time your liver is out of order. Mothers frequently lament the fact that their ba-

bies have what is called "the nine-months' colic." All superstition, my dears. If you would treat your baby properly he would not have even a nine minutes' colic. It is related of a celebrated physician that a patient once said to him: "Doctor, something is wrong with my stomach." "Oh, no," replied the doctor, "your stomach is all right. The Lord made your stomach, and he never makes a mistake. It is the way you treat it that is wrong—the way you stuff it and tamp it down." Half the mothers I know who are obliged to take care of their own babies give them the bottle or some sort of food every time they cry or show signs of uneasiness. If babies did not sometimes have sense enough to refuse this perpetual refreshment, or if their stomachs were not so constituted that they can throw off an over-supply, infant mortality would be greater than it is.

Especially in hot weather baby is often restless for the want of a drink. Try him with a teaspoonful of cold water several times a day. Sometimes bathing the hot little face and hands with soft cloth will act as a nervine, and quiet him. Do not give baby more than one entire bath in a day, as too much bathing is weakening. Even in the hottest weather let him wear flannel next to his skin, but burden him with as few other clothes as possible.

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING."

### EXPERIMENTS TO CURE STUTTERING.

It is said that in Germany, where one and one-half per cent of school attendants stutter, there have been introduced in certain schools, departments of instruction, looking to the cure of stuttering. Twelve hours each week are devoted to this instruction, and two systems are being considered.

In the public schools the children are drilled in the vocal sounds which they find the hardest to utter. In the orphan and other charitable institutions where the municipal authorities have more control, the treatment used is the same as for a nervous disorder. Meat is denied

the patient, frequent bathing is required, and plenty of exercise in the open air. It is reported that the advocates of the latter system are surprised at its success. After a fortnight's treatment, fifty children out of ninety-three were almost completely cured. This is another evidence of the adaptability of rational treatment to any and all troubles with which mortals are afflicted.—Pacific Health Journal.

### THE TRUE FUNCTION OF PHYSICIANS.

What is the true function of the physician? Judging from some of the correspondence received by us, some of our readers seem to have gained the impression that we considered the medical practitioner a superfluity. Not so. Just so long as the average human being remains in ignorance of the vital processes that are constantly going on in his own body, just so long as he remains uninformed of the laws that govern his being, will the physician be necessary. And when the time arrives that the physician can be dispensed with, the millennium will be here. A boy with a natural aptitude for mathematics, having access to the best standard works, and who enjoys the advantage of home tuition on the subject may develop into a skilled mathematician without the aid of a paid teacher; but that does not prove that the Professor of Mathematics is a useless figurehead. Just so with the treatment of human ills. The skilled physician, thoroughly acquainted with the human system and its physiological processes, must be a more competent adviser in a case of sickness than the lawman, lacking those requirements! But the physician should be something more than a dispenser of pills and potions. His true function is the prevention rather than the cure of disease; to teach people how to care for the human temples in which they dwell, so that repair will be unnecessary. This we consider to be his proper office, and at the risk of his being considered socialistic, we may further state our opin-

ion that physicians should be salaried government officials, in which case it would be to their interest to keep the public in health, since sickness would mean a loss to the community, financially. If this system were adapted, of prevention instead of attempted cure, the drug trade would speedily die of inanition, and the reproach of being the greatest drug consumers on the face of the globe would be lifted from the American people.—Editorial in "Health."

### ADDRESS TO A JUG OF RUM.

Here, only by a cork controlled,  
And slender walls of earthen mold,  
In all the pomp of death repose  
The seeds of many a bloody nose;  
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;  
The first for fighting nothing loth;  
The passions which no word can tame,  
That burst like sulphur into flame;  
The nose carbuncled, glowing red;  
The bloated eye, the broken head;  
The "tin that bears a deadly fruit  
Of murder, maiming, and dispute,  
Assaults that innocence assail,  
The image of gloomy jails;  
The giddy thought on mischief bent;  
The midnight hour in riot spent;  
All these within this jug appear,  
And jack the hangman in the rear.  
—Selected.

Tobacco is a filthy weed,  
The devil sowed the seed,  
It drains your pockets, scents your  
clothes,  
And makes a chimney of your nose.

The British Indian government has halted in its plan of inoculating the natives of India against the bubonic plague, because by some mischance a whole village were inoculated with a serum which contained other disease germs, thus causing many deaths.

Such as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp which omits a sound pleasing to others while itself is insensible of the music.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### LIFE.

"Was it not said by some great sage  
That life is an unwritten page?  
We write our fate, and when old age  
Or death comes on,  
We drop the pen.

"For good or ill, from day to day,  
Each deed we do, each word we say,  
Makes its impress on the clay,  
Which moulds the minds  
Of othermen.

"And all our acts and words are seeds  
Sown o'er the past, whence future deeds  
Spring up to form our wheat or weeds;  
And as we've sown,  
So shall we reap."  
—Selected.

### "IT WAS MURDER."

I remember once, some three or four years ago, I stood on a lonely beach just at sunset. The last of the red rays was setting all the waves on fire and crimsoning the side of the sand hills behind me. There was hardly a breath of wind to disturb the waters of the bay, and everything but the gun on my shoulder spoke only of peace and quiet.

I stood resting, looking out over the water to the other side of the bay where the hills were fast changing from a sober brown to a rich purple. I was completely absorbed in the beauty of the scene when all at once a tern sailed slowly in range. I raised the gun and fired, and the poor tern, with a broken wing, fell whirling through the air to the water. Wishing to end its misery, I fired another charge, but that fell short, and then, my ammunition being gone, I shouldered my gun and went slowly back over the sandhills, leaving the poor tern to float back and forth on the dark water and utter its mournful cry.

In the morning I went to the beach again and found the poor creature, half dead, dragging itself upon the sand, covered with blood, and its poor broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I wrung its neck.

Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes, that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering; eyes that soon glazed over in death, as its pretty head dropped and the body became limp in my hand. It was murdered! From that moment I quit gunning forever.—J. E. M., in *Mind*.

### HAVE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

The man who dares to think, to live,  
True to his soul's divinest light,  
Shall to the world an impulse give  
For truth and right.

The brave in heart, the true in mind,  
Will dare to see the truth aright,  
While coward souls perverse and blind,  
Will shun the light.

But though all eyes on earth were closed,  
Still would the sun as brightly shine,  
And truth, by all the world opposed  
Is still divine.

That which men abuse today,  
Men of the future will adore;  
And truth, which error seeks to slay  
Lives evermore.

—Anon.

### THE IDEAL FARM BOY.

By Mary Sidney.

In looking around among farmers' lads for a sample of an ideal farmer, one learns how very scarce they are. Not that there is such a dearth of boys on the farms, but their heads are set towards other things than farming—toward positions they think easier and more lucra-

tive than the plodding life they deem that of their parents to be. Nine-tenths of them, like nine-tenths of the boys born in other places, have their own livings to earn somewhere. If boys could realize how very few men there are who have been successful in business, or had any estate to leave behind when they are gone, it might wake them up to the importance of running no risks in laying the foundation of their life-work. They would be more willing to go slow and sure that they might have enough of this world's goods to carry them through to the end and a trifle over.

People who come to be dependent on their children, or on anybody, no matter who, are seldom held in kindly remembrance after they are gone. "Good riddance to rubbish" is about the feeling their death excites. Everybody has an innate longing to be missed and lamented when the time comes for them to go the road that all flesh must go. It is so unspeakably sad to think there is no one to drop a tear when the lid of your coffin closes forever. To live in the hearts of those we leave behind we must do something worthy—something they cannot forget. Simply living for self will not win a loving place for us anywhere.

The young man in choosing his occupation should not think only of where he can earn the most money, but where he can do the most good as well. Money is not all of life and success. The ideal farm boy remembers his parents first of all, and if they need him he will not desert them. They stood by him in his helpless years, often depriving themselves of many recreations and comforts for his sake, and now he will gladly reciprocate. He has the promise that his "days may be long upon the land" if he honors his father and his mother. He has chosen farming for his occupation—of course he has, or he wouldn't be an ideal farm boy—and now he is going to learn all he can about it. He has made up his mind to be a good farmer and make a comfortable living or die in the attempt. He will try to make the best of things, study the best way to plant, how to fertil-

ize, how to cultivate, how to care for stock, when to plow and how to harvest and sell to the best advantage.

He will not spend his strength in Latin and Greek, in philology and the belles-lettres and such things as he can do without. He has gumption enough to know that one small head can not contain all there is to know. He will seek first that which he most needs. Maybe his father is old-fashioned and can not make both ends meet in these fast-rushing days. He will try to help him out. He will try to introduce more productive methods, will raise more fruits, vegetables, poultry, hogs and stock, and keep something moving along towards the market wagon to bring in money. He will begin very early to earn a little money for himself, and at the same time to save it. He will deliberate ere he makes purchases as to their real value, and as to his real need for the articles.

The average boy spends his money as fast as he earns it in the fashions and follies of the day; but the ideal boy lays up something in bank to be ready for the time to come when he will want a farm of his own. One doesn't have to be very old to begin to plan for the future. A little four-year-old grand-foot of the Sidneys said, "When I get big I am going to have a whole lot of hogs and little boys." Not a bad assortment to have, but he must first be prepared for the duties and responsibilities such farm furnishings would bring. Possessions of any sort are worthless and a hindrance unless one knows how to use them.

Many a man has heired a fine fortune before he knew the value of money, and lost all by his ignorance and thriftlessness.

Parents are often indulgent and do not train their children in the fine art of taking care of themselves. Having rich parents is about the greatest misfortune that can befall the young. They are mostly allowed all the time and spending money and gay, reckless society they want, and luxurious habits are formed that sooner or later develop broken health, dissolute lives, or weakened ener-

gies that tell a true tale of the curse of riches.

The ideal farm boy will make thrift his watchword rather than wealth, and if he sticks to his text he will be crowned with abundance—unless he marries a spendthrift. Ay, there is the rub! The hardest problem of a thrifty young farmer has to face is who to marry? "That's so," said the Head of the house, "I've been there myself—hearts are not always trumps."

A man needs a helpmate, and he sometimes needs a checkmate, too. It is a subject, however, on which one need not advise a man, unless it is given the way he is going.

He thinks all women tender and true because his mother was so, and she thinks all men good because, perchance, her father was. Farmers' sons go to cities and towns for wives, and city girls are eager to capture the best catches of the country, and they all are miserable when it is too late. So runs the world; "love is blind," and nothing will open the eyes but matrimony.

The boys who propose to earn homes by farming have no time to go chasing around the country on railroad trains to sporting games and fraternity meetings, as we see by the papers young students, farmers' sons included, are doing. They have no money to spend in this way, and they should be too manly to thus trifle away the substance of their hard-working farmer parents. They can never be made the substantial, reliable men the world so needs in this way. The outgrowth of these expensive sports is an exodus from the farms. The boys want to get at something that will roll up dollars faster than farming. They will risk the health and peace farm life affords, they will risk bringing up their own children in the midst of city corruption, if they can get more money. "The love of money is the root of all evil" they may learn later on.

The ideal farm boy who only aims at a competency honestly earned wants no ill-gotten wealth. The world is full of things for him to enjoy nearer home that

costs little money. He participates in those higher pleasures that refresh the mind and leave no sting of remorse to torture the soul. He is the prop of his parents, the neighbors respect him, and positions of trust and responsibility are open to him.

Where did our nation's distinguished men hail from? The farms. If the farm home is a good place to be born and raised in, it is a good place to stay in to start another generation in the right track. Let us reflect on the history of that lamented trio of martyred presidents—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—all barefooted boys who won their first upward steps at home.

They had no time for football and boxing contests, in rowing, bowling and matched games of many varieties, but spent it in splitting rails, building fences, milking cows and studying by candlelight, and in all ways helping their families and themselves to earn an honest living and intelligent lives. Had they remained on the farms and spent their great talents there, who knows but they might to day be living on estates of their own earnings—grand specimens of the old-time country gentlemen?

Carrying the sword and musket and controlling great armies and navies do not harmonize with the teachings of Christ. "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Even the greatest come to grief if they trifle with the Christian principles they profess. The ideal farm boy will not be tempted away from his chosen pursuit by the "Lo heres" and "Lo theres." He is engaged in the high calling of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. He went into it for life, and he'll stick and make his mark, and find contentment there.—*Farm Journal*.

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#### AN AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

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A potato went out on a mash,  
And sought an onion bed.  
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,  
And all the beets turned red.

"Go 'way,' the onion, weeping cried,  
 "Your love I cannot be;  
 The pumpkin be your lawful bride,  
 You cantelope with me."

But onward still the tuber came,  
 And laid down at her feet;  
 "You call flower by any name,  
 And it will smell as wheat;  
 And I, too, am an early rose,  
 And you I've come to see,  
 So don't turn up your lovely nose,  
 But spinachat with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed,  
 So go, sir, if you please!"  
 The modest onion meekly said,  
 "And lettuce, pray, have peas!  
 Go, think that you have never seen  
 Myself, or smelled my sigh;  
 Not long a maiden I have been  
 For favors in your rye."

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed,  
 "My cherryshed bride you'll be!  
 You are the only weeping maid  
 That currant now with me."  
 And as the wily tuber spoke,  
 He caught her by surprise,  
 Devoured her with his eyes."  
 And giving her an artichoke.

—Selected.

#### OUR PRESIDENTS.

J. A. Schawan, superintendent of public instruction, Columbus, Ohio, is the author of the following original poem on "Our Presidents." It is a good one for all young people to memorize:

First stands the lofty Washington,  
 That noble, great, immortal one.  
 The elder Adams next we see,  
 And Jefferson makes the number three.  
 Then Madison is fourth, you know,  
 The fifth one in the list Monroe.  
 The sixth, and Adams comes again,  
 With Jackson seventh in the train.  
 Van Buren, eighth, falls into line,  
 And Harrison makes the number nine.  
 His death gives Tyler tenth, a turn,  
 And Polk's eleventh, as we learn.

Death comes to Taylor, twelfth in race,  
 And Fillmore, thirteenth, takes the place.  
 The fourteenth, Pierce, is then selected,  
 Buchanan, fifteenth, is elected.  
 As sixteenth, Lincoln holds the station,  
 While Civil War divides the nation.  
 But lo! the hero's stricken dead,  
 And Johnson, seventeenth, serves instead.  
 The eighteenth, is Grant, you know,  
 And nineteenth Hayes, from Ohio.  
 Then comes another Buckeye son,  
 Garfield, the second martyred one,  
 Whose term was filled by Arthur  
 through,

When Cleveland comes as twenty-two.  
 Then Harrison is twenty-third,  
 When Cleveland once again is heard.  
 As twenty-fifth McKinley great,  
 The third to share the martyr's fate,  
 And though the deepest grief is felt,  
 We hail the gallant Roosevelt.

—Selected.

#### DEFINITION OF LUCK.

"When events find us ready and fitting," says Alice Grimley, "that is so-called 'luck.' When a man 'drops' into a good position, it is because he has been preparing for that work for years, and is not merely the taking advantage of circumstances. Fortune always finds those who are fitted. When Fortune passes you by for another, you are not ready—that is ill-luck."

#### DO WHAT YOU THINK IS RIGHT.

This world is a difficult world indeed,  
 And people are hard to suit,  
 The man who plays on the violin,  
 Is a bore to the man with the flute.

I myself have often thought  
 How very much better 'twould be,  
 If every one of the folks I know  
 Would only agree with me.

But since they will not, the very best way  
 To make the world look bright  
 Is to never mind what people say,  
 But do what you think is right.

—Selected.

## \*\*\*\*\* Our Little Folks. \*\*\*\*\*

### FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named—By and By.

Then set upon him quick, I say,  
The swift young hunter—Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant  
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Then fast as ever hunter ran,  
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can.

No use in Trying—lags and whines,  
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high  
With this good hunter named I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot  
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen,  
With I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there  
Among my vines, named—I Don't Care.

Then let I'm Sorry—hunter true—  
Chase him afar from vines and you.  
—Farm Journal.

### A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

One bright morning, when the yellow dandelions were shining out like so many guineas in the green grass, and the brooks were chattering and purling to one another, and small eye-brights were looking up from the turf like flocks of little white sheep, a boy, whom we shall call Jamie, found, all of a sudden, that his school had stopped, and that he had come to the first day of his vacation.

So says Jamie to himself, "What shall I do all day long?" After awhile he thought he would take a basket, and go

over into a neighboring field, and gather some eyebrights and violets, to dress flower vases for his mamma.

Well, over the fence he went, and wandered far off into the field; and there he met two strange boys, larger than he, whose names were Will Drake and Charles Jones.

"Hello," said one of the boys to him; "come along with us—we are going to have fun. We have got our pockets full of stones, and we are going to kill birds with them; it's the best fun in the world."

Now Jamie was a thoughtless little fellow, and when another boy asked him to do a thing, at it he went at once, without so much as thinking whether it was right or not; so he filled his pockets with stones, and began running and shouting with the other boys.

"Hollo! there's a bird chirping," said one. "I'll hit him."

"Look at that robin!" bawled another; "send a stone at him. Oh, there's a blue bird! now for him!" I am happy to say that these boys missed their aim generally; for they had much worse intentions than they had skill to execute.

While they were thus running about, a nice white cat came stepping along the top of a fence, putting down her paws as daintily as any lady. "Hollo! there's a cat; now for fun," shouted Will Drake, as he let fly a stone, and then dashed after the cat. Puss was frightened, and scampered off with all her might; and all the three boys joined chase after her, and came tumbling, one after another, over the backyard fence of the place where Jamie lived.

Now, Jamie's mother had been sitting at her window watching the whole affair; and she stood up, and called in a very quiet way, "Jamie, come up here; I have something to show you. The other two boys slunk away a little. Jamie went up to his mother's room, all panting and hot, and began, "Mamma, what do you

want to show me?" She washed his heated face and hands, and then took from a drawer a small black box, which she wound up with a key like a watch key.

As soon as the box was set down, it began to play a most beautiful tune, and Jamie was astonished and delighted.

"What a curious box!" said he. "Who made it?" "I do not know said his mother, "but why do you think it is curious?"

"Why, it is curious to see a musical instrument shut up in such a little box. Why, I could carry this about in my pocket. I wish it were mine; I'd set it agoing, and put it in my pocket some day, and then I could make the boys stare!"

"But," said his mother, "if you think it strange to see a musical instrument put in a little box, what would you think if I could tell you of one which was put in a bird's throat?" "In a bird's throat!" said Jamie, "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well," answered his mother, "there is a boy in this room who has been listening this morning to a little instrument which is inside of a bird's throat, and which can make sweeter music than this box, and yet he did not seem to wonder at it at all!"

Jamie looked wonderingly at his mother. "When you went into the field, did you not hear robins and blue-birds playing on little instruments in their throats, and making all sorts of sweet sounds? Look now at your little canary bird hanging in the window, and see, when he sings, how his throat trembles."

"Oh, I know what you mean now," said Jamie; "you mean my little canary is like a music box. Well, but what sort of an instrument has he got in his throat? I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, he has a little, fine, soft flute, that can play as many notes as a piano."

"A flute in his throat!" said Jamie, laughing. "What a funny idea!"

"It is even so," said his mother. "The little pipe through which the canary bird plays his tunes is more curiously made than any flute which any instrument maker ever formed. It is so small, yet so

perfect. It fits into his throat so easily as never to interrupt his eating or breathing; and it turns whichever way he bends his head. Now, did you ever hear of any musical instrument that was as curious as this?"

"Well it 'is strange," said Jamie. "I might have heard a bird sing a month, and never have thought of all this; but now I do think of it, it seems very curious. But, mother, what is the little flute made of?"

"It is made of elastic rings."

"Elastic! what is that?" said Jamie.

"Why, like india rubber—springy, and easily bent; and 'ts being made of so many little elastic rings is the reason why he can turn and bend his head without any inconvenience, which he could not do if it were a straight stiff pipe, like a flute. "But," continued his mother," these little bright eyes that your bird has are more wonderful than anything I have yet told you of, though the contrivance is so very complicated that I do not think I can make you understand it."

"What is complicated?" said Jamie.

"The machinery in the inside of my watch is complicated; that is, it is made up of a great many parts which answer many different purposes. And there is a machinery inside of one of those little bird's eyes that is more complicated still." "What! that little dot of an eye, not bigger than a pin's head?"

"Well, let me tell you. Inside of that little eye is a contrivance by which, when the bird is looking at you, an exact picture of you is painted on the back of his eye."

"It must be a very small picture," said Jamie.

"Of course it is," said his mother, "but still it is a picture exactly like you; every line and every color in your face are painted exactly on the back of that little eye."

"Pray how is it done?" said Jamie.

That, my dear boy, is the machinery—which I told you was complicated—I cannot hope to make you understand it. There is a contrivance just like it in your own eye, and in the eye of every animal;



but it is more curious in a bird's eye, because it is so very small."

"What! do we all have pictures painted on the back of our eyes? Is that the way we see?"

"Yes, that is the way; and when you are older you will be able to understand the wonderful and beautiful contrivances by which this is done. It has cost learned men much study to find it out, and they have discovered that the way in which the eye of a bird is made is in some respects more curious than that of our own."

"Well, Mamma," said Jannie, "you have convinced me of one thing, and that is that there is a great deal more to be learned about a little bird than I ever supposed."

"But, Jamie, I have not yet told you half. Every bone in this little bird's body is as carefully made and finished as if that bone were the only thing the Creator had to make; and the joints of them are curiously contrived, so that the little fellow can hop, and spring, and turn all day, and yet nothing grates or gets out of order. They all are so springy and easy that I doubt whether he ever thought that he had a joint in his body at all."

"Then he has contrivances in his little stomach for dissolving his food and turning it into blood, and he has blood-vessels to carry it all over his body, and he has nerves to feel with, and muscles to move with."

"Now, Mother, I don't know what nerves and muscles are," said Jamie.

"Nerves are what you feel with. You eat, and the nerves of your mouth give you your taste. The nerves of your eyes see, and the nerves of your ears enable you to hear, and the nerves that cover your whole body enable you to feel. These nerves all come from a very large nerve that runs down through the middle of your back and which is commonly called the spinal marrow; and they go through the whole body, dividing and branching out, till they form a network covering over the whole of it, so that you cannot put the point of

a pin anywhere without touching a nerve.

"Mother, has a bird just such nerves?"

"Very much the same."

"And what are muscles?"

"Did you never pull a piece of lean meat into little strings?" said his mother.

"Yes," said Jamie.

"Well, a muscle is a bundle of such little strings, and these little strings generally end in a strong, tough cord, called a tendon. This muscle has the power of shrinking up short, like India rubber; and when it shrinks it pulls the tendon, and the tendon pulls whatever it is fastened to. I can show you some tendons in a moment. Feel the back of your hand; don't you find that there is a tough, hard cord runs down from every finger? These are tendons. Now take hold tight around your arm, and shut your hand."

Jamie did so, and exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma! when I shut up my hand I feel something move up here by my elbow!"

"That is the muscle," said his mother. "You feel it draw up short, and it pulls the tendons, and these tendons pull down your fingers."

Jamie amused himself some time in opening and shutting his hand, and then he said: "Well, are all the movements that we make done in the same way, by muscles and tendons?"

"Yes," said his mother; "and all the motions of animals. There are dozens and dozens of muscles, shrinking and stretching and pulling about in little Cherry every few moments, and yet none of them wear out, or break, or get out of order, or give him the least trouble."

"Imagine Cherry doesn't think much about them," said Jamie, as he watched the little fellow hopping about in his cage.

"Poor little Cherry!" said his mother; "he cannot understand how much God has done for him; with what watchful care he has made his little body; how carefully he has guarded it from all

kinds of suffering, and how many beautiful contrivances there are in it to make him happy."

"No, indeed," said Jamie; "if he did, he would love God."

"Well, Jamie," said his mother, "how should you feel if you had contrived some curious and beautiful little plaything, and just as you had it all nicely finished off, some boy should come along with a great stick and break it all to pieces?"

"Feel!" said Jamie, "why, I should be mad enough!"

"And suppose that some gentleman should invite you and two or three other boys to his house, and should show you into a large hall full of most beautiful flowers, and every kind of beautiful things, and you should amuse yourselves with breaking his looking-glass and beating down his flowers, and pulling to pieces all his curious and beautiful things; how do you think he would feel?"

"Why, I should think he would feel very angry, to be sure."

"Well, Jamie, when little boys go out into the woods and fields which God has filled with beautiful trees and flowers, and with hundreds of little happy birds, and with hundreds of little happy birds, all so curiously and beautifully made, and amuse themselves only with throwing stones at them, and killing them, must not God be displeased?"

"Certainly, I should think he must," said Jannie. After a few minutes, he added, "and it is a great deal worse to kill little birds than it is to break looking glasses, and such things, because little birds can feel you know."

"Yes," said his mother, "and the care with which God has made them shows how much he has thought about them, and how careful he has been to do all he can to make them happy. The Bible says his tender mercies are over all his works; he is not merely good to everything, but he is tender and careful in all he does; as a mother is tender in taking care of a little helpless infant."

## NATURE TALKS.

By Dame Durden.

Did you see that flash of blue just as if a piece of blue sky had fallen? That was a blue bird. He comes to let us know that spring will soon be here. He is very pretty with his blue coat and red vest. Soon he will be looking for a nesting place. It must be a hole in tree or post or a nice box put up by a friend of birds. Even then the English sparrows may drive them away. The nest is made of straw, hair, or grass and feathers. The eggs are a greenish blue in color, but the little birds wait until they get out into the sunshine to put on their blue coat. After the nesting time is past the blue birds gather in flocks until the cold weather drives them south. They are great insect eaters, which, with their beautiful song, makes them dear to those who raise fruit or grain.

## WISDOM IN WIT.

Dr. Lyman met a pieman

Selling cold meat pies,

Said Dr. Lyman to the pieman:

"I must analyze."

Said the pieman to Dr. Lyman:

"You'll not find any worms."

Said Dr. Lyman to the pieman:

"Your pies are full of germs."

## THE ES OF FAD.

Mrs. Crawford—"In what way is your little boy too delicate to attend the public schools?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"He isn't strong enough to carry home all the books the children have to study."—Ex.

"Be attentive," advised the teacher, "and you may some day be president of the United States."

"I'm afraid not," replied the smart boy: "I never had an ambition to shoot a duck or kill a bear in my life."—Chicago News.

"How would you define 'exercise' as distinguished from 'work'?" asked the teacher.

"Exercise," answered Johnny, "is work you like to do, and work is exercise you don't like to do."—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you believe in Household Remedies, Doctor?" she asked.

"I can't say that I do, though perhaps I ought to. Why?"

"Because they make business so much livelier in our profession."—Ph. Era.

"Do you know who you are addressing?"

"Why, I took you for a gentleman that I met—"

"Well, you are entirely mistaken."

"Yes, I see now that I blundered ridiculously."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lives of Carnegies remind us  
We may furnish good advice  
And leave libraries behind us  
If we hustle for the price.

—Washington Post.

"Papa, is congress sitting now?"

"No, son; it is standing and yelling 'Mr. Speaker' with a bill to regulate the trusts in each hand."—Brooklyn Eagle.

If the coal combine insists on squeezing us, we shall insist, at least, on its giving \$5,000,000 to a university or a library or something.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In northern Sweden the people are eating wood bark and in Kansas they are burning corn. What the world needs now is a wireless express service.—Chicago News.

"Does your husband suffer much from his neuralgia?"

"Yes; but not half as much as the rest of us do."—Detroit Free Press.

Why should travelers always avoid taking the 12:50 train? Because it will be ten to one if they catch it.

A wit once remarked that the science of medicine consisted in pouring compounds of which we know little into bodies of which we know still less.

Ships that pass in the night—courtships.

There are a good many weeds that will run the farm out; but nothing will do it faster or more certainly than a mortgage on which the interest is not kept up. And when the farm runs out, the farmer goes, too.

What is so hard to overcome as a habit? If you take off the first letter it does not change "abit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains, which shows that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.

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